1001
ONE MINUTE STORIES

H. S. CHAPMAN

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BURNHAM

"WISDOM TO GOLD PREFER." *Shakespeare.*

1001
ONE MINUTE STORIES

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ONE THOUSAND AND ONE ONE-MINUTE STORIES

Dr. Hawtrey, famous English school-master, was a man of singularly unkempt appearance. He was once reproving a boy for tardiness at breakfast. The boy asserted he had not time enough to dress. "But I dress in the same time," said Dr. Hawtrey. "Yes sir," said the boy. "But I have to wash."

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Some people actually enjoy being sick. A lady remarked of a friend, who was always fancying herself ill, that she had discovered another ailment. "I'm glad to hear that," replied the person with whom she was conversing. "That will keep him in health and spirits for six weeks."

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"My uncle Jerry," said Miss Mehitabel, "was the contrariest man I ever saw. I remember his pickin' up a hot p'tater once at the dinner table, and what do you suppose he done with it?" "Threw it at some one?" suggested her friend. "No. He held it in his hand till it blistered him." "Why, for mercy's sake?" "'Cause anybody else would have dropped it."

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"You hate to meet the truth in this matter!" shouted a lawyer to the opposing counsel. "I never have to meet the truth," replied the other. "The truth and I always travel in the same direction."

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Monsieur Calino, a stock figure of absurdity in popular French humor, took his son to see the animals in the zoo. The boy asked: "Is it true, papa, that orang-utans cannot endure our climate?" "They endure it perfectly, my son," replied Calino; "only they must be stuffed first."

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"Do you call that thing a veal cutlet?" demanded the dissatisfied diner at a London restaurant. "To call that a veal cutlet is to insult every calf in the British Empire!" The

waiter hung his head, and said in a tone of respectful apology. "I really had no idea of insulting you, sir."

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People are never aware of their own peculiarities of dialect. It is related of a Scottish literary man who lately visited in this country that he was taken to task one day by his own daughter for the broadness of his utterance in pronouncing the word "difference." "How do I pronounce it?" he asked. "You say 'dufference,'" she answered. "And what do you say?" "'Difference,'" she rejoined. Looking at his daughter a moment and getting her to repeat the word, he said: "Well, now, will you be so kind as to tell me the dufference between *dufference* and *dufference?*"

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A certain doctor, when only a beginner in the medical profession, had to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business. The result proved the young physician to be as quick-witted as the learned counsel. "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

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Of course a witness in court ought to tell the exact truth, but sometimes, as in this instance, he can convey a very clear impression without being quite definite: Attorney—You say you saw shots fired? Witness—Yes, sir. Attorney—How near were you to the scene of the affray? Witness—When the first shot was fired, ten feet from the shooter. Attorney—Ten feet; well, now tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired. Witness—I didn't measure the distance. Attorney—Speaking approximately, how far should you say? Witness—Well, it approximated to half a mile.

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There was a young person named Tate
Who went out to dine at 8.8;
But I will not relate
What this person named Tate
And his tête-à-tête ate at 8.8.

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the gentleman who had made money. "Sorry," returned the other, "I can't. I'm going to see Hamlet." "That's all right. Bring him with you."

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In the British army, as elsewhere, men are likely to have a "soft side" for those who come from their own country. *Punch* pictures the color sergeant of a Highland company, in which are one or two unfortunate Englishmen, calling the roll. "Angus Mackay!' No reply. Louder: "Angus Mackay!" Still no reply. (Sotto voce): "I ken ye're there; yer aye at yer jooty, decent mon, but ye're ower modest to speak before sae mony folks. I see ye fine." Marks him down in the roll. "John Jones!" Squeaky voice replies, "'Ere." Sergeant: "Ou, ay, ye're here, or say ye're here, but ye're sic a muckle leear I canna believe a word that comes oot o' yer mooth, sae I'll jist mark ye doon as absent!"

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Grammarians—and punsters—will be interested in a little dialogue which is said to have passed in Washington between Senators Vest, Quay and Penrose while they waited near the Capitol for a street-car: The car swung around a curve a few blocks above. "Ah, there she comes!" cried Senator Penrose. Senator Quay quickly corrected him. "You are wrong," he said. "The proper way to put it is, 'There it comes.'" "Well," laughed Senator Vest, "You are both wrong. You ought to say, 'There he comes.'" The car was close to them by this time, and his companions saw that Senator Vest was right. It was a mail-car.

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Dorothy Drew was the favorite grandchild of Mr. Gladstone, and a very clever child she was. At Hawarden one morning Dorothy refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed, Mr. Gladstone was called. "Why don't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why grandpapa, you told me to do what the Bible says," said Dorothy. "And the Bible disapproves of early rising; says it's a waste of time." Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but for once in his life he was nonplussed. "You listen, then," went on Dorothy, and opening her Bible, she read the second verse of the 127th Psalm with great emphasis: "It is

vain for you to rise up early." What grandpapa said is not recorded.

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A young man riding in a London street-car, carried an umbrella which had been his birthday gift. On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second, then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted: "O mamma, doesn't that look like papa's umbrella?" "Hush, hush, my child!" said the mother. "Papa was looking for his umbrella this morning, mamma," continued the boy. "Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother, hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the other passengers. "Why, mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an unmbrella. Why, mamma—" At this stage the young man left the car.

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Apropos of the proposed "Anglo-American alliance," the story of Horace Greeley's neat rebuke of the Englishman who once agreed with him too literally may be worth telling. Mr. Greeley was discussing, in a general company, the faults of his own nation. "What this country needs," said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, "is a real good licking!" It happened that there was an Englishman present, and he promptly agreed: "Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'licking.'" But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction, went on in the same squeaky tone: "But the trouble is, there's no nation that can *give* it to us!"

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A childlike faith in the arithmetic confounds all the logic of the schools. This was the experience of a Pittsburg life insurance agent who wrote a policy on the life of a Chinaman —the first ever written for a man of that race in Pittsburg. After a few weeks the Chinaman fell down a cellarway on Grant Street and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call in one, two days later, the doctor was angry. "Why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked. "This man is half-

dead now." The next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for twenty-five hundred dollars. "You're not entitled to anything," said the insurance man, "the man is not dead." "Doctor say him half-dead," answered the brother. "Why he no get half?"

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A sportsman was once on the beach at the outlet of a creek in New York State, looking for shore birds, when he saw a colored boy, who was fishing for perch, lay down his pole at the call of his mother to do some errand. The sportsman put his gun aside, and took the cane pole and fished, adding a dozen perch to the boy's string and then sneaked off. Presently a second sportsman, happening that way, asked the boy the usual question, and received this answer: "Yess'r, dey's good fishin' heah. W'en I stop to run to de sto' fo' to get some cawn-meal fo' mam', de perch dey come outen de crick an' jes' strings deyselves awn my string. I don' on'stan' it, but dey's jes' as good fo' breakfas' 's if dey was cotched awn a hook."

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Two chance acquaintances on a railway train discovered that they had come originally from the same neighborhood, and fell to conversing about old times. "By the way," said the passenger in the skullcap, "what ever became of Harrison McPelt?" "He's a special writer for one of the New York papers," replied the passenger in the long linen duster, "at ten dollars a column. Has a good thing of it." "And his brother Alfred?" "Alfred is a fat man in a dime museum. Weighs four hundred and eighty-seven pounds. Gets a good salary." "Well, well!" mused the other. "Both of them, then, have achieved success in life as spacefillers."

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A characteristic story of General Lafayette was told in a Paris journal some years ago. At Lamarque's funeral the crowd took out General Lafayette's horses, as the famous soldier was returning home from the service, and drew his carriage to his hotel with many evidences of enthusiastic love and admiration. The scene was a stirring one, and a friend, in referring to it some weeks afterward, said, "You must have been very much pleased." Lafayette looked at him for a moment in silence, and then said, with a whimsical smile: "Yes, I was very much pleased, very much pleased

indeed. But I never saw anything more of my horses, my dear friend!"

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An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a towline of considerable length that was dragging over the taffrail. After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of the line, which put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by an officer: "Sure, it's as long as to-day, and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or arm it'll lave last! What! More of it yit? Och, murther! The say's mighty deep, to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and he suddenly stopped short, and looking up to the officer on the watch, he exclaimed: "Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't belave somebody's cut off the other ind o' this line!"

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The apex of "plainness" seems to have been attained by an old gentleman "down-east." "Why," said one of his good friends, "he was so homely that when he made up a face he was handsomer than he was other times!"

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At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said: "Elder H. will present a paper on 'The Devil.'" Then he added earnestly, "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother H. has a carefully prepared paper, and is full of his subject." It was some minutes before the presiding officer understood the laughter which followed his remark.

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The man with a fad, who was talkative, as such men generally are, had been discoursing to his friend on the influence of food upon character. "Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is." His friend, although fatigued, was evidently interested. "There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said. "Ask it," replied the discourser, magnanimously, clearly. "It is this," replied the fatigued friend. "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.

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Touching the painful position of a small man in a large place, the Detroit *Free Press* tells a story of Mr. Jonas Howard, sometime of Indiana. When Mr. Howard went to Congress, it says, he left behind him a devoted body of constituents who fancied that great personal benefits would come to them through Mr. Howard's powerful presence in the halls of national wisdom. One of these rural adherents, with some momentous political design on his mind, followed Mr. Howard to Washington. He returned in about five days, not much elated. "Well, Bill," a town acquaintance saluted him, "did you get what you went after?" "Ya-as. I seen Washington," he replied, grumpily, "and I seen Jonas; but Jonas couldn' do nothin' fer me. He was a-havin' hard work to keep from gettin' tromped on hisself."

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A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was told by Ian Maclaren when in Boston. A train was at a railroad station, when a porter put his head into a car and called out: "Any one in this car for Doun? Change for Doun? Any one for Doun?" No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotchwoman turned to a lady sitting near her, and said: "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

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An amusing story of amateur sport comes all the way from Perak, in the Malay Peninsula. The sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line. The patience of the latter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted. "Bring up that beast! You'll get into trouble over this, I tell you that!" The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful lightweight, replied, patiently: "I'm as tired of it as you are sir, but I can't help it. This is a cab-horse, this horse is. He won't start till the door shuts, and I haven't got a door!"

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Mr. Lincoln, so it is said, was once bent upon some war project which he laid before the Cabinet, asking their sepa-

rate opinions. To his amazement the members, to a man, objected. The discussion ran high, pro and con, the President setting forth his reasons persuasively. Finally he put the matter to vote. "All in favor of this proposition will please say, 'Aye.'" Mr. Lincoln's "aye" rang out stoutly and alone. "All opposed—" Each member of the Cabinet recorded his "no." Mr. Lincoln looked about him at his counsellors. "Well, gentlemen," he said, dryly, "the ayes have it." Had his advisers agreed with him, he would have welcomed their support. As they could not agree, the ayes had it without them.

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A disappointed officer-seeker at last obtained a gift through a late-won humility. When he arrived at Washington, it was with the idea that he was a distinguished and prominent citizen; but after hanging about and swallowing disappointments, he began to suspect that he was not so very important after all. Then he thought of home, and the means of getting there, and sought out Colonel Blank, the passenger-agent of a certain railroad. "I say, colonel," he remarked, persuasively, "I want to go home." "Why don't you go?" "No money! Can't you give me a pass?" The colonel stiffened. "We give passes to nobody," said he. The countenance of the disappointed candidate brightened. "Well, colonel," he pleaded, "then give me one. I'm nobody." The colonel gave the pass.

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A town which has played its part in history for more than a hundred years ought to be forgiven for being a little sleepy by this time. It is told that a Bladensburg merchant was dozing in his store one day, when a little girl came in with a pitcher and asked for a quart of molasses. The merchant yawned, stretched himself, half opened his eyes, and then said, in an injured tone: "Well, ain't there nobody what sells molasses in Bladensburg but me?"

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The unmusical member of a musical family will appreciate this conversation: "Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?" "Yes; I'm a cornetist." "And your sister?" "She's a pianist." "Does your mother play?" "She's a zitherist." "And your father?" "He's a pessimist."

A comic contemporary publishes a brief but telling satire on the maladies of the very rich and very idle, a class which in this country is happily very small. *Doctor*—James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own coach or a trolley-car? *Servant*—Trolley-car, sir. *Doctor*—Thanks. I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses.

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It would be well if all families could point to as creditable a history in point of freedom from domestic broils as that of Deacon Kendrick, of Dashville. The good deacon and his wife were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. A large concourse of relatives and friends had assembled at the old homestead, a splendid dinner had been served and eaten, and the speeches, without which no anniversary of this kind is considered to be complete, were in progress. "In all these fifty years, my friends," said Neighbor Brown, "as I have been told a hundred times, our venerable friend and his wife have never exchanged a cross word. Is it not so, deacon?" "Yes, that's true," replied the deacon. "Is it not so, sister?" asked Mr. Brown, addressing Mrs. Kendrick. "Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye. "Abner may have given me a cross word now and then, but I've never answered back."

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The pastor of a church in Washington, on leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, saw a little girl, a friend of his, talking to a stranger. "What was that man saying to you, Madge?" asked the minister, as he came up to the little girl. "Oh, he just wanted to know if Doctor C. was the preacher of this church." "And what did you tell him?" "I told him," she said, with dignity, "that you were the present encumbrance."

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The old hiring fairs are still held in some rural districts of England. There is a story of an old Gloucestershire farmer, who, seeing a likely lad at such a place, opened negotiations with a view to engaging him. "Hast got a character from they last place?" the farmer asked. "No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write one." "Very well," was the reply. "Then get it and meet I here again at four o'clock." The

farmer and the boy met at the appointed hour. "Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer was short and sharp: "No, but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."

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Even the latest inventions cannot do away with all time-honored methods. A farmer of the old school made this very plain the other day. A farmer's wife wanted some tacks, and he went into the village hardware store to buy a package. The storekeeper thought he saw an opportunity. "I'll tell you what you want," said he. "You want a bicycle to ride round your farm on. It'll save you time and money. They're cheap now, dirt cheap at thirty-five dollars." The farmer scratched his chin. "I'd ruther put the money into a cow," he said. "But think," replied the shopkeeper, jocosely, "think how foolish you'd look riding round town on a cow." "Well," said the farmer, "I don't know. Perhaps I shouldn't look so much more foolish than I should milkin' a bicycle!"

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It is a pleasant anecdote that Mr. Howells tells of his friend, Mr. Henry James, who was praising the work of a fellow-author. "You are very kind to him," said some one present, "for he says very unpleasant things about your work." "Ah," said Mr. James, "but then both of us may be wrong!"

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The expense of the modern limited express train is so heavy that railroads commonly find it necessary to charge something above the regular fare for the privilege of riding on them. A few years ago, when the "flyers" were introduced on the Lake Shore Road, the president of the company gave orders that passes and half-rate tickets should not be honored on the new trains. It was not intended, of course, that the complimentary tickets issued to high officials of connecting roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to the president of the Nickel Plate line which bore on its face the words: "Not good on Lake Shore limited trains." A few days after this pass had been issued, the president of the Lake Shore received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate, with the following endorsement: "Not good on passenger-trains."

William M. Evarts, who went to the United States Senate with the reputation of being as good a lawyer as the State of New York possessed, was always an exceedingly slender man. His face, even when he was in his prime, had a look of emaciation which suggested hunger, and long afterward the senator used to relate with amusement a comment made upon his appearance soon after he entered on his duties at the Capitol. One day, says Mr. George S. Hilton in a recent volume, a solid, substantial-looking farmer from the interior of New York seated himself in the visitors' gallery of the Senate Chamber, and asked the doorkeeper, standing behind him, to point out Mr. Evarts. It was noontime, and only a few members were in the chamber. Pretty soon Senator Voorhees entered, and strode majestically to his seat. "Is that Evarts?" exclaimed the farmer. "No," said the doorkeeper, "that is Mr. Voorhees of Indiana." Another gentleman with a great deal of presence entered the Senate Chamber. The old man leaned back and clutched the doorkeeper's arm. "That's him!" he whispered. "That's the great Mr. Evarts, isn't it?" "No," was the answer. "That is General Logan." At length Mr. Evarts came in, and the old farmer was at once informed. He looked at the distinguished lawyer long and earnestly. "By gum!" said he, with an accent of commiseration. "I'll bet he *boards!*"

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Spaniards may have many traits to criticize, said a gentleman who recently returned from touring in Spain, but in the matter of politeness they are above reproach. This man left Seville on foot, after a stay of a week, and was twenty miles away, when he was overtaken by the landlord of the hotel where he had stopped. The innkeeper rode alongside of his guest for nearly an hour before he found courage to make known his business. "If the señor and God pleases," he began, apologetically, "I made a mistake in his bill yesterday." "How?" I inquired. "I forgot to make a charge for his candles to light him to bed!" "But it was moonlight, and I had no candles." "Then, señor, with the help of God, I forgot to charge you with the moonlight." The charge amounted to two cents in American money, and he had hired an ass and ridden twenty miles to collect it. I was amused and astonished. Then I accused him of being a robber, and offered him a cent to settle the bill. He worked up a beau-

tiful smile and held out his hand. "I will take it with thanks, señor," he said, "and God will bless you for an honest man!"

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"What's nothing?" asked an old pedagogue, who loved to invent verbal traps. "It's a footless stocking without any leg."

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The following, from an English paper, will be enjoyed by speakers who have found themselves called upon to address audiences already wearied by excessively long speeches: A certain man was invited to speak at a local gathering, and being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the final speaker, "Mr. Bones will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villas, S.W., and I wish you all good night."

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Mrs. A. was having one of her houses cleaned, preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. Assisting her was a "cleaner," who proved to be very inefficient. Finding a room which was supposed to be in order still very dirty, Mrs. A. swept it herself. Then she said to Bridget, whom she met in the hall: "Why, Mrs. Ryan, I thought you said you had swept the front room, and here I have got a whole dustpan full of dirt out of it." Nothing disconcerted, Bridget responded with a beaming smile: "Did ye now, ma'am? I got two."

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Teacher—Your recitation was extremely good, Johnny. The gestures were particularly natural. Where did you get them? Johnny—Git what? Teacher—The gestures. Johnny—I ain't got the gestoors. It's hives!

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A mother took her five year old son to the photographers. When the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it toward little Edward, that young person set up a howl. In vain did his mother do her best to quiet him. Edward did not want his picture taken. "Why, my child," she said, soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you!

Just smile and keep still a moment, and it will be all over before you know it." "Yes, I know, mamma," whimpered Edward, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's!"

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"The sun never sets on the British Empire," said the Englishman, proudly. "Really?" inquired the American girl. "And at home we have such lovely sunsets!"

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An exchange offers a sample of great honesty in a business transaction. In a certain school the children are given widely varying exercises in the use of English. Sometimes they copy poetry for the blackboard, or they write letters and answer advertisements. The other day a "wanted" advertisement appeared on the board, and all the little girls were required to hand in written applications in reply. "Wanted: A milliner.—Apply by letter to Miss Smith, 10 Blank Street." This was Edith's application, promptly written and handed in: "Dear Miss Smith: I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know at once.—Edith Jones."

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The Scotch have their own idea of a "bargain day," and their view is not without a touch of shrewdness. A London paper describes a conversation between an English matron and Mr. Angus McIver. "I suppose, Mr. McIver," said she, "that they have bargain days in Glasgow?" "Ma conscience, no! It wad na do ava!" "Indeed!" replied the lady. "Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people!" "Weel," said he, "that's juist it. It wad suit them ower weel. If they had bargain days, naebody wad buy onything on the ither days, ye ken!"

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According to the Indianapolis *Journal*, Bob said: "Papa, what is a bookworm?" "A bookworm," replied papa, "is a person who would rather read than eat, or it is a worm that would rather eat than read."

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A gentleman was elucidating the money question to his wife. "What we need is an elastic currency," said he. "Then why doesn't the government print banknotes on thin sheets

of rubber?" demanded his wife, with the air of one who has solved a mighty problem.

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A French journal reports a certain unpopular and tiresome author as saying to an acquaintance: "I should like to do something which no one has ever done before, and which no one will ever do again." "Easy enough," said the acquaintance. "But what shall I do?" "Write a favorable notice of one of your books!"

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Even a painful disease may afford its possessor some crumbs of comfort. Mr. B., after having been afflicted for ten or twelve years with chronic rheumatism, was persuaded to try the medicinal baths at a famous health resort, and as the result of two months' treatment, he came home cured. "Your husband looks like a new man," said a neighbor, conversing with Mrs. B., about it afterward. "He must be one of the happiest of human beings, after all his years of suffering." "Well, I don't know," she replied. "He seems kind o' glum and unhappy. He hasn't anything to talk about now."

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The elder Dumas knew how to say one thing while seeming to say another. Arriving one hot day at his son's house, he dropped into a chair in the tiny garden, in the hope of catching a little breeze. But none came. "Alexandre! Alexandre!" he called to his son in the house. "Open the windows, I beseech you, and let a little air into the garden!"

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"This is the time," said an archdeacon, when the clergy were going in to luncheon, "to put a bridle on our appetites." "Yes," said Dr. Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, "this is the time to put a bit in our mouths."

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The new minister at Centreville was an estimable and studious man, but his sermons were apt to seem lacking in point. "How do you like Mr. Green's preaching?" asked one of the deacons, pausing in his ride past the Ganett corn-field for a few words with the owner of it, who was setting up an elaborate scarecrow. "Um!" said the farmer. "He's got book-learning enough, I guess, but he's got to find out that the best way to rake ain't with the teeth up'ards."

It was a discouraging answer that was made to the doting parents of a country boy, who had gone to New York under the patronage of a prosperous grocer. After he had been away for a fortnight the mother wrote to the boy's employer, saying that her son was "no hand to write letters," and she was anxious to know how he was getting on. "And do tell us where he sleeps nights!" she pleaded, earnestly, at the end of the letter. To this the grocer made answer within a few days: "Your son sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

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A Chicago paper describes the sad case of a woman who was waiting at the "limits car barn" for an Evanston Avenue car. There were plenty of Evanston cars, but her transfer check was good only on the avenue line, and she was determined not to pay another fare. At last, as night approached, she went to a telephone and called up her husband. She told him the situation—that no Evanston Avenue cars seemed to be running, that it was getting dark, and she was afraid. What should she do? "Why, take an Evanston car," he replied. "But I shall have to pay another fare," she objected. "Well, what of it? You don't want to stay there, do you?" "But I can't," she said, and hesitated. "Why not?" he asked. "Because—because. I haven't any money. I just used my last dime in the telephone to call you up." And then she wondered at the laugh which reached her ears over the wire.

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"I thought you were working on Jay Krank's new house," said the house-painter's friend. "I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself." "And did he do it?" "Yes, that is where he put most of it."

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A young man who has an informal, not to say discourteous, habit of helping himself to bread or crackers as soon as he is seated at table, received a merited reproof one day from an old country minister. The minister's pretty daughter was the lodestone that drew the young man to the parsonage, and one day he was invited to stay to supper. A plate of bread was near his place, and as he seated himself

he put out his hand and, taking a slice, proceeded to test its quality by a liberal mouthful. The old minister looked at him, and then folded his hands and closed his eyes in preparation for grace. "For what we are about to receive," he said, with slow distinctness, "and for what our young guest has *already* received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

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The following clever rhyming conundrum is attributed to the poet John G. Saxe: Can you tell me why a hypocrite's eye can better descry than you can, or I, upon how many toes a pussy cat goes? A hypocrite neat can best counterfeit, and so, I suppose, can best count her toes.

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A man who is old enough to have rheumatism is fortunate if he is still young enough to turn his disability into a joke. A minister met a parishioner, and asked him the usual question: "Weel, John, how are you today?" "Gey weel, sir, gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "if it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg." "Ah, weel, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone." "Auld age, sir?" said John. "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething to do with it. Here's my ither leg just as auld, and it's quite sound and soople yet."

****

An exchange tells a true story of a little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who was ailing, and in consequence had been put to bed early. "Mamma," said she, "I want to see my dear papa." "No, dear," said her mother. "Papa is not to be disturbed just now." Presently came the pleading voice: "I want to see my papa!" "No," was the answer, "I cannot disturb him." Then the four-year-old parishioner rose to a question of privilege. "Mamma," said she, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"

****

"Bur-rds is intilligent," Mrs. Brannigan observed as she encountered her friend, Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Ye can tache 'em annything. Me sister has wan that lives in a clock, an' whin it's time to tell th' time it comes out an' says cuckoo as many times as th' time is." "'Tis wondherful!" said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "It is indeed," said Mrs. Brannigan. "And the wondherful par'rt of it all is it's only a wooden bur'rd at that!"

On old Carlisle Bridge, in Dublin, there used to be a fruit-stall kept by Biddy, the apple-woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue, and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honors. An American visitor, who had heard rumors of her skill at fence, one day took up a watermelon displayed for sale, and said, gravely: "You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size." Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied, in a tone of pity: "Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples!"

****

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humor and promptness in emergencies have endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian angel. One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt and gravel at the side of the road. "Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly. "Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman. "You can't leave it there!" persisted Patrick. "What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman, sullenly. "Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road, to be sure, man and bury it!"

****

In one of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's stories, he tells of meeting a man as funny as himself. "One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured. 'In the Battle of Bull Run, sir,' he replied. 'But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?' I asked. 'Well, sir,' said the man, half apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back.'"

****

Inventors have a power of abstraction which serves them a good turn on some occasions, and is liable to betray them into strange statements on others. "So you think you've perfected your little machine at last, do you?" asked the lawyer of his dreamy-eyed client. "Yes, it's all right now; there's not a flaw in it," said the inventor. "But I can assure you, sir, that when it came to making the final test I was frightened. I happened to see my face in a mirror when the thing was safely over, and it was as white as your shirt, sir. In

fact," he added, bending an impartial gaze on the lawyer's shirt-front, "it was whiter—considerably whiter, I should say."

****

An old man's wit is apt to be dry, and that of an old soldier is no exception. A veteran who was boasting of his prowess during the Civil War was asked, "How many of the enemy did you kill, anyway?" "How many did I kill? How many did I kill?" repeated the veteran, slowly. "Well, I don't know exactly how many, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."

****

"Recently I visited a small town in the southern part of Kentucky," says a correspondent, "and called on the only merchant of the place. I found him opening a case of axle-grease. He took off the lid of one of the small boxes of yellow grease and left it uncovered. Soon an old colored man came in, and noticing the axle-grease, said: 'Good morning, Massa Johnson! What am dem little cheeses worf?' 'About fifteen cents, I reckon, Sam,' said the merchant. 'Suppose if I buys one you will frow in de crackers.' 'Yes, Sam.' Sam put his hand into his pocket and fished out fifteen cents, and Mr. Johnson took his scoop and dipped up some crackers. Sam picked up the uncovered box and the crackers and went to the back part of the store. Then he took out his knife and fell to eating. Another customer came in, and Mr. Johnson lost sight of his colored friend for a moment. Presently Mr. Johnson went to the back part of the store and said: 'Well, Sam, how goes it?' 'Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers is all right, but dat am de ransomest cheese I ebber eat!'"

****

A novel and ingenious explanation of the cause of a singer's cough was recently given by a warm-hearted Milesian. "And how is Misther Brown?" he inquired of one of the singer's friends. "I was hoping he'd be giving a concert in the town hall whilst he was here, so Mrs. Casey and me could be favored to hear some more of his foine songs." "He has a bad cough just now," said the friend. "Oh, now that's too bad," said Mr. Casey, with feeling; "but it's no wonder, all the same. That strong voice he has, pressing on his loongs, would be apt to give him a cough now and then, it's loikely."

The exceeding roughness of the country was the very best ally of the Boers in their struggle with Great Britain. The difficulties of invasion are graphically described in a story printed by London *Answers*. In the course of the fearful march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Ladysmith, the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey. One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed. "Sir," said Michael, "what country is this we're marching over!" "The Natal table-land, my man," was the reply. "Bedad, sir," said Michael, "I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!"

****

Chloe, a young negro house servant in an Atlanta family, had attended a wedding. The next day her mistress said to her: "Well, Chloe, how did the wedding go off?" "Oh, la, missus, it was de grandest weddin' I eber saw! It was jess lubly! Oh, yo' jess ought to ob seen de flowahs an' de splendid weddin' suppah an' de bride—oh, de bride! She had on de longest trail, an' a white veil all ovah her, an' a wreath ob flowahs, an' oh, it was jess de mos' elegant weddin'!" "How did the bridegroom look?" An expression of infinite disgust came into the face of Chloe as she said, scornfully: "La, missy, dat good-for-nothin', no-'count niggah nebbah come anigh!"

****

A habit of doubt by no means insures one against imposition. "How in the world do you suppose James Ronalds was so easily taken in by that mining agent?" asked one man of another. "Why, he never believes that anybody but himself is telling the exact truth. He always says, 'Take that statement with a grain of salt.'" "That's just the reason he's been imposed upon so easily now," was the quick response. "A man that's spent forty-five years taking salt is bound to get so thirsty that he's ready to swallow almost anything!"

****

The following conversation was overheard on a railway train: "Why, the time was," said a passenger with a gorgeous watch-chain, "when we had our county so well in hand that we could elect a brindle pup to any office we chose to nominate him for." "And you can't do it now?" queried the other

passenger, a man with a consumptive cough. "I should say not. The other fellows have beat us three to one in the last two elections." "To what do you attribute the change?" "Well, I am inclined to think the reason is that when we had the power we elected too many brindle pups."

****

The sage has had his say against marrying in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier coloring: A solemn and awe-inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls, and asked: "What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?" "A little coortin', me lord!" was the unexpected reply of one of the number, whose nationality may be guessed.

****

It is not always necessary to go to a singing-master to have the voice "placed," as the phrase is. So it would seem, at least, from a story which an English rector tells. One cold, wet and windy night he came upon one of his parishioners shivering under the arch which spans the high-road, over which the railway runs at Shillingstone, his parish. Wondering what the man could be doing standing on a cold, wet night in the most draughty position imaginable, the rector said: "What *are* you doing there?" "Plaise, sir," was reply, "I be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem, and I be trying to catch a hooze (wheeze)!"

****

This is said to be one of the diversions occasionally indulged in at Kansas City: *Solemn-faced man* (with newspaper)—Well, I see there was a singular accident at one of the slaughter-houses out at the stock-yards yesterday. A man who was leaning out of an upper story window let go and dropped sixty feet, and wasn't hurt a particle. *Eager listener*—How did that happen? *Solemn-faced man*—They were pigs' feet.

****

Even a lunatic may not wholly lack the power to reason, as appears from this story of the inspection of an insane asylum by the trustees. Walking through the grounds, they came upon a party of workmen who were repairing a wall. One of the harmless patients, apparently assisting in the work, was pushing a wheelbarrow along upside down. "My friend," said a kind-hearted trustee, gently, "you should turn your

wheelbarrow over." "Not on your life!" replied the patient. "I turned it over yesterday, and they put bricks in it!"

****

"You must keep your mouth shut when you are in the water," said the nurse, as she gave Bessie a bath. "If you don't, you'll swallow some of it." "What if I do?" asked Bessie, innocently. "There's plenty more in the pipes, isn't there?"

****

"Was there much of a gathering to see the ship start?" asked Colonel Carter, whose servant had been down to the wharf. "Yes, sah, dey was a mons'ous lot ob folks," said Ajax, promptly. "And was the crowd tumultuous or quiet?" asked the colonel. "Not 'zactly quiet," said Ajax, doubtfully, "but dey wasn't too multuous, sah, I shouldn't say; no, sah, dey was jes' about multuous 'nough for de 'casion, sah."

****

Of course it happened in Chicago, where the general breeziness of the West is shared by the waiters in the restaurants. A gentleman prominent in judicial circles had entered an eating-house, and was immediately approached by one of these knights of the napkin, who remarked cheerily: "I have deviled kidneys, pigs' feet and calves' brains." "Have you?" replied the jurist, coolly. "Well, what are your ailments to me? I came here to eat."

****

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work, he was offered the position of crossing-tender at a small railroad-station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated. "In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm. "Man dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust mesilf to remimber to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

****

As the train approached a Vermont village, an elderly woman thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment-room, says the Boston *Courier,* and shouted:

"Sonny!" A bright-looking boy came up to the window. "Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?" "Yes, ma'am." "Are you faithful to your studies?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you go to Sunday-school?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yes, ma'am." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "Yes, ma'am." "I think I can," said the lady, after a cautious pause and looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple."

****

He had taken pains, when he applied for work, to assure the farmer that he never got tired. When his new employer went to the field where he had put the man at work, he found him lolling on his back under a tree. "What does this mean?" asked the farmer. "I thought you were a man who never got tired?" "I don't," said the hired man, calmly. "This doesn't tire me."

****

A distinguished naturalist recently gave a dinner to a number of learned men. At the conclusion of the repast the company went out into the garden, in the center of which stood a large glass globe, on a pedestal. Happening to touch this globe one of the guests discovered, to his amazement, that it was much warmer on the shady side than on the side facing the sun. He immediately communicated his discovery to his friends. A warm argument sprang up, and in the course of the debate the phenomenon was attributed to the law of reflection or repulsion or something equally formidable. The host, however, had his suspicion as to the correctness of these theories, and sent for the gardener. When he put in an appearance, the gentleman said: "John, can you tell us why this globe is warmer on the shady than on the sunny side?" "Well," replied the man, slowly, "the fact is, I just turned it round, for I was afraid that the heat would crack it."

****

Out in Cincinnati there is an Irishman who, like many other good Irishmen is firm in his loyalty to his native land. One morning not long ago he was at work near the top of a telephone-pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and splashed on the sidewalk. A few minutes later another Irishman came along. He looked at the paint,

then at his countryman on the ladder, coming down the pole, and inquired, with anxiety in his tone: "Doherty, Doherty, hov ye had a himorrhage?"

****

A county curate in England who was newly married called on a great lady of the village, and as he presented his wife introduced her with the flippant and horribly ill-bred quotation, "'A poor thing, madam, but mine own.'" The lady, looking at the curate, severely, replied: "Your wife ought to have introduced you as 'A poorer thing, but mine owner.'"

****

They were sitting in the corner grocery store, exchanging the confidences of the fishing season, and as the conversation progressed the stories steadily increased in size. At last, says the New York *Times,* the tall, lank man on the cracker-barrel pulled himself together and began: "I went down to the river this morning, and although the water was high almost to a flood, I took a ten-foot pike—" "Stop there," exclaimed the fat man with the corn-cob pipe. "Tell us you took an eight-pound trout, and I'll sit idly by. But a ten-foot pike, never!" "I took a ten-foot pike-pole," continued the unruffled man on the cracker-barrel, "and in less than five minutes I hooked out a fifteen-foot bass—" "See here! See here!" shouted the owner of the grocery. "You'll have to go away from here to finish that story. I haven't any lightning-rods on this store yet." "I hooked out a fifteen-foot bass-wood log," persisted the tall man, "and I was going to ask how much you think I can get for it."

****

A child sometimes judges accurately what is best for its own comfort, and when that proves to be the case, the wise parent agrees cheerfully. A Bangor, Maine, paper tells of a philosophical small boy who was willing to accept punishment, but insisted on preserving his independence. This mother dressed him up in a new flannel shirt and sent him to school. The shirt irritated her son, and when he came home that night he was very cross for so small a boy, and declared that he and that flannel shirt must part company forever. The next morning, as his mother prepared to dress him for school, the boy drew the line at the shirt. "No," he said, firmly, "I don't want to wear that shirt!" "If you will not

wear it," said his mother, "I shall send you back to bed." Back to bed he went. Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him. The boy lay in bed wide awake, his cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no signs of change of heart. "Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor. "School?" was the reply. "I shall never go to school again." "Don't you want to?" "Yes, but I can't. I've got to stay here." "All your life?" "Yes'm," was the reply; "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly." What could a mother's heart do, against so philosophic an acceptance as this? What, but go and buy the little bunch of pluck some shirts that would not irritate him.

****

A piece of bright class-room repartee comes from a Western college. The professor had been annoyed by the tardy entrance of a student into the lecture-room, and pointedly stopped talking until the man took his seat. After class the student went to the desk and apologized. "My watch was fifteen minutes out of the way, sir. It's bothered me a good deal lately, but after this, I shall put no more faith in it." "It's not faith you want in it," replied the professor; "it's works."

****

A Parisian restaurant-keeper who had the honor of entertaining a Russian grand duke felt that the opportunity was one not to be neglected. When the duke came to settle his bill, he found a charge of twenty francs apiece, or nearly four dollars, for hothouse peaches. "What!" exclaimed the astonished nobleman. "Are hothouse peaches so scarce, then, even in midwinter?" "No," replied the host, naïvely; "but grand dukes are."

****

A former archdeacon of Suffolk visited an out-of-the-way English parish when the rector happened to be away. The visitor was shown about by the clerk, and on arriving at the church-yard was surprised to find a crop of wheat growing in it. "Dear, dear!" said the archdeacon. "I can't approve of this. I really did not think Mr. Winkley would plant wheat in the churchyard." "That's just what I told parson," said the clerk. "I says, says I, 'Ye didn't ought to have wheated it; ye ought to have tatered it.'"

There is not only humor but a touch of pathos also in Bishop Potter's story, about a little boy of advanced ideas although kindly heart. Christmas week was drawing to a close, and some one asked the child: "Did you have a Santa Claus at your house?" "Yes," was the answer. "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" "No," said the lad, "and I don't think my little sister does, but we didn't want to disappoint mamma."

****

Captain—Sergeant, note down Private Grasgrum—three days on bread and water for slovenly turnout on parade. *Sergeant*—Beg pardon, captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him—he's a vegetarian. *Captain*—Then give him three days on meat and soup.

****

In one of the St. Louis Sunday-schools the classrooms are separated by glass partitions. A St. Louis paper says that during a session of the school one of the teachers was much annoyed by loud talking in an adjoining room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition. Seeing that one boy who was a little taller than the others was talking a great deal, he leaned over, hoisted him over the partition and banged him into a chair in his room, saying, "Now be quiet!" A quarter of an hour later a small head appeared round the door and a meek, scared little voice said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

****

On a certain occasion that famous lawyer and wit, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who found one of his pressing cases on the foot of the docket of the New York County Court, took a change of venue to Westchester County. His opponent was a Westchester attorney who, in his speech before the jury, referred caustically to his "learned brother so famed for his Chesterfieldian urbanity." In replying, Mr. Choate touched upon the gibe in this sly fashion: "I cannot reciprocate the compliment of the counsel for the other side when he refers to my Chesterfieldian urbanity, for it comes from one no less celebrated for Westchesterfieldian suburbanity." Had the county been Queens, for example, this addition to "Choateiana" could not have been made, but that does not dim its sparkle.

"Yes, I have a pretty big mouth," said the candid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut. I got my lesson when I was a small boy. I was born and brought up on a farm, and I had the habit of going around with my mouth wide open, especially if there was anything unusual going on. One day an uncle, whom I had not seen for years, paid us a visit. 'Hullo, uncle!' said I, looking up at him with my mouth opened like a barn door. He looked at me for a moment without answering, and then said: 'Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are.'"

****

A story is told of a Boston lawyer whose quick wit never deserted him, either in the courtroom or elsewhere. One day a client entered his office, and throwing back his coat, said irritably: "Why, your office, sir, is as hot as an oven!" "Why shouldn't it be?" was the calm response. "It's here that I make my bread."

****

An Irish widow with a quick wit one day received a call from a sheriff who had a writ to serve on her. The widow saved the day by some rapid-fire courting which took the sheriff by surprise when he called at her house, and began in formal fashion: "Madam, I have an attachment for you." "My dear sir," she said, blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated." "You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff. "Well, I know 'tis leap-year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women." "Mrs. Phelan, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting." "The justice waiting! Well, then, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and, besides, I'd prefer a priest to do it."

****

A soap-maker and a banker were at a Wagner concert. The program did not please them, and they began to talk. "Every man," said the banker, "wants to do something outside of his own work." "Yes," answered the soap-maker, "I manufacture good soap, and yet I've always wanted to be a banker." "You wouldn't be a good one. I am a successful banker, but I always wanted to write a book. And now here's this man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to the stuff! And yet we all know he builds good parlor cars."

A small boy known to the New York *Sun* was introduced by his teacher to the ditto mark. Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account. While away on a short visit he wrote to his father. The letter ran:

Dear Father.
I hope you are well.
" " mother is "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandmother is well.
" wish you were here.
" " mother was "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandmother was here.
" " you would send me some money.
Your aff. son, Tom.

****

There are things that only a doctor can successfully accomplish, and there are other things which the physician may safely delegate to a competent assistant. "I understand the doctor has just been to see your husband, Mrs. McCarthy," said Mr. McCarthy's employer. "Has he made a diagnosis?" For a moment Mrs. McCarthy was submerged in a sea of doubt, but she rose triumphant. "No, sorr," she said, confidently, "he left it to me, him saying I was well able to do it sorr. It's to be made wid flaxsead on a shtout muslin, sorr."

****

One of the sorrows of childhood is the slowness of some older people to take a hint. It is often quite a strain on good manners to be obliged to reënforce a suggestion that should have been adequate in itself. A little girl, calling at a neighbor's house, sat near a plate containing some apple-parings. At last, unable to keep silence any longer, she said, "I smell apples." "Yes," returned her hostess, "it's those parings." "No'm," said the little girl, solemnly. "I smell whole apples."

****

A teacher was trying to convey to a six-year-old pupil some conception of beauty considered in the abstract, and its power to move the human heart, but the little girl was slow to

grasp the idea. "Suppose, Nellie," said the teacher, "your mamma should fill a vase with lovely flowers and place them in the center of the dining-table. What would your papa say when he first saw them, on sitting down to eat?" "He'd say, 'What are those weeds doing here?'" promptly replied Nellie.

****

A faithful Irish employee announced his desire to take a month's vacation in order to visit his brother in the West. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new valise. The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words. Tim stared at the valise for a moment and then asked: "What am I to do with thot?" "Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the contractor. "Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in thot?"

****

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke tells this story of a negro who was fishing for tarpon in Florida. The fish which he hooked was a big one, and in spite of all the negro could do, the tarpon pulled him overboard. When he had been hauled into the boat again and the water had been shaken out of him, he remarked chokingly, "What I want to know is, is dis nigger a-fishin' or was dat fish a-niggerin'?"

****

"No, sir!" exclaimed the drummer. "No house in the country, I'm proud to say, has more men and women pushing its line of goods than ours!" "What do you sell?" asked the man with the chin whiskers. "Baby carriages."

****

"Now, Lucy, I want you to solve an example in arithmetic. Suppose I gave you one kitten, and your aunt gave you two more, how many kittens would you have?" "Seven." "O no; one and two are three." "Yes, but I've got four kittens at home now."

****

The professor suddenly arose from his rocking-chair, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and went toward his wife with the expression and air of a man who at last had come to a final decision. "Now listen to me, wife," he said.

"And I do not want you to oppose me, do you hear?" "Yes, dear; what is it, then?" "Now, no opposition, mind! I wish the boy to be an engineer." "But, my dear, what are you talking about? We haven't any boy!" "Oh, yes, that is so; I had forgotten that," said the professor, as he resumed his seat in the rocking-chair.

****

A political orator addressed in English a club of Italian voters. To his surprise and satisfaction, his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech, the orator took his seat beside the chairman. He whispered that he was delighted with his reception, and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience. "Ha-ah!" replied the chairman. "Me fix all a-dat. Me hol' up one-a finga, evera man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a finga, evera man say-a 'Viva!' Me hol' up t'ree-a finga, evera man say-a 'Bravo!' Me hol' up whole-a hand, evera man say-a 'Hi-yi!' like one great yell. Me fix all-a dat."

****

Doctors sometimes give their directions for taking drugs or other treatment in language beyond the comprehension of the patient. A small colored girl went to a drug-store and said to the clerk, "Ma mammy wants some o' de handsomest kind ye ye got." "The handsomest?" repeated the clerk. "Well, I don't know—what does she want it for?" "She done got de misery in her stummick, and de doctor say she must dye it; and she say if she hab got ter dye it she want it a handsome color."

****

The late Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who, it may be well to explain, was the chief of a Scotch clan, was once on a visit to London. During his stay, he got into a dispute with his cab-driver over the fare. "Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said, at last, when all other arguments had failed. "I am the Mackintosh." "I don't care if you're the humberella, bo," returned the unimpressed cabby. "The fare is one and six, and that's what I wants."

****

The celebrated physician, Zimmerman, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in "Salad for the Social," the king said to him: "You have,

I presume, helped many a man into another world." This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

****

The general post-office at Paris once received a letter addressed, "To Monsieur, my son, Rue ——, etc." They were going to send it to what in France corresponds to our dead-letter office, but a clerk objected. "There must be two fools in that family," he said. "We shall find out to whom it belongs." Sure enough; in a few days a stupid-looking youth entered and said to the clerk: "I'd like to find out if you haven't kept here a letter for me from my father." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "Here it is."

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"If you stir you're a dead man!" said the burglar. "I'm hunting for money." "Just let me get up and strike a light," replied the parson, pleasantly. "I shall be glad to assist you in your search."

****

"What is this leathery stuff?" the diner asked, when the second course of the *table d'hôte* was served. "That is filet of sole, sir," replied the waiter. "Take it away," said the diner, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't give me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

****

Samuel Foote, the English actor, was one day invited for a few moments into a club where he was a stranger. Left alone a minute, he did not seem quite at ease. Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him, but became embarrassed himself and could only say: "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Whereupon Foote, looking around with playful suspicion, and hurriedly thrusting his handkerchief back into his pocket, replied: "Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."

****

A prominent Southerner, during his term as Congressman, visited New York, and stopped at one of the American-plan hotels. Upon sitting down at dinner, the waiter obsequiously

nanded him a bill of fare. Tossing it aside, he passed the waiter a dollar, with the remark: "Bring me a good dinner." The dinner was satisfactory, and the Congressman pursued this plan during his entire stay. As the last tip was changing hands, he mentioned that he was about to return to Washington. "Well, sir," said the waiter, "when you or any of your friends that can't read the bill of fare come to New York, just ask for Sam." "Thank you," returned the Congressman, without disturbing Sam's belief in his usefulness.

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Tommy was given a new diary, and encouraged to set down each day's doings. He was very proud of it, and determined to keep it faithfully. The first day he wrote: "Got up at seven," and then continued to record incidents of the day. At his father's suggestion, he took it to his teacher for approval. She did not like the phrase "got up." "Don't say 'got up,' Tommy," she said. "The sun doesn't get up; it rises." When we retired that night, Tommy remembered his lesson, and wrote carefully in his diary: "Set at eight."

****

The daughter of an Illinois Congressman was sitting on her father's knee one evening when she was a little girl. She had a new little brother whom she regarded with wonder, as children do regard the latest usurper before they have learned to love him. "To-day," said the Congressman, "a man offered to give me a whole roomful of gold for little brother. Shall I sell him?" The child shook her head. "But," said her father, "think how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think I had better let the man have him?" "No," answered the girl, thoughtfully, "Let's keep him till he's older; he'll be worth more then."

****

Quizzing a boy is not always so easy as it seems. A man named Smith came out second best in a passage at repartee with a boy named Claude, who looks after the hat-rack in a well-known Cincinnati restaurant. Mr. Smith started out of the restaurant after enjoying his meal, and was seized, as Claude handed him his hat, with the impulse to quiz the lad. "Is this my hat?" he asked. "I don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, then, why do you hand it to me if you don't

know whether it is my hat or not?" asked Mr. Smith, sharply. "Because it's the one you handed to me when you came in," answered Claude.

****

Martha, the colored washerwoman, was complaining of her husband's health to one of her patrons. "He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly. He's got dat exclamatory rheumatism." "You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out." "Yes, miss," answered Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all de time."

****

The New Arrival and the Experienced Maid are the *dramatis personæ* of a brief comedy published in *Life*. The New Arrival was in doubt about the use of the blower on the open fireplace. "When will it be time to take this blower off?" "Lave it alone," replied the Experienced Maid, "till it do be too hot for yez to touch; then lift it off."

****

An Irishman whose face, was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape, happened also to be as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him, and asked: "How are you, Pat?" "Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis shtarvation that's starin' me in the face." "Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of yez!"

****

A chiropodist in Vienna advertises his business and his skill by a sign which bears the following inscription: Chiropodist and Pedicure. Twenty-five years' experience. Have treated corns and bunions on many of the Crowned Heads of Europe.

****

An Irishman was walking with a friend past a jewelry shop. The window, says the New York *Times*, was filled with precious stones. "Wouldn't you like to have your pick?" asked Larry. "Not me pick," said Mike, "but me shovel."

****

A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was reminded very forcibly, says *Harper's Magazine*, of his increasing bald-

ness. One of his rural friends looked at him and drawled, "It won't be so very long, jedge, 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string round your head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."

****

It cannot be said that the rebuke contained in the following anecdote was conveyed in the best way, but it undoubtedly found its mark. While on a trip through the South soon after the Civil War, a prominent man stopped overnight at the little town of Warrenton, North Carolina. The next morning, while he was strolling around, he met a countryman who greeted him with, "Howdy!" and passed the time of day most cordially. The native was barefooted, and having some curiosity about it, the visitor said: "Is it the custom of the country for the men to go without shoes?" "Wal," was the drawling reply, "some on us does, but most on us 'tends to our own business."

****

At a recent trial at Auburn, Pennsylvania, one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination, says a Western paper, the counsel for the Government paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed: "Mr. Wilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I told, sir?" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are." "Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

****

At a trial before an Irish justice the plaintiff's attorney had made an eloquent and logical argument. When the counsel for the defendant took the floor a dialogue ensued which is thus recorded in "Wit and Humor of Bench and Bar": "What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the defendant's counsel began his argument. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides," replied the justice. "It has a tindincy to confuse the coort."

A lady once gave Robert Browning some flowers, and when he asked for their common name, hesitated about telling. Finally, on being urged, she shyly confessed that they were called "bloody noses." Mr. Browning was very fond of telling the story, and one day, after finishing it, he "dropped into poetry," to this effect:

I'll deck my love with posies,
I'll cover her with roses,
Should she protest,
I'll do my best
To give her bloody noses.

****

Many of our stock expressions, like "rather late," do not mean anything if one takes their meaning literally. A little dialogue from the Washington *Star* is a case in point. "Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who wants harrowing details. "I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow."

****

Holman F. Day's "Pine-Tree Ballads" tells in a number of stories that actually happened "down in Maine," and are remembered there to-day by old narrators. One relates to Barney McGauldric, a landlord of that State, at whose house famous men liked to stay, that they might enjoy a merry joke. Barney was always loyal to his friends. At one time a new meat dealer came to town, and tried to secure the landlord's trade. "I have always bought meat of Jed Haskell," said Barney, "and I guess I won't change." "But," said the other, "old Haskell doesn't know his business. He doesn't even know how to cut meat." "Well," drawled Barney, "I've always found that he knows enough about it to cut sirloin steak clear to the horn, and that's good enough for me."

****

A lady who was an earnest member of a Milwaukee German class has learned to read German a little, but has not mastered the pronunciation of the language. At a recent meeting of the class she gave them more amusement than they got out of the German humorists they were reading.

One of the questions in the lesson for the day was: "Are you not glad you are able to learn German?" The question was, of course, in German, and the answer was, *"Ja, gewiss,"* which means, "Yes, certainly." When she was called upon to read the question and answer, the lady upset the whole class by saying: "Ya; gee whizz!"

****

Most persons have tried some method of mental association by which to fix things in their memory. Sometimes one finds that the memory pegs did not hold. A New York *Times* reporter once met with disaster from trying an easy method of mnemonics. He had to write about Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the English traveler and engineer. He was told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name should be placed the letters "M.I.C.E."—Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. "That's easy to remember," thought the reporter. "M.I.C.E. spells 'mice.' Can't forget that." When he turned in his copy to the editor, however, the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R.A.T.S."

****

A disposition to look always on the bright side of things spares its possessor much unhappiness, but when the cheerfulness rests upon reasoning so unsound as Mr. Dolan's there must some time come an awakening. Mr. Dolan had lost his position at the mill, owing to his persistent habit of tardiness, and in consequence his wife was "low in her moind." But Dolan was as cheerful as ever. "Now don't be losin' your smoiles, Norah, darlin'," he said, coaxingly. "Oi'm out o' wurrk, to be sure, but 'twas only a dollar a day Oi got. If Oi'd been gettin' two dollars our loss would be twoice as bad. Kape that in moind, darlin', and not be complainin'."

****

A certain little Kansas girl came to her mother with a triumphant air, and said: "I've seen something I guess nobody else ever saw." "What was it?" asked her mother. "It was a Chinaman in the street. And he was wide awake, right in broad daylight." "Well, why not?" "Why, don't you know you told me that when we are awake all the Chinamen are asleep, and when we're asleep they're wide awake?"

Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star"; in other words, go with the universe and not against it. An old man, says the Chicago *News,* was sitting on a stump in the far South when a tourist came upon him. "How are the times?" asked the stranger. "Pretty tol'able," was the answer. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled 'em and saved me the trouble." "That was good." "Yes. Then the lightning set fire to the brushpile, and saved me the trouble of burning it." "Remarkable! But what are you doing now?" "Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

****

Many a person has noticed that vacations make it hard to take up at once on one's return to the old routines of work; but it is to be hoped that not many find the effect so serious as did old "Aunt Ca'line." "Good morning, auntie," said a woman of her acquaintance. "Why aren't you washing nowadays?" "Well, you see, Miss Clara," said the old colored woman, indulgently, "I's been out o' wuhk so long dat now, when I could wuhk, I finds I's done los' mah taste fo' it."

****

A Georgia justice recently married a runaway couple who drove up to his house and went through the ceremony without descending from the carriage. When the ceremony was over, the groom fumbled in his pockets and fished up thirty-six cents. "Jedge," he said, "This here's all the money I got in the world. Ef you've a mind to take it, you kin; but I'll say now that I done set it aside fer the honeymoon expenses."

****

"Hallo, you look busy! What are you doing?" asked a man, looking over the wall of his neighbor, a surburban gardener. "Planting some of my seeds," said the owner of the garden, shoving his spade into the ground. "It looks to me," said the neighbor, suspiciously eyeing an object on the ground, "as if you were planting one of my hens." "Well, that's all right," replied the man with the spade. "The seeds are inside."

****

In a minor way this anecdote shows Bismarck's ability to attain his own ends. It is customary in the cheaper

lasses of German inns to substitute chicory for coffee. Bismarck was aware of this, so one day when he came to a small inn, after a long journey, he sat down and called the innkeeper to him. "Have you any chicory?" said he. "Yes, sir," returned the innkeeper. "Well, bring all you have here to me!" ordered Bismarck. The innkeeper was gone a few minutes, and returned with an immense armful of chicory. "Is this all the chicory you have in the house?" asked Bismarck. "Yes—all." "Well, then," said Bismarck, leave this chicory here and make me a cup of coffee."

****

A group of Congressmen were telling stories of their experiences in court. One gentleman contributed this incident. In a case which was tried in one of the border towns, one of the lawyers was an Eastern man who was new to the country. "Will you charge the jury, your honor?" he asked, when the evidence had been submitted. "Oh, no, I guess not," replied the judge. "I never do charge them anything. They don't know much, anyway, and I let 'em have all they can make."

****

A Scotchman who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in the story of a druggist known both for his thrift and his philosophy. Once he was aroused from a deep sleep by the ringing of his night-bell. He went down to his little shop and sold a dose of rather nauseous medicine to a distressed customer. "What profit do you make out o' that?" grumbled his wife. "A ha'penny," was the cheerful answer. "And for that bit o' money you'll lie awake maybe an hour!" she said, impatiently. "Never grumble o'er that, woman," was his placid answer. "The dose will keep him awake all night. We must thank heaven we ha' the profit and none o' the pain o' this transaction."

****

A hunting party of ladies and gentlemen were detained by a storm at the hut of a Virginia backwoodsman. At dinner there was an "embarrassing paucity" of knives. The mother, wishing to impress her aristocratic guests, called in her commanding tone to her young daughter. "Fetch some more knives, Sairey! You know we've got thousands of

'em." "Law, no, ma'am, they's all thar! Thar's 'Big Butch,' and 'Little Butch,' and 'Razor-back' and 'Bunty'!"

****

Senator Proctor of Vermont is reported by a Western weekly paper to have said that the finest speech he ever made consisted of only four words. Senator Hoar, in a speech in the course of which he chaffed good-naturedly the Senator from the Green Mountain State, made this little thrust: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote unless he has made five thousand dollars trading with Massachusetts people." Senator Proctor retorted, "And we all vote."

****

A druggist was obliged to be absent from his store one day, and his wife took his place. A large Norwegian, who spoke English with difficulty, entered and said: "Hi owe de firm fifty cents." "Very well," replied the druggist's wife; "just pay it to me and it will be all right." "Hi owe de firm fifty cents." "Yes, I understand. If you are afraid, I will give you a receipt for it." The man looked at her in astonishment, and walked out without a word. Pretty soon he returned with a fellow countryman, whose command of English was a little better, and who interpreted his friend's remark by explaining, "He wants fifty cents' worth of iodoform."

****

Two brothers went to the same school. They were absent about a fortnight, and then one returned alone. "Where is your brother Thomas?" asked the master. "Please, sir, he's laid up with a sprained arm. We were trying to see which could lean out of the window farthest, and Tommy won."

****

The lesson in newspaper work is constantly, "Be brief!" If that order can be given picturesquely, so much the better. It will not be forgotten. A certain beginner in journalism picked up in a Southern town what seemed to him a "big story." He hurried to the telegraph office and "queried" the editor of a New York Daily: "Column story on ——. Shall I send?" The answer arrived promptly: "Send six hundred words." This to the enthusiastic correspondent, was depressing. "Can't be told in less than twelve hundred," he wired back. Then came this reply: "Story of creation of world told in six hundred. Try it."

Johnnie had been told to write a short composition in which he should say something about all the days of the week. The little fellow thought a few minutes and then triumphantly produced this: "Monday, father and I killed a bear; and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

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"See how I can count, mamma!" said Kitty. "There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one makes three. Three feet one yard, and I want to go out and play in it."

****

A man borrowed a neighbor's horse without stopping to ask permission. In the course of a few days the animal was returned, but the neighbor did not take a kindly view of the matter, and concluded to have legal redress. He announced his intention of having the offender arrested. "What will you have him arrested for?" he was asked. "For horse-stealing, of course." "How can you make horse-stealing out of it, when he returned the horse?" "Ain't it stealing if he brought 'im back?" "I'm not a lawyer, but I don't see how it can be." "All right, then: I'll have him arrested for usury." "I don't see how you can make usury out of it, either." "Why, hang it all! he used 'im, didn't he? Yes, sir, he used 'im three or four days, and used 'im mighty hard, too, by the looks of 'im."

****

A school-inspector in England asked a child in a primary school to tell him as nearly as possible what he understood a pilgrim to be. "A pilgrim is a man who goes about a great deal," was the reply. This seemed not quite satisfactory to the inspector, and he said: "I 'go about a good deal,' but I am not a pilgrim." "Please, sir, I mean a good man," was the eager addition.

****

An old Scotchwoman had imbibed so thoroughly the ancient doctrine that music in the church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused, says the Philadelphia *Times*, to fall in with the general sentiment in favor of choir-singing. One day in church the choir was singing a very elaborate anthem which was new to her. She scowled, and turning

to her neighbor, complained of the evil of modern ways which permit a new-fangled piece of concert music in the sacred walls of a church. "But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!" "Weel, weel," answered the old lady, "I un'erstand noo why Saul threw a javelin at David when the lad sang for him!"

****

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor. "How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate. "Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers." "I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

****

It was high noon on a Monday, when a knock was heard at the kitchen door. The Chinese servant opened the door, and found a tramp of long and varied experience. "I've been travelling," he said, "and am in mighty hard luck. I've lost all of my money and I'm hungry; very, very hungry. Can't you please give me a little bite of something to eat?" The Chinaman comprehended the situation at once. A benevolent, placid smile spread itself over his entire countenance. "You likee flish?" he asked of the tramp. "Yes, I like fish first-rate. That will do as well as anything." "Come Fliday," said the hospitable heathen as he quietly closed the door.

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"Aunty," said little Margaret, "don't you want some of my almonds?" "Thank you, dear," was the prompt reply, "I will take one or two. Sugared almonds are favorites of mine." "Well, which is the most favorites, the pink ones or the white ones?" "I will take the white ones, please; that is if you don't mind." "That'll be just right, aunty. You take the white ones, and I will keep the pink ones. They were all pink at first."

****

Quickness in repartee is credited to Paderewski. A gentleman once introduced the pianist to the champion polo-player of England, and added: "I trust you will be good friends, for you are both leaders of your separate professions, though they are, of course, very different." "Not so very different,"

uickly responded the great pianist. "My new friend is a ear soul who plays polo, whereas I am a dear Pole who lays solo."

****

A small girl who had just begun to attend school recently ought home a pumpkin-seed, and told her mother that the acher said that although the seed was white the pumpkin ould be yellow. "And what will the color of the vines be?" ked the mother. The little girl replied that the teacher had ot taught her that. "But," said her mother, "you know, ar, for we have pumpkin-vines in our garden." "Of course do, but we ain't expected to know anything until we are ught."

****

The standard of musical excellence varies according to fferences of taste, nationality and occupation. Mrs. Umatter, whose husband was the director of a New York chestra, had a standard of her own, which she did not sitate to confess to one of her neighbors. "What operas es your husband like to play best?" asked the visitor, a iendly and well-meaning person. "That I know not," said e wife, busily darning an old shirt, "but this I know: hateffer he likes, I like not the Wagner operas. For the und they are good enough, but for the clothes—ach! he ffer yet comes from any one of those Wagner operas that has not torn a place in his poor old shirts. When the oth is weak and has been often mended one prefers the alian operas always."

****

"Protect us," once prayed a good man, "from the questions our children." A certain professor, is as noted for his ysical rotundity as for his metaphysical profundity. Some ne ago, on entering the nursery at his home, he surprised children in ardent discussion of the "Absolute." One ung philosopher turned to him in appeal: "Father, can a n be absolutely good?" "No," the professor replied, "a n can't be absolutely good." "Father," another young ge demanded, "can a man be absolutely bad?" "No," was judicial response, "a man can't be absolutely bad." Then little daughter piped up: "Father, can a man be absolutely

fat?" But the philosopher's equilibrium was rendered too unstable for him to reply.

****

Mr. James O'Neill, the actor, tells of meeting a man who was indeed a "host in himself." It was in the far West Mr. O'Neill one day found himself at a small station, where he would have to wait several hours for another train. A New York paper prints the story. "Sort of dull place," the conductor said to him, as he descended. "Still you'll have company; the ticket agent, the operator, the flagman, the store-keeper, the postmaster, and the agent of the accident insurance company are all inside." Mr. O'Neill entered the station and looked round. In the dim light he could distinguish only a red-haired man at a telegraph instrument. "Where are the others?" the actor asked. "Other what?" said the man. "Why, the ticket agent, the flagman, the postmaster and the rest." The man grinned. "Where are they?" Mr. O'Neill repeated. The red-haired man grinned again. "I'm um; come in and join us," he answered.

****

A novel reason for remembering an old schoolmate was once given by a Scotchman, according to an English journal. A Scotchman who has been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his "native glen," and meeting an old schoolfellow, the two sat down to chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Geordie McKay. "He's dead long ago," said his friend, "and I'll never cease regrettin' him as long as I live." "Dear me! Had you such a respect for him as that. "Na, na! It wasna ony respec' I had for himself; but I married his widow."

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An Irishman complained of his wife as a thankless jade. "Whin I married her," he said, "she hadn' a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em!"

****

The irritated father of a truant boy was filling up sundry holes in the back yard where the urchin had "prospected" for angleworms a few hours before, when a neighbor who happened to be leaning over the fence remarked, with a praise-

orthy effort to say something consoling: "Well, your boy, any rate, is a faithful disciple of Izaak Walton." "Him?" xclaimed the father, stopping to rest a moment and leaning smally on the hoe-handle. "He ain't a disciple of nobody! ll he's good fur on earth is to set on some log all day and sh!"

****

Professor W., one of the old-time professors of Edinburgh niversity, was accustomed to take a daily walk with another d professor, when they discussed matters quite beyond the mprehension of ordinary mortals. One day, when the alking was exceedingly bad, Professor W. was on his way the corner at which he and his friend always met, when encountered a young student whose face he recognized nly, having seen it every day for several weeks in the class-om. He accordingly hailed his pupil, who was wading rough the mud to get across the street. "Have you seen ofessor S.?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied the student, using respectfully in the midst of a mud puddle to remove cap. "He is at the corner below, waiting for you." ood, very good!" responded the professor, looking over spectacles with his classroom air when well pleased with student. "I thank you. You may be seated."

****

An aged Georgia negro, Nathan by name, is employed by gentleman very prominent in state politics. That Nathan, o, has an eye to political favors is shown by the following nversation, which recently took place between him and his ployer: "Marse, Jim," said Nathan, "is you gwine in dis e race fer governor?" "Haven't thought about it." "Well, yer does run, an' gits elected, will you give me a job?" rtainly I would remember you, Nathan. What would you ?" "Well, suh, I'd des like ter black boots roun' de itol." "And what would you expect for that service?" ell, suh," he replied, "I should say four dollars a day uld be reasonable. Das what de yuther legislators gets."

****

A wealthy lady, living near a garrison town, sent an officer invitation to take tea with her. The note began, "The sure of Captain Armstrong's company is requested," and

the answer ran accordingly: "Enlisted men Jones and Lee have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Captain Armstrong's company accept with pleasure."

****

A committee having in charge a local entertainment went to a noted editor to request him to take part in it. "What do you want me to do, gentlemen?" he asked. "We would like to have you give us a talk on spelling reform," they replied. "Well," he rejoined, "I can give you my idea of spelling reform in one sentence: Just leave 'me' off the 'program.'"

****

Mr. Lynch and his friend were discussing family names and their history. "How did your name originate?" asked the friend. "Oh, probably one of my ancestors was of the grasping kind that you hear about so often. Somebody gave him an 'ynch,' and he took an 'L.'"

****

The doctor who made the reply noted below was a wise man, because he replied to a question which no one could answer, in such terms that the questioner thought him wise. Doubtless he knows when to give bread pills, chalk powders and ill-tasting but harmless drops. "Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some children are born dumb?" "Why—certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech. "Dear me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to be educated like a doctor. I've asked my husband the same thing more than a dozen times, and all I could get out of him was, 'Because they are'!" The doctor laughed.

****

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a lad he went on a sea voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel got under way Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown!" "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

"Mary," said Mr. Thomas, when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning has followed his first altercation with his young wife. "Yes," said Mary, interrogatively. "When a man and his wife have had a—a difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicial air, "and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?" "The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas, promptly; "and, so, my dear, I'll say at once that I'm very sorry." It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to make the first advance, after all, but he thoughtfully refrained from saying so.

****

The people of two Scotch villages, in going back and forth, had long been accustomed to cross the extensive grounds of Lord So-and-So, especially when the family was absent. The short cut saved a full mile, and naturally the villagers used it as often as possible, till at last they came to feel that they had a right of way. Even when the owner was at home some of the bolder spirits would "run the blockade," knowing all the while that if his lordship discovered them they would be bidden to "go back the way they had come." One day a farmer, wheeling his barrow along the forbidden path, caught sight of the lord some distance in advance. Instantly the farmer turned his barrow about and sat down upon it, as if resting. On came the laird, and presently he turned the corner. The farmer sat with his back toward the nobleman. "Come, now," said the angry laird, "none of this trespassing. Wheel about and go back by the way you have come." The farmer wheeled about and went on—in the way he was going.

****

There had been a football game in a smart Western village. It had terminated without any fatalities, and victors and vanquished had met at the principal hotel to eat dinner together in token of restored peace and concord. "Are the boys all here, landlord?" asked the captain of the victorious eleven, as the proprietor of the hotel came to him to announce that everything was in readiness. "Have you counted noses?" "Yes, sir," replied the perspiring landlord, "I've counted them. Some of them are a good deal out of shape, but they're all here."

"The evil that men do lives after them." Doctor Thompson, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a scholar and an administrator; but his fame rests on his sharp, witty, and often bitter epigrams. He said of Ely, where, as professor of Greek, he held a canonry. "The place is so damp that even the sermons won't keep dry there;" and at a college meeting, where some of the young fellows were treating with very little respect the opinions of their seniors, he said, "None of us is quite infallible, not even the youngest." Of an amiable and excellent scholar, he said, "The time that he spends on the neglect of his duties he wastes on the adornment of his person;" and of an eminent professor whose first lecture he attended, "I little thought that we should so soon have cause to regret his predecessor, Professor—."

****

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney friend was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home. Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. He stared at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously. "What are you looking for now, Charles?" "Where's the doors and windows, uncle?" "Doors and windows? Why, that a hay-stack!" "No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that."

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Two sailors returned from a long voyage, strolled into a public house near the docks. Above the rumble of the traffic in the street could be heard at intervals the loud, unmusical voice of a huckster. After listening intently for a minute one of the sailors turned to his companion and said: "Eh, Jack, lad; it's a long time since we heard that song." "What song?" "The one that fellow's singing in the street—'The Light of Other Days.'" "Stow it!" ejaculated the other, gruffly. "That fellow aint singing 'The Light of Other Days' at all, man. I've been listening to him. He's a-piping 'The Banks of Allan Water.'" Each sailor was certain he was right, and with characteristic contempt for money, a wager was made—a month's wages depending on the result. "Here, Tommy!" called out one of the men to

the little son of the landlord, "run out and get to know what that fellow's singing." Tommy departed on his errand, which did not take many minutes. "Well," demanded Jack, when the youngster returned, "which of us is right?" "Nayther of ye," replied Tommy, grinning. "The feller's not singing. He's hawking fly-papers!"

****

During a small-pox scare in Atlanta, an old Georgia negro, with his arm in a sling, was talking to another on a West End car. "Yes suh!" he said with emphasis, "I gone up now, fer sho! You see dis arm in de sling, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, suh," the old man continued, by way of explanation, "I'll be eighty years old next harvest; I done see lots er trouble in my day, but by de grace er God I miss de Kuklux, I miss de Vig-lance Committee, I miss de Whitecaps, en I miss de Regulators, but now, in my old age, please God, de waxinators kotched en cut me!"

****

It is one mark of a quack, whatever school he may belong to, that he never admits his own ignorance. A "hedge doctor," a kind of quack in Ireland, was being examined at an inquest on his treatment of a patient who had died. "I gave him ipecacuanha," he said. "You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner. "Indade, yer honor, and that's just what I should have given him next if he hadn't died."

****

The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated at the Chautauqua Assembly, when the teacher of English literature asked, "What is the meaning of the Shakespearean phrase, 'Go to?' and a member of the class replied, "Oh that is only sixteenth century way of saying, 'Come off!'"

****

While Sherman was "out in the air" between Atlanta and the sea, rations sometimes got a little short, says an exchange; but the men were goodnatured about it. One day an officer found a soldier eating a persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him, "Don't eat that! It's not good for you!" "I'm not eatin' it because it's good," was

the reply, "I'm trying to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman's a-givin' us."

****

The following incident is related by an English journal, but it might have happened almost anywhere: A lady who kept poultry had, among others, some Andalusian fowls. One day she had one killed for dinner, which proved to be very tough. "Rachel," she said to her servant, an elderly woman who had been with her some time, "what fowl is this? It seems to be a very old one." "Well, mum," replied she, "it's one of them there antediluvians."

****

Not long ago a gentleman of Cleveland received a letter from his lawyer. He could not read a word of it, but thought that perhaps his wife, who had once or twice before deciphered bad handwriting for him, could do so, and took it home with him. His wife had no better luck than he. "Why don't you take it over to Jimmerson, the druggist?" she said. "They say he can read anything." He knew it referred to an important law matter and was anxious about it. So he put on his hat and overcoat and went over to the drug-store. "Can you make this out?" he said. The druggist took it and glanced it over. He took it to the nearest gas jet and looked it over again. After a long scrutiny, he marched to the back of the store and disappeared behind a partition. The gentleman thought that very likely he had gone to get a magnifying-glass. He was gone a little while, and then came back, the letter in one hand and a good-sized bottle in the other. "There you are," said the druggist. "What's this?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, your tonic." "Who said anything about a tonic?" "Why, you handed me the prescription." "Prescription?" "Yes, here it is." "What!" roared the other. "Did you think that was a prescription? It's a letter from my lawyer about a suit!"

****

Some simple-souled have a singular notion of the nature of a repartee. A lady was remonstrated with by a male relative for wearing false hair. "I do not see," he said, "how you can possibly reconcile yourself to wear the hair of another." "You do not?" she answered, scornfully, point-

ing to her relative's coat. "And pray, don't you wear the wool of another on your back?"

****

Mr. Francis Fox, a recent visitor to Bulawayo, says that a Matabele there made some very interesting remarks on the locomotive. This was his manner of describing it: "It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It had only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where." But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being oiled. "It is a huge animal which has the fever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."

****

Shortly after the holidays a Congressman from one of the Western states received his quota of garden seeds from the Department of Agriculture, and forthwith distributed them among his constituents. In most instances they were fully appreciated, as scores of letters attested; but it is doubtful if a more appreciative constituent has been recorded since the distribution of seeds was inaugurated than one writer, to whose wife had been sent some of the lily-bulbs. "Many thanks," wrote the grateful recipient. "The onions were particularly fine, and greatly enjoyed with our beefsteak."

****

The Park Avenue trolley line in the city of Rochester is crossed by three consecutive streets which bear masculine surnames. An Irishman with a carpet-bag entered one of the cars the other day, and sat down gingerly near the door. Four or five other men completed the list of passengers. The car swung around the corner of Chestnut Street. "James," shouted the conductor. A man signalled him, the car stopped and the man alighted. A half-minute afterward the car neared another cross street. "William," announced the conductor. Another man got out. The Irishman's eyes grew visibly larger. "Alexander," shouted the conductor. The third man left the car. When it had started on the Irishman arose, and approached the conductor. "O' want to git out at Avnoo B," he said. "Me foorsht name is Michael."

Some of the "things one would rather have left unsaid" are really inspired by kindness of heart. In a case of slander, a lady had taken the stand in behalf of the plaintiff, whose attorney was examining her. "Now madam," he began, "repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant, on this occasion." "Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the attorney, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."

****

Aubrey de Vere, an Irish poet and gentleman, mentions in his "Recollections" that when ten years old he had a tutor who constantly inculcated in him rectitude, purpose and energy. The tutor's praise of energy was expressed by the saying: "There are three letters of more value than all the rest in the alphabet, namely, N R G."

****

John Allinson, a Muhkenberg County lawyer, is a wag, of whom they tell a story that illustrates the fact that even in the presence of death the ruling passion asserts itself. He became ill at his home in Greenville with what was supposed to be heart disease, and a physician was hastily summoned. When he arrived John was gasping for breath, and his friends expected him to die at any minute. When the doctor asked him what was the matter, he coolly replied, "Doc, I have an intimation that my case is about to be called, and, if possible, I want to get a continuance." The doctor went to work, and contrary to everybody's expectation, did get John a continuance, and he is still practising law in Greenville.

****

Spelling is not the only difficulty to be encountered by the beginner on a typewriter. Any one who is learning to use the machine will appreciate the following: "How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent. "It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it." "Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?" "Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short time pounded out this: "After Using the amtomatig Back-action a typewrit,er for thre emonthan d Over. I unhessttattingly prono ce it to be al even more than th e Manufacturs Claim? for it. During the time been in our possession

e. i. th ree monthzi id has more than oaid for it$elf in the saving of time an dlabor. John $ Gibbs. "There you are, sir." "Thanks," said the agent, and moved quickly away.

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Aunt Cherry Mallory was recently put on the witness-stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway locomotive. After being sworn she was asked by the lawyer if she saw the train kill the hog. "Yes," she said, "I seen it." "Well," said the lawyer, "tell the court, in as few words as possible, all you know about it." "I kin do dat in a mighty few words," said Aunt Cherry, clearing her throat, and with one eye on the judge and one on the lawyer, she said, "Hit jus' tooted and tuck 'im."

****

The smart lawyer is always intent upon getting at weaknesses in the character of the principal and witnesses on the other side. A Congressman, as a Washington paper relates, recently told the story of an exploit of his own, when, as an attorney for the defendant, he was examining the complainant in a certain case. His client, "Hat" Wheelock, had got into a quarrel with one "Pat" McDonald over a horse trade. The quarrel had gone so far that McDonald had made application to a magistrate to have Wheelock bound over to keep the peace, alleging that he had threatened to do him bodily injury. When the case was called, McDonald testified to the circumstances under which Wheelock had threatened him. The cross-examination began. "Now, Mr. McDonald," the lawyer said, "you declare that you are under the fear of bodily harm?" "I am, sorr." "You are even afraid for your life?" "I am, sorr." "Then you freely admit that Hat Wheelock can whip you, Pat McDonald?" The question roused McDonald's "Irish" instantly. "'Hat' Wheelock whip me? Nivver!" he shouted. "I kin whip him, and any half-dozen like him!" "That will do, Mr. McDonald," said the attorney. The court was already in a roar, and the lawyer rested the case without further testimony or argument. The case was dismissed, for it was evident that Pat could not be under serious bodily fear of a man whom, in his own opinion, he had only to use one-seventh of his strength to whip.

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The story of two stags, which, while fighting, interlocked their antlers so tenaciously that they could not separate them,

and both starved to death, is paralleled by the following swan story, told by a correspondent of the London *Spectator:* The incident was described to me by a friend who heard it from the lips of the man who saw it. My friend's informant, a laboring man, passed on his way to work every morning a pond on which were swans. One morning he saw a swan with its head under water, no unusual thing, so he thought nothing of it. The next morning the bird was in exactly the same place and position. Still, that was not remarkable, and he passed on. On the third morning, seeing the swan in precisely the same position, he called the attention of the keeper to it. The keeper proceeded to examine, and found that the swan's head had been swallowed by a large pike. Both, of course, were dead.

****

One of the famous English musicians of the first half of our century, John Cramer, had great repute also as a veteran courtier and an adept in elegant flattery. To judge from the following anecdote, his reputation in this respect must have been well deserved. A contemporaneous pianoforte player, Thalberg, once said before a company, with a degree of pique, "I understand, Mr. Cramer, you deny that I have the good left hand on the pianoforte which is attributed to me. Let me play you something that I hope will convince you." Thereupon Thalberg played a piece that showed wonderful manipulation of the bass part of the keyboard. Cramer listened attentively, and then said: "I am still of the same opinion, Monsieur Thalberg; I think you have no left hand. I think you have *two right hands!*"

****

A city school-teacher received this note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Pleze excoose Henny for absents yeesterday. Him and me got a chance at a ride to a funeral in a charrige, an I let him stay to home, as he had never rode in a charrige and never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures. So plese excoose."

****

When political excitement runs high in Georgia the colored voter keeps his eyes open, unless the Atlanta *Constitution* is making fun at the expense of truth. The Georgia voter bids fair to be as early a bird as the candidate. Yesterday an old

negro met a former employer, and approached him in this way: "You lookin' mighty well, Marse Tom." "Yes; I'm feeling pretty good." "I thought you wuz. You know what you look like, Marse Tom?" "No, what do I look like?" "You looks like you had a dollar in yo' pocket en wuz gwine ter run fer gov'ner!"

****

The unprofitableness of some of the rush and worry of business life is neatly suggested in the following dialogue, found in one of the papers: "Where is Jones?" "Gone to California." "What for?" "To regain his health." "How did he lose his health?" "Earning the money to go to California."

****

Some interesting specimens of foreigners' English have recently come to light. A Belgian man of science, for instance, writes to a Chicago journalist: "I shall get in your city in Februar. And I think the next time I am in Chicago I shall fix myself." A Danish girl who is making excellent progress in the language—for the Danes always learn English quickly—told her mistress how she had slipped and fallen on the sidewalk, and added: "It shames me very hard to think I did fall down just as long as I am!" A New York paper says that a musician in Germany wrote to a friend recently to acknowledge the gift of some music: "Lena has learned to gambol the piece; we listen to bethink us of you."

****

I was riding along a mountain road in east Kentucky, when I saw a mule running toward me with a swingletree dangling at his heels. With great difficulty I succeeded in getting out of his way, and he continued to go down the mountain at a lively pace. About a mile farther on I saw two front wheels of a spring wagon, and a short distance away the other wheels and the wagon-box. I looked around to see if the driver had been hurt; but finding no one, I drove on. In a few minutes I met a man walking rather quickly down the road. "Stranger," he asked, "did you see a mule down that road?" "Yes." "Did he hev a rag over his year?" "I didn't see any." "Wall, it's all right. I reckon 'e'll stop when 'e gits flustered out, an' I reckon 'e's cured." "What is he cured of?" I asked. "Balkin'. You see I heerd that a

grashopper put in th' year o' a hoss or mule 'd cure 'im from balkin'. So I tied a rag over the critter's year so it couldn't git out, cotched a grasshopper, put 'im in, an', stranger, it's the best remedy I ever seed. Th' mule didn't give me no time to git in th' wagon. I never did seed a mule so sprightly. I reckon th' hopper's got out now, and I'll go and cotch the mule."

****

The reprehensible practice of kissing babies, and thereby subjecting them to danger of contagion as well as to discomfort and annoyance, is so hard to suppress that one cannot greatly marvel at the means of combating the practice which a certain father is reported to have adopted. "Why, I should like to know," a friend asked this prudent father, "have you taught your baby to eat onions?" "It keeps people from kissing him," answered the father.

****

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "you will please state how and where you first met this man." "I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—" "Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to listen to what you think. Now please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man." The witness made no reply. "Come, come," urged the lawyer, "I demand an answer to the question I have put." "The witness will please answer the question," said the court, in impressive tones. "Can't," said the lady. "Why not?" "The court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?" "No." "Then there's no use a-questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking." So they called the next witness.

****

Lord Selkirk had a formal garden,—an Italian garden, as it is called,—and his gardener was very proud of it. One day, Lord Selkirk found a boy shut up in the summer-house at the end of the terrace at St. Mary's Isle, and was informed by his gardener that it was for stealing apples. On reaching the other end of the terrace, where there was another summer-house, Selkirk beheld the gardener's son looking dolefully out of the window. "Eh, John, what's this? Has

your boy been stealing too?" "Na, na, my lord," was the answer. "I just put him in for seemetry."

****

An exchange tells the story of an old colored man who asked a white man if he could give him work. The white man asked the negro if he had a boat. When the negro replied, "Yes, boss," the white man responded: "Well, you see all that driftwood floating down the river?" "Yes, sah," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the white man, "you row out in the river and catch that driftwood, and I'll give you half you get." The colored man worked hard for a while, when all of a sudden he stopped and pulled for the shore. On being asked the reason for his return, he replied, "Dat wood is jest as much mine as 'tis his. I ain't gwine to give him any, and so I'm out of work again."

****

Funny things will happen, even in the Supreme Court at Washington. A young attorney was arguing his first case before the court, an appeal from the circuit court of a Western state, and was declaiming at the rate of one hundred and fifty words a minute on some of the simplest principles of law, which every attorney should understand before he gets his diploma, when Justice Miller, becoming weary, interrupted the speaker in a sarcastic tone, by saying: "I hope the learned counsel will give the court credit for knowing the rudiments of law." "I beg the pardon of your honor," replied the attorney in his blandest manner, "but I made that mistake in the lower court."

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As a picturesque description of that mediocrity which nothing can inspire, *Zion's Herald,* quotes the remark of Father Taylor to a divinity student who had taken the place, temporarily, of Boston's famous "sailor preacher." After the sermon, as they descended the pulpit stairs, the student asked: "Father Taylor, what did you think of my sermon this morning?" Approaching him in a fatherly way, and placing his hand on the student's shoulder, he replied: "My dear brother, if your text had had the smallpox, your sermon could not have caught it."

****

One of the stories of Tennyson's peculiar abruptness and unconcern of manner, which might well have been termed

rudeness if the intention to offend had existed, has lately been told by Mr. Kegan Paul, the publisher. The poet's eldest son, now Lord Tennyson, had been born at Richmond, and the poet's friend, Henry Hallam, the historian, came down from London to stand as his godfather. Before the service Mr. Hallam asked: "What is to be the child's name?" "Hallam," answered the poet. "Oh, I don't like surnames for Christian names," said Hallam. "Why not call him Alfred?" "What if I were to call him Alfred," answered the poet, "and he were to turn out a fool?" He had not asked the historian what his feelings were likely to be in such a contingency, nor did he take any account of them at the time of the incident.

****

Squire Masters, of Petersburg, Illinois, an old friend of Lincoln, recently told a new anecdote of the great President, one which shows how he practiced law: At one time before the Civil War Squire Masters was threatened with a lawsuit. He went to Springfield, where Lincoln was located, and had a talk with him about the case. Lincoln told him that if he could not settle the case he would undertake the defence, but he urged his friend to make an amicable adjustment. "What'll you charge, Abe, to go into court for me?" asked Mr. Masters. "Well," was Lincoln's reply, "it will cost you ten dollars; but I won't charge you anything if you can settle it between yourselves." The other party heard of the squire's visit to Lincoln, and agreed to settle.

****

Two cannie Scots, walking to Auchtermuchty, saw an uncouth figure standing in a distant field. After gazing intently one said: "It's never moving, so it's a tatta (potato) bogle" (scarecrow). "It's no a tatta bogle," replied the other, "it's a man working by the day."

****

There is an amusing story at his own expense that General Fitzhugh Lee is fond of telling. "We had surrendered at Appomattox," he says, "and I was riding slowly across the desolate country toward my home. My heart was heavy, my thoughts were sad. Rounding a curve in the road, I saw an old man plowing close to a fence. As I approached him he eagerly inquired of the news at the front. 'It is bad, very bad,' I replied. 'General Lee has surrendered.' 'What

is that you're sayin'?' almost screamed the old fellow. 'General Lee has surrendered, and all is over.' For fully a minute he regarded me, and then said with unutterable contempt, 'That's all you know about it. That little upstart of a no-count Fitz Lee might have surrendered, but Uncle Robert? No, siree, never! Gee up, Bess!'"

****

A woman, with a freshly blackened eye and traces of recent tears on her face, came hurriedly into a police magistrate's office one morning, and asked for the arrest of her husband on a charge of beating her. The brutal husband was arrested and brought before the magistrate. He was a hard-looking citizen, large of frame, repulsive in appearance, and about three-fourths drunk. The wife, on the contrary, was slight and delicate, and her hands were wrinkled and knotted with hard work. The trial was short. "Bill," as she called him, made no defence. He was apparently too lazy to take the trouble. The wife had cooled down considerably, and gave her testimony with extreme reluctance, as is the custom in such cases; but the guilt of the prisoner was clearly established, and the magistrate, after lecturing him sharply and indignantly on his brutality, was about to prescribe the necessary punishment, when the pale-faced victim spoke up. "Make the fine as light as you can, your honor," she said, anxiously. "I'll have to pay it."

****

An Irishman is too nimble to be caught when he doesn't wish to be apprehended. Cardinal Manning delighted to tell the following story as an illustration of the national elusiveness. An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact: "Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was jist standin' on a platform haranguing a mob, when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he fell through, and thin it was found his neck was broken."

****

The loyalty of the Scottish Highlander to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold; and Highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it, in order to get warm—though this

would be much like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt-sleeves for the same purpose. It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full Highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him: "Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?" "Na, na, mon," the soldier answered indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld."

****

Some of the colored people of Georgia, were pretty well scared over the Cuban war, unless the Atlanta *Constitution* is joking. Two Atlanta darkies were discussing the war situation yesterday. "Well, suh," said one, "we is sho' gone dis time! Dey ain't no 'scape fer us. We is teetotally gone!" "How come?" "W'y, dey got guns now dat kin shoot twenty mile—guns dat'll keep a nigger runnin' all day long en ketch him in de night-time!"

****

A man was praising his wife, as all men ought to do on proper occasions. "She's as womanly a woman as ever was," he said, "but she can hammer nails like lightning." "That's remarkable," said a listener. "Yes, sir," said the first speaker. "You know lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

****

A country merchant from a rural district visited the city to purchase goods. His proper punishment for a shabby trick is recorded by one of our exchanges. He bought a cheap but pretty table caster for which he paid a dollar. On reaching home he put on it a tag marked $14, and made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The minister took the package home, after thanking the donor; but the next day he fetched the caster, with the tag attached, back to the merchant, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take fourteen dollars' worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but assent to so reasonable a proposition.

****

A dear, kindly-faced lady was visiting Washington and wished to see whatever was worth seeing. She stood serenely in the middle of the street-car track at the Fifteenth Street junction, and was deaf to all warning shouts. "Will

you please tell me," said she to an official in uniform who was vainly attempting to inform of her danger, "what is the quickest way to get to the Emergency Hospital?" The exasperated official glared at her. "Certainly, madam," he snapped out. "Just stand where you are for another minute and a half, and you'll get to the hospital without a bit of trouble."

****

A certain Tory judge so venerated the sovereign that he included in his regard any article belonging to the king, no matter how far removed from actual possession. A tailor had been condemned for the murder of a soldier, and the judge tacked on this addition to the sentence of death: "And not only did you murder him, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his breeches, which were his majesty's!"

****

On a crowded suburban car out of Washington one day last summer a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper youth of possibly twenty years. His countenance had all the expression of his immaculate white suit, except for a look of disgust which he assumed as the baby, in its restlessness, now and then touched him with foot or hand. Finally he turned to the woman and inquired: "Ah, beg pawdon, madam, but has this child anything-a-contagious?" The nurse was a motherly-looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold-rimmed spectacles, she remarked, in a kindly way: "Well, now, I don't know, young man; but-ah-it might be to you. She's teething." The young man's face was a study.

****

Abraham Lincoln's Western pioneer, always on the lookout for danger and ready to magnify it beyond its true proportions, is only one of a large class of people, who use up, in one way and another, a good deal of vitality which might be profitably applied. Mr. Lincoln's old backwoodsman had very heavy, overhanging eyebrows, and wore big spectacles with brass rims. One day he came rushing into his cabin, and seizing his rifle, aimed it carefully through a crack of the door at a great oak tree that stood near, and fired. "What is it?" whispered his wife. "A wildcat, Sairy, the

orneriest wildcat you ever see, an' I missed him!" He hastily loaded and fired again, and then again. "Now hold on, Joshua," said his good wife. "Let me look at you. Why lawks-a-daisy, it's nothin' but a little bug on one o' your eyebrows!"

****

"Shave yourself, sir, don't you?" said a barber who was trimming the hair of a customer. "Yes," replied the customer. "How did you know?" "Well," rejoined the barber, "I know I have never shaved you, and I do sometimes trim your hair. Besides that, I think a barber would do a little better job than you seem to do." "Very likely." "We'd have pretty hard work making a living if every man was like you," pursued the barber, after clipping and snipping a few moments in silence. "Perhaps." "You're in business, ain't you?" "Yes." "Well, s'pose no barbers ever bought anything of you, how would you like that?" "I don't think it would make much difference," rejoined the customer. "My business is selling pipe-organs." And the barber finished the job in silence.

****

The following old-time handbill issued near Lancaster, England, must have come from one who was emulating the example of the man who had five talents and made of them five talents more. Let us hope he was rewarded. James Williams, parish clerk, sexton, town crier and bellman, makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, etc.; likewise hair and wigs drest and cut on shortest notice. N.B.—I keep an evening school where I teach at humble rates reading, riting and rithmetic and singing. N.B.—I play a hooboy occasionally if wanted. N.B.—By shop next door see where I bleed, draw teeth and shoe horses with greatest scil. N.B.—Children taught to dance by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coats,—boots and shoes cleaned and mended. A ball on Wednesdays and Tuesdays.

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"The jury were out several days, and then failed to agree." "That shows the follies of masculine juries. A jury of women would have disagreed much sooner than that."

"Doctor," said a man to his medical attendant, who had just presented a bill of thirty-five shillings for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you take this out in trade?" "Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor. "I think we can arrange that; what is your business?" "I am a cornet-player," was the reply.

****

An old country gentlman, the late Sir Reginald Knightley (who was the living double of Dickens's Sir Leicester Dedlock), expatiated after dinner on the glories of his pedigree. The company was getting a little restive under the recitation, when Sir William Harcourt was heard to say in an appreciative aside, "This reminds me of Addison's evening hymn:

"And Knightley to the listening earth
Repeats the story of his birth."

****

Not unfrequently the Irish peasant utters a saying which amounts to spontaneous eloquence. When Charles Gavan Duffy, defeated in his struggles to make Ireland independent, was about to sail for Australia, a number of Irishmen gathered about him to say good-bye. One of them brought an old prayer-book, on a blank page of which he asked Duffy to write his name. One of his companions, who was provided with a more presentable volume, said: "It's a shame, Tom, to offer such a book to Mr. Duffy for his signature." "Avrah," retorted Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him? Isn't it like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?"

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One of the rules for getting rich is to buy nothing unnecessary. "Were you able to sell old Billions a lot?" asked the superintendent of the cemetery. The agent shook his head. "He was afraid he might not get the full value of it," he explained. "But a man has got to die some time!" exclaimed the superintendent. "That's what I told him, but he only answered, 'Suppose I should be lost at sea.'"

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James Russell Lowell said, "All deacons are good, but there are odds in deacons," and it may be added that there are odds in other varieties of men. Squire Blank was not only the richest man in his village, but the stingiest as well.

Nothing gave him such keen delight as to get something for nothing. On day he and several of his neighbors had been in conference with a manufacturer who contemplated establishing a mill in the town. The conference was held in the one store of the village, and at its close the manufacturer stepped up to a showcase containing cigars, and said: "Have a cigar, gentlemen." All the men selected a cigar except Squire Blank. He did not smoke. Therefore he said: "Thank you, sir, but I don't smoke; but as the cigars are a dime apiece, I'll take a dime's worth o' mustard if you say so." Of course the astonished gentleman "said so," and the squire went home jubilant over "a hull half-pound o' mustard that never cost me a red cent."

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Americans still have the name in the old country of being very free with their money. "Princess Street, sir?" said a cabby outside a Yorkshire railway station to his fare. "Why, that's only half a minute's walk from 'ere." "Never mind, drive away," answered the gentleman. "But I can't charge you less than eighteen pence, sir; that's the legal fare." "All right, my good man; only start quickly, and I'll give you a couple of fares." Cabby jumped upon the box with a beaming face, flicked up his horse, and shouted jocosely to an imaginary wife: "Don't wait dinner, if I'm late, Mary Ann! I'm taking the King of Klondike to his himperial habode!"

****

Governor Atkinson of Georgia is reported by the Washington *Post* as telling a pretty good story out of his own experience. "Not long since," said the governor, "I had to visit some coal-mines where convict labor is employed. A couple of guards escorted me to the lower regions, showed me what was being done, and finally conducted me to the place where the convicts were at work. As we approached the force in striped garments, one of their number looked our way and rushed up to me, saying: "'Bill Atkinson, as sure as I live! Why, Bill, I never expected to see you here. What on earth did you get sent up for?' The man was a lifelong acquaintance, and when I told him how I happened to be there it appeared to relieve him greatly, but there was much laughing among his comrades."

Woman—How much for children's pictures? *Photographer*—Two dollars a dozen, madam. *Woman*—Why-er-I've only got nine.

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In some places the sight of a man in haste naturally excites remark, as in the following incident. A son of Ireland was painting a fence. His face wore a troubled look. Suddenly a smile shot across it, and dipping the brush into the paint-pot, he began to paint faster and faster. "Why are you painting so fast?" asked a bystander. "You're in a rush all of a sudden to finish the job." "Sure, and thot's all right," was his reply. "I haven't much paint left, an' it's finishing the job Oi'm afther before it's all gone."

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Henry Haynie used to tell the following Lincoln story. When Mr. Haynie was a boy, living in Springfield, Illinois, he was appointed to collect money to buy a new equipment for a fire department hose-cart. I visited Mr. Lincoln,—Abe Lincoln he was called then,—and told him my story. He asked me many questions in a most serious manner, and then in conclusion solemnly remarked: "Well I'll go home to supper and ask Mrs. Lincoln what she has to say. After supper she will be in good humor, and I will ask her if we shall give fifty dollars. She will say, 'Abe, when will you learn some sense? Twenty dollars is enough.' Come around in the morning and get your money." The plan worked, and I received twenty dollars.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, in her "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," tells of an old Scotchman who once took the strange whim that he was a turkey hen. He made a nest of straw in his carriage, and filled it with eggs and a large stone, and there he sat, hatching, leaving his station only twice a day, like other fowl, and having his food brought to him. His friends had at last to watch a proper moment to throw out the eggs and put some young chickens in their place. Then the old man, satisfied that he had accomplished his task, went about clucking and strutting in the midst of his brood.

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According to the *Argonaut*, an old lady, having returned to Michigan after a visit to California, was asked by one

of her neighbors if she had experienced an earthquake. "Yes," said the lady, "we had one, a pretty severe one, and I rather enjoyed it. You see it was the first thing that has happened since John and I were married that he didn't think I was to blame for."

****

Effective speech is not confined to great orators and poets. Old Nancy Doane was talking about another old woman in the neighborhood, and she said: "I never see her beat! She'll lop down in a cheer, an' there she'll set an' set an' *set*, doing absolutely nothin' fer hours an' hours day after day! 'Pon my soul, I sh'd think she'd mildew!"

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"Witness," said the attorney, "was it this man's habit to talk to himself when alone?" "Jest at this time," was the answer, "I don't recolleck ever bein' with him when he was alone."

****

When John Farmer was chosen by the governor of his state to command a regiment of minutemen at the time of Morgan's raid, his sole qualifications for office were common sense, endurance and perseverance. He was convinced of his duty, and when commissioned, was told to get his troops in order and lead them down to the place where Morgan would probably appear. This order he carried out in the following original manner: "Get into two strings in the road here, all looking the same way, and when we start out, I want you to walk right clus together, and stick to yer gait until we get where we're goin' to; and when the battle begins, I want you to come right up in a bunch and stay there, and load and fire until old John Morgan turns and runs. Now grab yer guns, powder, shot and other fixin's, and we'll go after Morgan."

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How the late Professor Cohn of Breslau would have opened his famous lectures on botany, had his name chanced to be Jones or Jenkins, is left to the imagination of the readers of this story. "The four chief constituents of plants," the distinguished botanist was wont to say at the beginning of his course, "are carbon, C; oxygen, O; hydrogen, H; nitrogen, N." Then writing down these four letters, with apparent carelessness, on a blackboard, COHN, he would

smile, as he observed: "It is clear that I ought to know something about botany."

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A recent article on homesickness, in the *Companion,* recalls the reply made by a young Swedish maid to her mistress. It expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels. "You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina," said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here." "Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick, it is the place where I don't be."

****

The surprising thing about the following story, is that Arkansas did not tell Maine to "guess again." In one of our Southern camps an Arkansas guard who was talking with a Maine sentry, said: "'S near's I can see, there ain't much difference atweens we-uns an' you-uns, 'cept that we-uns reckon and you-uns guess." "That's 'bout all, neighbor," replied the Maine man, with no lack of Yankee impudence, "'cept that we can guess a plaguy sight better than you can reckon."

****

Things not to be smiled at in themselves may take on a humorous aspect through the manner of their expression. An English paper says: An old country sexton, in showing visitors round the churchyard, used to stop at a certain tombstone and say, "This 'ere is the tomb of Tummas 'Ooper an' his eleven woives." On one occasion a lady said, "Eleven? Dear me! that's rather a lot, isn't it?" The old man looked at her gravely, and replied, "Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of 'is'n."

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A countryman wandering about a cemetery, came upon a stone which bore the inscription, *"Sic transit gloria mundi."* "What does that mean?" he asked the sexton, who was at work near by. The sexton, not wishing to confess ignorance, replied: "Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning."

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Here are two funny telegraph stories told by a former employe of the Western Union Company. He was receiving a despatch from Albany, in which the sender was not over-careful in the matter of spacing his letters. Lawton took the address as follows: "Dr. A. Wing, room car agent, Central Depot, New York." The despatch came back with the marginal report that there was no such person at the address named. The operator at Albany was called up, and explanations followed, in consequence of which the address was changed to "drawing-room-car agent, Central Depot." A still more absurd mistake was once made in the same offices when a telegram was received for "James W. Giles, pie clerk, Brooklyn nasty yard." This was afterward amended to read, "James W. Gillespie, clerk, Brooklyn Navy-Yard."

****

"I notice that there's a good deal of ague in this part of the country" said the tourist, who had stopped at the farm-house for a drink of water. "That's a great drawback. It unfits a man for work entirely, does it not?" "Gener'ly it does," said the sallow woman who had handed him a tin cup. "Still, when John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fasten the churn dasher to him, and he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."

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She had sent a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion. "That's from George, I know; I can tell his stutter."

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There is a happy mean in everything. It is said that a shrewd old lady heard her married daughter say: "If my husband doesn't do such and such a thing, he'll find himself in hot water." "My child," said the old lady, "a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while he may boil soft; but keep him there long, and he hardens."

****

The Montreal *Witness* prints this little story of a poor woman who recently went to a saloon in search of her husband. She found him there, and setting a covered dish, which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said: "Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner,

I have brought you yours," and departed. With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but on removing the cover from the dish he found only a slip of paper, on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home."

****

There is but one way of ensuring good work, the old-fashioned one of being on the spot. "How do you always manage to have such delicious meats?" asked one housekeeper of another. "Well, I select a good honest butcher, and then stand by him." "You mean that you give him all your trade?" "No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

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The lowliest of lives may sometimes show that the highest wisdom is the absorption of the greatest truths in the simplest way. The writer's grandfather had an old colored workman, who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labor. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and in his own way a good deal of a philosopher. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world. The doctor said to him: "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die." "Bless you, doctor; don't let that bother you. That's what I've been living for," said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.

****

An amusing instance of the workings of an inquiring mind is given by Mr. Frederick Crowest in his "Musical Anecdotes." The company of one of the opera-houses, at the close of a London season, had arrived at Liverpool to embark for a continental tour. The musical instruments were being shipped with the rest, and among them was the double bass, or "big fiddle" not cased as usual, for this member of the string family will stand a little rough treatment. It soon attracted the attention of the Jack Tars, three or four of whom settled round, scrutinizing it with keen interest. By the order of an officer they soon dispersed, but not long afterward another bluff seaman was discovered secretly watching it with wondering eyes. He was asked his reason for standing thus idle. "Well, yer know," said Jack, "I'm just waiting for to see the length of the bloke's arm that can play that there fiddle!"

Many stories are told of the witty retorts made by a New England judge who died a few years ago. One day, as he started down the steps which led from the court-house in a town where he had been hearing an important case, he slipped, lost his footing, and fell, with many thumps and bumps, to the sidewalk. One of the influential men of the place who was passing hurried up to the judge, as the latter slowly rose to his feet. "I trust your honor is not seriously hurt?" he said in anxious inquiry. "My *honor* is not *at all* hurt," returned the judge, ruefully, "but my elbows and knees are, I can assure you!"

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At a recent "literary dinner" in London, Mr. I. Zangwill told a story of a certain fat lady of his acquaintance. Her corpulence had so grown upon her that she resolved to consult a physician about it. The doctor drew up a careful dietary for her. She must eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, and a few other things of the same lean sort, and in a month return and report the result. At the end of the time the lady came, and was so stout that she could hardly get through the door. The doctor was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously," she answered. His brow wrinkled in perplexity. "Did you eat anything else?" he asked. "Why, I ate my ordinary meals," said the lady.

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In the course of Mark Twain's visit to Egypt, he engaged two Arab guides and set out for the pyramids. He was familiar enough with Arabic, he thought, to understand and be understood with perfect ease. To his consternation, he found that he could not comprehend a word that either of the guides uttered. At the pyramids he met a friend, to whom he made known his dilemma. It was very mysterious, Twain thought. "Why, the explanation is simple enough," said the friend. "Please enlighten me, then," said Twain. "Why, you should have hired younger men. These old fellows have lost their teeth, and of course they don't speak Arabic. They speak gum-Arabic."

****

A patent lawyer, who is naturally an ingenious man, supplied the place of a match in an unusual and unexpected manner. He was consulting with a brother lawyer, and in

the course of the talk the second man took a cigar from his pocket. Then he looked for a match, but none was forthcoming. "Never mind," said the first man. "A piece of ice will do equally as well." Lawyer Number Two laughed, but Number One lifted the cover from the water-cooler, took out a piece of ice about an inch thick, whittled it into the shape of a disk, and with the palms of his hands melted its two sides convex, thus giving the form of a double convex lens or burning glass. With it he focused the sun's rays on the end of the cigar, and set it on fire.

****

It it wonderful what good reasons men have for not serving on juries, but a bright judge is generally equal to the occasion. In the Quarter Session Court at Philadelphia, Judge Biddle on the bench, a German asked to be excused from jury duty. "Why?" asked the judge. "Well, your honor, I don't understand good English." "Oh, you will do," replied the judge. "You won't hear much good English here, anyhow."

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Andrew Lang tells an anecdote of Dean Stanley's amiable simplicity. The dean was invited out to dinner, and was very late. When he arrived his collar was unfastened, and the ends vibrated like little white wings about the head of a cherub. His hostess ventured to ask him if he knew that his collar had broken adrift. "Oh, yes!" said the dean. "Do you mind?" "Not at all," said the lady. "Then I won't mind, either," answered the dean. "The button dropped off while I was dressing," and he continued his conversation.

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The custom which permits English parents to arrange marriages for their children used to be observed in a manner that would have provoked rebellion in an American household. The following story is told of a relative by Lady Langford, the original of Lady Kew in Thackeray's "Newcomes": Lady Langford had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford, when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. "Very well, grandmamma, but when?" "I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother. "What business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, when you

hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married." And so it was.

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The Turk, as a rule, is not energetic, but he is capable of sudden bursts of activity. An Englishman was going home late one night in Constantinople, when a man ran by him pursued by four zaptiehs. Directly they caught the man, they belabored him vigorously with the butt-ends of their guns. The Englishman interfered: "If he is a thief, why not take him to prison, and let him be tried properly? Don't half-kill the man without a trial." "O effendi," said the spokesman of the party, "we don't mind his being a thief. We're only hitting him because of the trouble he gave us to run after him!" And that is an offense which the average Turk never forgives.

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An exchange tells a story of a well-known judge who is noted for his fondness for conveying in his charges to jurors, his own opinions in regard to the merits of the case in hand. Recently, in giving such a charge, he expressed his views very plainly, but to his amazement the jury remained out for some hours. The judge inquired of the officer what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was holding out against the other eleven. He sent for the jury at once, and stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood that one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obstinate juror, as it happened, was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done, he arose and said: "Your honor, may I say a word?" "Yes, sir," said the indignant judge; "what have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only fellow that's on your side."

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The spirit of the Parisian beggar is well illustrated by an interview with one of the veteran members of the fraternity. He has complained a good deal of the cold lately, and is undoubtedly old, and has for some time been trying to arrange matters to retire from business on the competence he has gained in it. The other day, therefore, when the mercury had taken a sudden drop, he said to an old patron:

Well, I don't care; after next summer I am going to give up the business." "But what about your customers?" asked his patron. "Well, I'm sorry for them," said the old man, but they'll have to get along the best way they can!"

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The truth of the following story is vouched for by a London paper. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness, to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bedclothes were suddenly whisked off, and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly night, the visitor went down to breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold. "I hope you will excuse me," he said to the hostess, but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement my own." The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.

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President Lincoln's reputation as a humorist rests largely upon the good stories he could tell, or invent, to illustrate a point. Sometimes, nevertheless, he exhibits himself as a joker in another way. One day Lincoln and a certain judge, an intimate friend, were bantering each other about horses. Finally, Lincoln said: "Well, look here, judge, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse-trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the courtyard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the agreement he must forfeit twenty-five dollars." "Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in search of their respective animals. A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of a halter the meanest, boniest rib-staring quadruped, blind in both eyes, that ever pressed turf; but presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth of the crowd was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his horse down, and silently surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of

infinite disgust. "Well, judge," he finally said, "this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse-trade."

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Two men met in a London restaurant. "Why aren't you dining at home?" asked one. "Because my wife can cook, but won't," said the other. "I am here," said the first, "because my wife can't cook, but will!"

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A young woman from a western state was lately talking with a Kentuckian about tobacco and tobacco-raising. "I should ever like so much to see a tobacco-field," she said, "especially when it is just plugging out."

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Readers of the "Arabian Nights" are familiar with the manner in which the cadis dispensed justice with more regard to equity than to law, and it seems that instances of the same kind are of modern occurrences. Not long ago a Turk, while repairing a roof, fell into the street upon a wealthy old man, who was killed, without any serious damage to the workman. The son of the deceased caused the workman to be arrested and taken before the cadi, with whom he used all his influence to have the poor man condemned; and though the innocence of the laborer was clearly established, nothing could pacify the son but the law of retaliation. The cadi stroked his beard, and then gravely decreed that the workman should be placed exactly upon the spot where the old man had stood. "Now," said he to the son, "you will go on the roof of the house, fall down upon this man, and kill him if you can." Of course the son declined to do anything of the sort, and the case was dismissed.

****

The illusions of the foreign traveller are well hit off by some remarks, real or invented, credited to Pope Pius IX. "How long have you been in Rome?" asked Pope Pius IX. of a visitor, one of three who had been admitted to audience. "Three weeks," was the answer. "Ah, then you have seen Rome. And how long have you been here?" he continued, turning to the second visitor. "Three months," answered the man. "You, then, have begun to see Rome. And you, sir," addressing the third visitor, "how long have you been here?" "Three years," was the reply. "Ah, yes," said the pope, "then you have not begun to see Rome."

The advance agents of travelling exhibitions are usually careful to ascertain the peculiarities, the merits and demerits of the halls they are to exhibit in, for the benefit of the performers when they arrive. One of these agents, having hired a hall in a Kentucky town, asked the proprietor of the building: "How are the acoustics of your hall?" "The which?" said the Kentuckian. "The acoustics." "Well, I'll tell you," said the proprietor, looking a little puzzled at first and then indignant. "Ye see, there was a minstrel comp'ny 'long here 'bout two weeks ago in my place, an' they stole 'bout everything they could lay their han's on. I aint seen any coo-sticks round sence they was here, an' it wouldn't s'prise me a grain ef them minstrels had gone an' tuck 'em!"

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An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was obdurate. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "My enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael; "and it was your riverence's silf that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

****

Charles A. Cooper says that, when he was on the staff of the *Scotsman*, he one day went to the room of his chief, Alexander Russel. As he opened the door, the light must have struck strongly upon his hair, fast turning gray. Mr. Russel, who was bald, put up his glasses, and exclaimed: "Man, Cooper, how white you're getting!" Cooper passed his fingers through his hair, and replied: "At any rate, there's plenty of it." "Oh," came the retort, "mine preferred death to dishonor!"

****

To ask advice and then to act upon it promptly is considered a somewhat rare achievement, but a foreign paper tells of a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consults his assessors on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted, and acts upon their advice. "What ought we

to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bending over to the assessors on the right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" "I should give him four years." The judge, with great benevolence: "Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."

****

When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgety member of the corporation—so the story goes—insisted that the roof required further support, and desired the architect to add more pillars. In vain did Sir Christopher assure him that the danger was imaginary; he knew better. The alarm spread, and the great architect was worried into adding the desired columns. Years passed, and in later times, when architect and patrons were dead, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches, though this was not perceptible to the gazers below. By this ingenious expedient did Wren pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

****

Two or three mornings after the arrival of a new butler the mistress of the house asked the cook how she liked her new fellow-servant. The report was an excellent one. "In fact, ma'am," said the cook, "the servants' hall is quite a different place now." Not unnaturally the mistress pressed for further particulars. "Well, he talks so cleverly," said the cook. "Last night, for instance, he explained things to us for an hour and a half." "Explained things—what things?" said the mistress, now really interested. "Well," was the reply, "he was telling us how we are all descended from Mr. Darwin."

****

In the North, street cars have gone far to make American gallantry one of the things that were. "Circe," said the lecturer, "as you no doubt remember, turned men into hogs." "I wonder if she did it by starting a street-car line?" mused the woman who had hung to a strap all the way to the hall.

A story that has never been in print, and is worth handing down to posterity, relates to a reception some years ago at the dwelling of a social magnate in an Eastern city. It was attended by several persons of distinction. During the evening one of the guests, a gentleman with a poor memory for faces, and a little near-sighted, took the host aside and spoke to him in a confidential whisper. "You see that tall man over there near that vase of flowers?" he said. "Yes," replied the host. "I was talking to him a few minutes ago about the terrible cold weather I had experienced out in Iowa in the winter of 1863, and he yawned in my face." "Don't you know who he is?" "No." "That's Doctor Nansen, the Arctic explorer."

****

A wag, who for a consideration, helped the Cincinnati police to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty, got off a good thing. His honor asked an officer who the prisoner was. "A Russian, your honor." "His name?" "I can't pronounce it, your honor." "Spell it, then." "V-e-z-o-z-i-z-a-z-e-z-s-h-s-h-z-z-i." "What is he charged with?" Then Carl Nippert, the wag, jumped up and said, "Soda water, your honor, I should say, by his name."

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In Arizona, we are told, people have a strong objection to serving on juries. So do other people; but rarely is it necessary to take such extreme measures to secure a jury, as in the following Arizona case. A certain judge in one of the rural districts, having an occasion to try an important case, ordered the sheriff to impanel a jury. When two days had passed and no return had been made, he sent for the sheriff, and demanded to know why his orders had not been obeyed. "Wal, jedge," said the sheriff, "I've got jest ten of 'em locked up in the jail yere, and I turned out the dogs this mornin' arter the other two."

****

Eccentric pronunciation is especially out of place in the pulpit, although some preachers seem not to think so. An English magazine tells how one offender was reproved: The curate of a London church whose pronunciation is more pedantic than proper is in the habit of alluding to the heir apparent as if his name were written "Awlbut" Edward. He was asked the other day why he so significantly excluded

the Prince of Wales in his prayers for the royal family. "Exclude him! What do you mean?" "Why," said his friend, "you always pray for all but Edward, Prince of Wales!"

****

Silence is golden, but a "glum" man is more wearing in the long run than a garrulous one. Among the few who have a perfect genius for silence is a certain well-known artist, whose reticence is the amusement and wonder of all who know him. A friend who had dropped into his studio one day was vainly endeavoring to draw Mr. H. into conversation, when the artist's brother appeared in the doorway. "Hello, Tom!" said the brother. "Hello, John!" returned Tom, looking up from his easel with a smile. John wandered about the room for fifteen minutes, turned over his brother's latest work, and then, going toward the door, stopped long enough to say, "Well, good-bye, Tom!" "Good-bye, John!" was the hearty rejoinder. Tom painted on for some minutes, and then, in an unwonted burst of confidence, he said warmly to his amused friend: "I tell you I was glad to see John! Haven't seen him before for a month."

****

No one has a more solemn time in the world than the professional maker of jokes. One such man tells how the "humorist's wife" called away her little boy from his papa's door. "You must not trouble your papa just now, dear," she said; "in his present mood he is not to be trifled with." "What is he doing, mamma?" "He is writing things to make people laugh, and he's awfully cross!"

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The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first term in college exulting in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class. His father was less easily satisfied. "What! *Next* to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I send you to college for! Next to the head, indeed! Humph! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you ought to be!" The young man was naturally crestfallen, but upon his return to college he went about his work with such ambition that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud indeed. It was great news. The lawyer contemplated his

son for a few moments in silence; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he remarked: "At the head of the class, eh? Humph! That's a fine commentary on Brown University!"

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The Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Ship and Shore" and other books, gave a most forcible illustration of the character of an officer on board the ship to which he was attached as chaplain. The officer was always meddling with other people's business and was seldom in his own place. Consequently he was most unpopular with the sailors. One of them, goaded to unusual irritation, said one day, "I do believe that at the general resurrection the lieutenant will be found getting out of somebody else's grave."

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Several British Indian papers print the following, written by a native subordinate in his diary while in a very trying position: Up a tree where I adhere with much pain and discomposure while big tiger roaring in a very awful manner on the fire line. This is very inconsiderate tiger, and causes me great griefs as I have before reported to your honor. This is two times he spoiled my work, coming and shouting like thunder, and putting me up a tree and making me behave like an insect. It is a very awful fate to me and the tiger is most inconsiderate.

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It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography seem to be diametrically opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in one are apt to be backward in the other. A story is told of a little city boy who was slow in arithmetic, and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great grief to his father, who has been a mathematician. One day, when the father and son were walking out, they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition, and the father took the boy in to see the prodigies that the animal could perform. "Just look at that!" said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?" "Ha!" answered the boy, "Just let me ask him a few questions in geography!"

****

A New Orleans firm is in receipt of this letter from a man in a coast country town: "I have read so much about mardi

gras I would like for you to tell me where I can get the seed, and if you think it is good grass to feed cattle. Let me known as soon as you can."

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A student who had been conditioned telegraphed thus to his anxious family: "Examinations splendid; professors enthusiastic, they wish me to repeat in October."

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Unreasonable shoppers are caricatured by the Washington *Star*. "How is this?" said a woman to a shopkeeper. "You ask as much for these thermometers as you did for those you showed me last August." "Why, of course; they are the same therometers." "Indeed they are not. Those you showed me in the summer had almost twice as much mercury in them. These certainly ought to be cheaper."

****

Every expert photographer knows a trick or two of his own. So a lady discovered, after taking her four-year old daughter to have her picture taken. The child couldn't be made to sit still. The artist was as gentle as possible, and worked every device of gentle persuasion to keep the little wriggler quiet. Finally, he said to the despairing mother: "Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes I think I can succeed." The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked, "Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?" "He thaid," lisped Nellie, "'Thit thtill, you little rathcall, or I'll thake you.'"

****

An exchange tells of a clerk who was showing a lady some parasols. He had a good command of language, and knew how to commend his goods. As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter, he struck an attitude of admiration, and holding it up, said: "Now, there, isn't it lovely? Look at that silk. Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Pass your hand over it," he said. "Yes," said the lady, "that's my old one. I just laid it down there."

****

The American in England affords matter for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen. One of our

countrymen was being shown an old church, wherein hundreds of people were buried. "A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand. "So?" said the American, "same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

****

A Wilkinsburg family was discussing music, when one member strove to recall the name of a certain composer. "I can't remember it to save my life," she said, "although it is at my tongue's end. As near as I can come to it, his name is door-knob." "Door-knob!" repeated one of them. "There is no composer whose name sounds anything like that. I'll go over a few names: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Haydn, Handel—" "That's it!" interrupted the forgetful one. "It's Handel. I knew it was something you seized with your hands."

****

Phil May, the artist and caricaturist, tells of a funny experience he had on his return from a tour for the *Graphic:* When I came back to London I hastened to the office, and imagine my gratification when I saw everywhere resplendent banners bearing the inscription in large letters, "Welcome to May." "This is indeed fame," I thought; and when I got to the *Graphic* office there was another inscription, with flowers and all the rest of it: "Welcome to M. and G." The G. worried me a bit, but then the name of the man who went out with me commenced with a G. I told the editor of my gratification. "Why, you egotistical idiot," he remarked politely, "it's nothing to do with you! It's the marriage of Prince George and Princess May."

****

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them. We borrow the story from an English paper. A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for fourteen one-pound Bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan Bank only cashed its own notes. "Then would ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman in his simple way. "Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the fourteen notes

as desired. The Irishman took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying: "Would ye gie me gold for these, sir?" And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.

****

An amusing view of matrimony is that presented in a story told of two Scotchmen. A country laird at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live most contentedly together for many years. At last, however, one of them said to the other: "Tam, we're getting to be auld men; you take a wife, and when I die, you'll get my share o' the land." "Na, na, Jeems," said the other, "you're the youngest and the maist lively; you take a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon." "That's always the way wi' you, Tam," said the first brother, "when there's any fash or trouble, I must take it all; you'll do naething."

****

Of Matthew Arnold as a school-examiner the author of "Pages from a Private Diary" has this to say: Arnold's reports are very good reading, but his methods of examination were sometimes highly poetical. I remember a tale told by a fellow inspector of a class of girl-pupil teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the "excellent" mark. "But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others." "Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold, "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

****

A gentleman was riding on the outside of a coach in the west of England, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin guv' me to-day two hunderd years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?" "Oh, yes; I have one myself that is two thousand years old." "Ah!" said the driver, "have ye?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination the driver turned to the passenger and said: "You told me you had a coin two thousand years old." "Yes, so I have." "That's not true." "What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean? Why, it's only 1897 now."

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives the readers of that paper to understand that the colored population of Pass Christian, Mississippi, have developed a new method of turning a penny. A visitor at that pretty watering-place heard two or three pistol-shots, fired in quick succession, and asked a negro boy what they meant. "Oh," was the reply, "them fellows done de shootin' fo' hats." "Shooting for hats!" exclaimed the visitor. "What on earth do you mean?" "Sure; dere is nuffin' strange 'bout dat; dey's doin' it ebry day 'most. When de train is comin', dey jes' fires dem shots when she gets good on to de bridge, an' de men dey sticks dere heads out to see what's up, an' de wind jes' takes dere hats off an' draps 'em in de bay. Den dey rows around an' picks 'em up. Sometimes dey gets a lot of 'em. Other day Josh Johnson got seben." "What does Josh Johnson do beside shoot for hats?" was asked. "Oh, he fishes an' does odd jobs an' lives."

****

It is not how much one does in the world, but how well one does it that is of real account. An amusing story is told of Sir Astley Cooper when on a visit to Paris. He was in the company of a great French surgeon, who was curious to know how many times his English contemporary had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. Sir Astley Cooper replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times," was the astonishing answer of the Frenchman. He triumphantly noted the blank amazement on Sir Astley's face, and when his statement had had time to be thoroughly appreciated, allowed his curiosity to lead him to another question. "How many times did you save life?" he asked. "I saved eleven cases out of thirteen," was Sir Astley's reply. "How many did you save out of the hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all," said the Frenchman; "but de operation was very brilliant."

****

A true story of what happened recently in a New England town may well be read and pondered. For nowadays, when everybody has a bicycle, the preservation of the machine becomes a matter of public import. Not long ago two ladies were riding on a country road, when something happened to one of their machines. The story does not say what, but it

is a fact that something happened. They got off, and endeavored to "tinker" it themselves; and as they stood there, working and deliberating, a man came along. "Can I help you?" he asked, courteously; and they told him their woes. "Oh, yes," said he. "I'm sure I can fix that!" So he labored with the difficulty, and succeeded at once in setting it right. "There!" said he. "I think you'll find that will go perfectly. Let me try it and see." He mounted the bicycle and rode away, while his grateful clients watched him, first with interest and then with despair. He has not come back; nor has the bicycle.

****

It is said that Lincoln thus replied to a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph: "Dear Madam.—When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment and here's your autograph: A. Lincoln."

****

That the English language has its limitations is sometimes shown with startling distinctness when a foreigner finds it necessary to coin a word, or give a new meaning to an old word, in order to express an idea. A hospital physician, who was making the rounds of the institution in the performance of his regular duties, had visited and prescribed for all the sick inmates except one, an irritable, fretful and troublesome young man who had arrived only a few hours before, and of whose presence the doctor had not been advised. "Well," he said, looking at his watch, "I believe I have seen all the patients, have I not?" "Yes, sare," replied the attendant, a recent importation from the other side of the ocean, "but zare is an impatient in ze next room who ees very seek."

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Once when Simon Cameron was Senator from Pennsylvania he called at the White House and asked President Lincoln to appoint to a foreign consulate an applicant to whom he was in some way bound, but who was particularly disliked for his persistence in demanding favors. "Well," said the President, "where do you want him sent?" In the room stood a large globe. Cameron went to it, put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said: "I don't know what my finger is on, but send him there!" And it so happened that there he was sent.

One of the wittiest of the numberless witty retorts of Sheridan was that made to Pitt on one occasion. Pitt had compared the constant opposition of Sheridan to an everlasting drag-chain, clogging all the wheels, retarding the career and embarassing the progress of government. To this Sheridan, with his usual promptness, replied that one important fact about the real drag-chain had been omitted in the minister's apt simile. "For," said he clearly, with his eye fixed on his antagonist, "a real drag-chain is applied only when the machine is going *down* hill!"

****

Mr. Landor, in his entertaining book, "The Land of the Morning Calm," tells the story of the eminent Prince Min of Korea, who induced Mr. Landor to paint his portrait. The artist thus describes the scene: For three hours he sat motionless and speechless like a statue. "It is finished," I finally said, and he sprang up in childlike fashion and came over to look at the work. His delight was unbounded, and he seized my hand and shook it most enthusiastically. After this he suddenly became grave, stared at the canvas, and then looked at the back of it. He seemed horrified. "What is it?" I inquired of his royal highness. "You have not put in my side decorations," said he almost in despair. I had of course painted his portrait full face, and as the Koreans have the strange notion of wearing their decorations in the shape of a small button of jade, gold, silver or amber behind the left ear, these, of course, did not appear thereon. No explanation of the theory of European art would satisfy the sitter, so to pacify him I executed a rapid sketch of his profile, bringing in the ornament. "That is all very well," he said, "but where is the other eye?"

****

All are not soldiers who wear a uniform, as General Lew Wallace found out at Fort Donelson. He saw four soldiers carrying a fifth, who seemed to be wounded. "Can't that man walk with assistance?" asked Wallace. "Oh, no," said one men, "he is dying." Just then a shell exploded near by and the four men dropped their burden and fled. The man who was supposed to be wounded leaped to his feet and ran even faster than the others.

The teaching of science in elementary schools is liable to be attended by misunderstandings and complaints. An exchange reports that a teacher in a New York town received the following indignant note from the father of one of her pupils: "My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat vrom my stummack gets too thick. Please be so kind and don't interfere in my family affairs."

****

A Western paper tells a story of a mixed brood of children which reveals the confusion liable to exist in certain families. A widower and a widow, each having children, married, and children were subsequently born to them. The parents agreed much better than the children did. One day a neighbor, going past their place, heard a commotion within, out of which rose the voice of the wife, screaming to the husband: "Jim! Jim! Hurry out in the yard! Your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children!"

****

A captain of a regiment stationed in Natal, South Africa, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bore "the image and subscription" of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown." The officer took the coin, and without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "but it's the first time I've seed the queen wi' whiskers on."

****

The teacher who gives her pupils "simple rules" outside of the authorities for determining questions which confront them, and particularly grammatical questions, is apt to find that her rules disastrously fail to fit all cases. One time the country superintendent of schools was questioning the pupils of a country school. He wrote on the blackboard the sentence, "The fly has wings," and asked the class what part of the speech each word was. They passed the "the" without difficulty "What part of speech is 'fly?'" asked the superintendent. "Adverb!" shouted all the class in unison. "What! 'Fly' an

dverb?" "Yessir!" shouted the children with great positive-ess. "What makes you think it is an adverb?" "'Cause eacher told us that all words that end in 'ly' are adverbs!"

****

. In the land where the only wells are artesian, the necessary epth of these sources of water supply is often something ap-alling. A traveler—commercial, of course—relates that hen he was once in a promising section of the arid belt he iet a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water. "Where do ou get the water?" asked the traveler. "Up the road about even miles," answered the farmer. "And you haul water even miles for your family and stock?" "Yep." "Why in ie name of common sense don't you dig a well?" "Be-use it's jest as far that way as the other, stranger!"

****

Daniel Webster's oratory was not always of the ponderous der. Occasionally he would introduce a bit of humor very fectively. He was once employed to defend the will of oger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit at the testator was struck with death when he signed the ill. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough amination, showing by quoting medical authorities that ctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man struck with death—some affirming that it is at the com-encement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still firm that we begin to die as soon as we are born. "I ould like to know," said the opposing counsel, "what doctor aintains that theory?" "Doctor Watts," said Mr. Webster, ith great dignity. "'The moment we begin to live we all gin to die.'"

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Newspapers half a century ago printed verses of a humor-s nature in connection with marriage notices. An instance this kind is to be seen among newspaper clippings, yel-wed with age, in an old lady's scrap-book. It was taken om a Boston paper nearly fifty years ago. Married in ston, May 22, 1850, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Z. T. Taylor Miss Parrot, both of Boston.

Among all birds that fly or swim,
There's but one of any use
To a tailor in his business
And that one is a goose.

But here's a Taylor who has pressed
His own suit very nice
With a Parrot that we hope will prove
A Bird of Paradise.

****

Doctor Johnson's tongue spared nobody, and naturally enough, if any one ever got the better of him in a verbal encounter it was considered a memorable victory. In this spirit a Scotch family cherishes an anecdote of his trip to Scotland. He had stopped at the house for a meal, and was helped to the national dish. "Doctor Johnson," said the hostess, "what do you think of our Scotch broth?" "Madam," was the answer, "in my opinion it is only fit for pigs." "Then have some more," said the woman.

****

Mr. N., a struggling lawyer in a small town in Ohio, received a call from a farmer who wanted legal advice. Mr. N. took down a much-used volume from his small bookcase, and gave the required advice, for which he charged the modest sum of three dollars. His client handed him a five-dollar bill. With a troubled look Mr. N. took it. He flushed in the face as he passed his fingers nervously through his pockets, and his embarrassment increased as he continued his search among the papers on his desk. "Well," said he taking down the law-book again, and turning over the pages, "I'll give you two more dollars' worth of advice."

****

The difficulties which people who are unaccustomed to contact with titled persons have in using the "handles" to the names of lords and dukes are immense. An English paper tells of the way in which one young woman solved a problem of the sort. She was an unsophisticated country girl, and had been engaged as housemaid in the service of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir. When she came she was thus instructed by the housekeeper: "Whenever you meet the duke, Alice, be sure to say, 'Your Grace.'" The very next day, as the maid was going down the passage, the duke chanced to meet her. Immediately the girl drew herself close to the wall, closed her eyes, and assuming a reverential attitude, said: "Lord, supply the wants of others and make us thankful. Amen!"

An old Yorkshire collier, well-known for his success in the oursing-field, recently surprised his mates by marrying an nprepossessing pauper woman. He had been reckoned a onfirmed hater of the other sex. "Why has ta gone and ot spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him. Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man, olidly. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is not beauty— she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him hile I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in ne house by hissen so I hit on idea o' marryin' Betsy. She's ot handsome but she's mighty good company for the dog!"

****

A lady who had suffered tortures from a corn upon one f her toes called on a professional chiropodist. He soon re- eved her of the hardened little offender, and besides paying im his fee, she thanked him heartily. "Please tell me, doc- or," she said, "how I can prevent another one coming in its ace?" "Well, madam," he replied, after a moment's reflec- on. "I am doctor enough, perhaps, to give you a prescrip- on that will always prevent a corn from coming." He tore leaf out of a note-book, wrote a few words upon it, and nded it to her. It read: "Looshoo. Apply once a day." You can get it at almost any place," he explained. "There no charge. You are welcome." After inquiring in vain at veral drug stores for "looshoo," she showed the prescrip- on to a friend, who studied it for a moment and said: "Why, hat is plain enough. It means 'loose shoe!'" The prescrip- on was tried, and proved effective.

****

An American, who had left his native country to travel Europe, with the maxim, "When in Rome do as the Ro- ans do," well in mind, found himself in Marseilles. He anted some ice-cream and went into a restaurant and rdered it. "What flavor will you have?" asked the waiter. he American hesitated a moment, and then remembered his axim. "Oh, garlic, I suppose," he answered.

****

A veteran diplomat says that he has amused himself with king members of the great army of travelers what object ey have in view in their endless peregrination. Naturally e replies to this question are various. Of all reasons a

Boston lady gave me the strangest. When I met her she had finished her sixth year of travel. She had made three tours round the world, and seen about everything that could be seen. I ventured to ask her which of all the cities she had visited she found most interesting. After considering the question a while she answered, Rome. I asked her why she preferred that to any other city, supposing it might be for a religious reason, but soon found that religion was not her stronghold. "I like Rome best," she said, "because they cook and serve calf's brains so nicely. In no other place in the world can one get calf's brains in the various ways they cook them in Rome."

****

Some people are as modest about their place of abode as others are vain of theirs. An Irishwoman from the country was wandering about in a lost way in a great railroad station; presently she ventured to approach a gentleman and say to him: "Ah, now, sorr—would ye have the goodness to tell me which is me train?" "But where are you going, ma'am?" the man asked. "An' sure, now, why should I be tellin' ye that, sorr? Sure ye wouldn't know no bether where I'm goin'—the poor little bit of a town that it is, sorr, that the likes of you niver heard of in all your life!"

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"What do you think of it?" asked a lady of "Camp-meeting" John Allen, who was looking over the fence at a game of croquet. "Humph!" said he, with a twinkle in his eyes, "billiards gone to grass!"

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A Frenchman went to an American and said to him, "What does a polar bear do?" The American answered, "What does he do? I don't know. Why, he sits on the ice, I suppose." "Sits on zee ice?" "Yes," said the American; "there is nothing else to sit on." "Vell, vat he do, too?" "What does he also do? Why, he eats fish." "Eats fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I not accept." "Why, what do you mean? You don't accept? What do you mean?" "Oh, non, non. I does not accept. I was invite to be polar bear to a funeral."

****

The electric car was nearly ready to start, at the beginning of the route, when a woman got on and took her place

n the front seat along with the motorman, a "stern, married-oking man," who had a basket beside him, and was some-hat hurriedly eating his luncheon. The woman began king questions, and the man, as she left him opportunity, ntinued to snatch now and then a bite. By and by at the ng of the bell he let on the power and the car started, hile he held in one hand a "great slab of cherry-pie." A w blocks down the street an impish child danced across e track suddenly so near the car that the motorman put the brakes, and the woman with the inquiring mind rose her feet in alarm. The danger passed, she sat down again avily. The stern-faced motorman had ceased to eat his e. "You don't have much time for meals, do you?" asked e woman with the inquiring mind. "No'm," replied the otorman, sadly. "Where's your pie?" went on the woman th the inquiring mind. The motorman looked at her wist-lly. "You're sitting on it," he said. And she was.

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The misplacement of a single letter in a flowery notice ritten by a contributor to the "Social News" of a country per, created considerable excitement. "A charming family oup is that often seen on the lawn of our esteemed cit-en, the Hon. Mr. James Stone," ran the paragraph in estion; "it consists of the young father and mother, their eet little girl of five, and their playful, *two-headed* twin ys." On investigation it appeared that the twins were not ssessed of four heads, but that their youthful polls were vered with tow-colored locks.

****

A lady reports a new and clever name for a well-known d highly esteemed American dish: An Englishman and s wife sat near me in a café on the avenue the day before sterday. I knew they were English as soon as I saw his at and her hair. Even if I had not seen these two un-stakably English things, I should have guessed their tionality from a name they gave to an American dish. he man was ordering luncheon. "I don't see it on the l of fare," he said to the waiter, "but bring me some te corn if you have it." "Flute corn?" repeated the waiter, surprise. "Yes," said the Englishman, "flute corn." The iter still hesitated. "Why," went on the Englishman, on't you have it? The sort of corn, you know, that one

eats like playing the flute." And as a delicate euphemism for corn on the cob, I think "flute corn" can hardly be surpassed.

****

It is easy for an ingenious person, who is unwilling to do a thing, to find some excuse for the omission. An Oriental story tells us of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then. "Shall you need it a long time?" asked the neighbor. "I think I shall," replied the owner, "as I'm going to tie up some sand with it." "To tie up sand!" exclaimed the would-be borrower. "I do not see how you can tie up sand with a rope." "Oh, you can do most anything with a rope when you do not want to lend it," was the reply.

****

"Have you any neckties?" inquired a dandified young man, addressing the proprietor of the Cedarby "corner store." Then, turning to his companion, he said, with a slight lisp, "I have a fad for getting neckties as souvenirs of every place I visit. It's my own idea, you know." "What color do you want, young man?" inquired the proprietor, surveying his customer through a pair of iron-bowed spectacles. "Oh-ah-I'm very fond of having them match the color of my eyes," said the young man, languidly, opening his small orbs to their widest extent. "Haven't got any neckties that'll do then," said the proprietor, shaking his head decidedly. "I've got plain blue ones, real pale blue, but none with pink edges."

****

As Count Tolstoi was walking along one of the streets in Moscow one day, he saw a policeman dragging a drunken mujik roughly toward the station. The count stopped the policeman, and said to him: "Canst thou read?" "Yes," replied the official. "And hast thou read the Gospel?" "Yes, sir," answered the policeman. "Then thou must know that we must not offend our neighbor," said Tolstoi, in a reproving voice. The policeman looked at the unpretentious figure of his monitor, and then said in his turn, "Canst thou read?" "Yes," said Tolstoi, surprised a little. "Hast thou read the instructions for policeman?" "No," admitted the count.

"Well," said the policeman, "go and read them first, and then come back and talk to me."

****

When J. W. Sherwood, general superintendent of the Clover Leaf road, was superintendent of the Big Four, he had to discharge a brakeman for violation of the rules. The man hung about the office, asking for a letter of recommendation. To get rid of him, Mr. Sherwood told W. A. Sullivan, who was his chief clerk, to write the letter. This Mr. Sullivan did. The man went out, and returned in a half-hour. "What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Sherwood. "That letter you gave me is all right, isn't it?" "Of course it is. That ought to get you a job anywhere." "Well, I wish you would read this letter of recommendation I've got, Mr. Sherwood, and give me a job." Sherwood took the letter on which his own name was hardly dry, read it carefully, and remarked: "I am well acquainted with Sherwood, and any one he recommends must be all right. You report to the trainmaster, and tell him to put you to work."

****

During the Civil War, an officer who was told to oversee the construction of a battery in a most unpropitious spot, complained at headquarters that it could not be accomplished, owing to the mud. "It must be done," was the reply, "but make requisition for whatever you need in the way of force and material to carry on the work at once, and rapidly." The officer appointed to take charge of the enterprise was provoked, but not to such a degree that his sense of humor deserted him. He proceeded to make out a list of what he needed, and then added in a final item, as follows: "If possible, twenty-five men, twenty feet tall, to work in mud about eighteen feet deep."

****

Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was, as the story goes, a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend; but he was, nevertheless, as good a man at the making of an Irish bull as any that lived between Bantry and Ballycastle. Having one day urgent occasion to send a letter to Glasnevin, Patrick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance. "It'll be a shillin'," said the man. "Twoice too much," said Patrick. "Let ut be sixpence." "Nivver," answered

the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd never go it under a shillin'." "Lonely, is it?" said Patrick, scratching his head. "Faith, an' ye're roight. Now, man, I'll tell ye what we'll do; make it sixpence, and I'll go wid ye to kape ye company!"

****

A certain man wanted to be an army chaplain during the administration of President Lincoln. His application is on file in the War Department, and attached to it are a number of indorsements which are not only interesting in themselves, but as disclosing the characters of the two men whose influences largely molded the policy of the government in those turbulent times. The indorsements read as follows: Dear Stanton: Appoint this man chaplain in the army.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln: He is not a preacher.—E. M. Stanton. The following indorsements are dated a few months later, but come just below: Dear Stanton: He is now.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln: But there is no vacancy.—E. M. Stanton. Dear Stanton: Appoint him chaplain at large.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln: There is no warrant of law for that.—E. M. Stanton. Dear Stanton: Appoint him, anyhow.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln: I will not.—E. M. Stanton. The appointment was not made, but the papers were filed in the War Department, where they remained as evidence of Lincoln's friendship and Stanton's obstinate nerve.

****

Mr. L., a good-natured German, was the proprietor of a clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cash-boy to head clerk. Since his promotion John had several times asked for an increase of salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning he again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of ten dollars a month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell alretty; vat for I bays you any more?" "Well", replied John, confidently. "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and indeed, I think that you could not get along without me." "Is dot so? Vy, Shon, vat vould I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well, I suppose that you would have to get along without me." The old Teuton took several whiffs from his big pipe and finally

said: "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter gonsider yourself dead."

****

A father in Scotland who wishes to present his infant for baptism is expected to pass a slight examination in the Shorter Catechism. One day a collier went to his minister to bespeak him for the christening of his child. "How many commandments hae ye?" asked the minister. "Twenty," rejoined the collier, who was forthwith sent back to pursue his studies in elementary theology. On his way he met a brother miner, who was going to the minister on a similar errand. "How many commandments hae ye, Jock?" asked the first. "Ten." "Oh! you needn't trouble him wi' ten; I offered him twenty the while, but he wasna satisfied."

****

A man who does not grow old as fast as some of his friends is at a certain disadvantage in their presence. It is related of Emile Augier, a French author whose statue was recently dedicated in Paris, that on a public occasion an old, bent, broken man seized his hand and exclaimed: "Why, how are you, old fellow?" Augier who showed very little of the effects of advancing years, seemed somewhat taken back. "Why, don't you know me, old boy? We were classmates!" Augier greeted him affectionately and then went on, remarking to other friends who were present: "Well, I knew that man was just my age, but I didn't dream I was his!"

****

The English people will never understand the peculiar humor of the American. It was only recently, according to a letter in an exchange, that in St. Paul's Cathedral a London guide held forth thus to an American gentleman: "That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world ever knew!" "Yes?" "It is, sir, the tomb of Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophiggus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that is a ma'ogany coffin 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero." "Well," said the Yankee, after reflecting a moment, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

A greedy boy is capable of clever misunderstanding. "No, Willie, my dear," said the little boy's mother, "no more cakes to-night. It is too near bedtime, and you know you can't sleep on a full stomach." "Well," said Willie, "but I can sleep on my back."

****

It has always been said that the engineer of a railway train has a great deal of unpleasant responsibility, but according to a little incident told by an engineer, the wife of a man in his occupation has her trials as well. "It's trying work on the mind, sir, is engine-driving," said the engineer, in reply to some friendly questions, "and it ain't all over with when I go home, either. The switches and signal-lights and side-tracks get into my head, sir, and they bother me when I'm asleep. And they bother my wife, too, sometimes," he added. "The other night she waked me up crying, 'Murder! Murder! Are you trying to kill me, Henry?' And there I was, sir, pulling her arm almost out of its socket, with my foot braced against the foot-board, trying to reverse!"

****

The services were over at last, and the congregation was dispersing. "A fine sermon that," said Deacon Brown, who was a great admirer of the parson, "a fine sermon, and well-timed, too." "Yes," answered Mr. Synnek, "it was certainly well-timed. About half the congregation had their watches out."

****

"Uncle" Peter Bates was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Randolph, Vt., in the old staging days. He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas. One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart, without paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up to him and blandly said: "Mister, if you should lose your pocket-book between here and Montpelier, remember you didn't take it out here."

****

It must not be supposed that people who pass as "ignorant" in book-lore are necessarily less wise or witty than their fellows. A French magistrate lately asked of a well-to-do peasant: "How old are you?" "About thirty-eight or forty." "Do you not know exactly?" "No." "Can you count?" "I can." "Then why do you not count your years?"

"Why, should I, your honor? I count my cattle, my sheep, my stacks of grain, my money; but since I am sure that I shall lose none of my years and that no one will steal any of them, I do not take the trouble to count them."

****

Mrs. Brown was an elderly lady, quite deaf, and somewhat inclined to look upon this world as a vale of tears. A neighbor, passing the house one day, and seeing the old lady sitting by an open window, greeted her with unusual warmth, hoping to bring a smile to her doleful countenance. "Good morning," she screamed. "This is very fine weather we're having!" "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "but I can't eat with 'em yit."

****

There was once an old professor in Middletown, Connecticut, whose love for philology was such that he often disregarded the broader principles of language in a minute search for the particles binding an ordinary English word to its Aryan or Assyrian ancestor. While this was a source of exquisite pleasure to the good doctor, it caused his classes a great deal of discontent. Finally one of the boldest of the students resolved to give the doctor a hint. With mock modesty he rose and said, quietly: "Doctor, I have been thinking a good deal lately upon the derivation of the word 'Middletown.' What is your own idea of it?" "Ahem!" said the doctor. "Really, sir, I am afraid that is a subject which will require much reflection. Have you discovered any light on it?" "Oh, yes!" said the young man, with a demure smile. "It is my firm belief, sir, that Middletown is derived from Moses." "Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor, with a hasty glance over his spectacles, to assure himself that the young man was in earnest. "And pray, sir, how do you derive Middletown from Moses?" "Easily enough, doctor," replied the student. "By dropping 'oses' and adding 'iddletown'!"

****

An agent for one of the large jewelry stores in Cincinnati was canvassing a section of the over-the-Rhine district, endeavoring to sell an eight-day clock. "My dear sir," he said to a portly German, "this is a remarkable clock. Not only is it beautifully finished, but it is a perfect timepiece. Why, it runs for eight days without winding." The Ger-

man opened his eyes at this and gazed solemnly at the clock. "You say it run eight day vidout vinding?" he inquired of the agent. "Vell, dat is ein gut clock; but if it run eight days vidout vinding, den how long vill it run ven you vind it?"

****

The unmusical manager who protested when he found a performer in his orchestra holding his bow during a rest, saying to him, "I don't pay you to rest!" was the same one who, on another occasion, was superintending the arrangement of some performers who were representing allegorical characters. "Here in front," said the author of the piece which was to be given, "we will put the nine muses." "Nine muses!" exclaimed the great manager, contemptuously. "Nine muses would look well in that great space, wouldn't they? We will have thirty-six muses!"

****

It is almost a necessary accomplishment on the part of a potentate to be able to pay a compliment gracefully. The former Emperor William II. of Germany, though he is not a man of "soft manners," can yet pay such a compliment. It is told of him by a Berlin journal that he went to hear the performance of Mlle. Frieda Scotta, a Danish lady who plays the violin. After the performance the lady was presented to the emperor. "Mademoiselle," he said to her in her own language, "you play the violin very well. With my eyes shut, I should suppose I was listening to the great Sarasate; but I prefer to keep them open!"

****

Even so slight a mistake as the placing of a comma instead of a dash brought sharp disappointment to a Frenchman in Washington the other day. The Frenchman had had experience of horse-flesh, it is explained, and was greatly pleased, on taking up a bill of fare in one of the fashionable restaurants of the capital, to read: "Pot Roast—Horse Radish Sauce." The waiter was at his elbow, and the people at the next table heard the Frenchman say eagerly: "Bring to me, eef you please, some of ze roast horse, wiz ze radish sauce."

****

A Boston school supervisor has the reputation of being a very widely informed man, and much of his information has been gathered by the simple method of asking questions of

the man nearest him, wherever he happens to be. One day, the supervisor was passing some of the large cotton-mills in Fall River. The river near by suggested the idea that water-power was used to run them; but to make sure, he adopted his usual method of questioning the first person in sight. It chanced to be an Irishman, who was trundling a wheel-barrow of coal toward one of the engine-rooms. "Look here, my man," said the supervisor familiarly, "do they run these mills by water?" "Yes, sorr," answered the Irishman. "But they bile it." "Oh, of course—naturally—that's what I meant," murmured the supervisor.

****

It is possible to find occasion for thankfulness under the most adverse circumstances. An old organ-blower lay dying, and the curate was visiting him. "Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the Dead March over me?" asked the sick man. "Certainly I will, Jones," said the curate. "Thankee, sir; none of that ere tweedledum Beethoven, you know, sir; only Handel's." "I am sure he will do it," responded the curate. The old man lay placidly for awhile, and then exclaimed, with fervor: "How thankful I be that I shan't have to blow for him when he plays the loud part at the end."

****

"Oh! doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science. . ." "Oh! that doesn't matter in the least. You see a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

****

The difficulty that some colored people have with words and letters, when they have learned to read after coming to mature years, is illustrated in a story told by a teacher of a colored school in the South. She says that a colored woman of her acquaintance bought a ring of a jeweller for a present to her husband, and said to the jeweller: "I gwine hab you put my husband's 'nitials on dat ring." "What are they?" "Dem 'nitials is R. S., sah." "May I ask what his name is?" said the jeweller, who fancied he remembered the pair, and had an idea that their name did not begin with S." "His name's Arthur Estabrook, boss!" answered the woman. The worst of the matter was that the wife would not be convinced that "A" and "E" had anything to do with

her husband's name. The jeweller finally told her with blandness that she could have any letters she liked, and Mr. Estabrook is undoubtedly now proudly wearing a ring marked "R. S."

****

An amusing, if somewhat apocryphal, instance of the manner in which a newly appointed Western judge enforced the rules of the court was once related by a former resident of the town in which the incident is said to have occurred. A witness was called who had been in the Civil War and received many injuries. "Hold up your right hand!" commanded the judge. "I can't sir," said the witness. "Can't! What do you mean by that?" roared the judge. "I was shot in that arm," said the witness, in a tone of apology. "Then hold up your left hand!" called the judge. "I can't, for I was shot in that arm, too," explained the witness, still more meekly. "Well, I declare!" cried the judge, glaring sternly at the afflicted witness. "Well, I tell you what, you hold up one of your legs, and I'll let it go at that! No man can be sworn in this court unless he holds up *something.*"

****

The author of "Forty Years at the Post-Office" cites what he terms a bit of true Irish politeness, which he once experienced at Schull. A long drive was in prospect, and the clouds hinted rain. So I bade the driver pull up at a shop where I could buy an umbrella. He did so, and I made known my want. "Do I understand that you wish to buy an umbrella because the day may turn out wet?" asked the shopkeeper. "If so, here is a good one." "How much is it?" I inquired. "Oh, you can settle on your way back," he answered. On my return I again inquired the price. "Give me my umbrella," said the shopkeeper. "There's nothing to pay. You haven't even used it."

****

A servant who can get a better place is not much to be blamed if she refuses to live in a quarrelsome family. Housekeeper, in pursuit of a cook—Why did you leave the last place? Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and the missus used to quarrel, mum. Housekeeper—What did they used to quarrel about? Cook—The way the dinner was cooked, mum.

During the siege of Paris Marshal Canrobert found himself for a moment in the presence of a party of ladies. They were very much agitated. "What is the matter, ladies?" the marshal asked. "The matter?" said Madame Brohan, in whose house the people were assembled. "Why, we are on the eve of battle, and I suppose fear affects us." "Fear?" echoed the marshal, looking about with a puzzled air. Madame Brohan rang her bell. "Marie," she said, when the maid appeared, "bring a dictionary for the marshal!" Which was as much to say that the old commander did not know the meaning of the word.

****

A story told in a group at a club not long ago, of the late George D. Prentice, a famous politician and wit of a past generation, illustrates the irrepressible humor of the man. Prentice, the story-teller said, went to Washington some time after he had established himself at Louisville, and visited the Capitol. While conversing there with a group of congressman, leaning against a wall, a picture fell from its nail and struck Prentice on the head. He was stunned for a moment, but not badly hurt. As he opened his eyes one of the congressmen said: "Can we do anything for you, Prentice?" "Yes," said Prentice, faintly. "What is it?" "Repeal the law of gravitation!" For some reason his request was not complied with, as many a poor head and back have since learned to their cost.

****

An amusing little story was told a good many years ago in connection with Governor Mattox, of Vermont. At one time he was chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia County. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him. "Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding judge. "I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox. "Important question," said the judge. "And what was his reply?" "He made it without the least hesitation," said the chairman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Of course that fact is in his favor." "Well, what did he say?" asked the judge, with some impatience. "He said," returned the chairman, "that *he didn't know.*"

A cavalryman had for the second time returned to the barracks in an intoxicated condition. His comrades saw a chance the second time to give him a little lesson. He had gone to bed and thrust his bare foot out from under his blanket; and they fastened one of his spurs on his naked heel. The trooper lay in a heavy and motionless sleep for a long time. At last he stirred, changed his position and dug the spur into his other log. "Oh! Help! Murder!" he shouted. Then he started up, struck a light, and looked at the spur fastened on his bare heel. "Well," he said, "if I'm not an idiot! When I took off my boots last night I forgot to take off one of my spurs. I'll never drink a drop again!"

****

There are some things in which our English cousins have the advantage of us. An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried to obtain from an Oxford gardener the secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England or a portion of it. "Tell me, my good man, how you manage it?" he said condescendingly, putting his hand significantly into his pocket. "It is werry simple, sir," replied the gardner, quaintly. "You cuts it as close as ever you can cut, and you rolls it and cuts it *for six hundred years.*"

****

If all the people who paint without knowing how were to adopt the plan recommended to an amateur by an acquaintance their works would not distress their friends. This one announced her intention to whiten a certain ceiling and then paint a "cloudscape" on it. "That may be very nice," said a friend, "but if I were you I should first paint my 'cloudscape' and then whitewash the ceiling!"

****

An ex-governor of Wisconsin used to enjoy telling a little joke upon himself. He was in the Union Army during the Civil War, it appears, and at least "plain" in his personal appearance. One summer, he says, I met an ex-rebel down East, one of those lank Southerners with a face so long that he could eat oats out of a churn. He looked me over, up and down, two or three times each way, and then he said: "Is that the gov'nor of Wisconsin?" "Yes." "Fit

n the war, eh?" "Yes." "We-el, if all the Yanks had been
s homely as he is, we'd be a-fightin' 'em yit!"

****

So many serious and knotty questions have to be discussed
n courts of justice that a bit of humor now and then is a
velcome relief. The other day an attorney was airing his
ndignation. He had been robbed. Yes, sir, robbed. It
vas shameful the way things went on, right under the eyes
f the law. Finally Judge Gary noticed the fuming and
retting. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter? It's
confounded outrage! Had my overcoat stolen right from
his room!" The judge smiled. "Overcoat, eh?" he said.
My dear fellow, that's nothing! Whole suits are lost here
very day."

****

The man who is extremely learned, but who has no com-
non sense, is no great rarity in Germany, and is occasionally
atirized in the comic press. The *Lustige Blatter* repre-
ents a great professor saying to his doctor, whom he meets
n the street: "I don't know what is the matter with me,
octor. I am perpetually limping to-day. Do you think it's
ocomotor ataxia?" "Why, professor," says the doctor, "you
re walking with one foot on the curbstone and one in the
utter!"

****

It is said that the mistress of a top suite in an apartment
ouse had some difficulty one day in drawing up a block of
ce on the elevator. When it arrived she found a boy stand-
ng proudly beside it. "It's such a big piece, ma'am, I
nought you'd want somebody to help take it off," quoth he.

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"Whether it's wet,
Whether it's hot,
We have to weather it
Whether or not."

o runs the philosophic entry in a Devonshire visitor's book.

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It became evident from a story which is said to have
riginated in western New York, that there are widely vary-
ng ideas in existence as to what constitutes voluntary testi-
ony on any subject. "Did I understand you to say that this
oy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to

the schoolhouse?" asked the judge, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy who was charged with having been concerned in a recent raid upon an unpopular schoolmaster. "Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told the whole thing, voluntarily." "How did you persuade him?" queried the judge. "Well, first I gave him a good licking," said the firm parent, "and then I put him right to bed without any supper, and I took all his clothes away, and told he'd stay in bed till he told me what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should lick him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour, sir, he told me the whole story, voluntarily!"

****

A well-known story of Bishop Phillips Brooks represents him as saying diplomatically, but without any untruth, when a very homely baby was presented for his admiration, "Well, that *is* a baby!" And the parents were delighted. Hardly so well-timed was the remark of another bishop to the proud mother of a two-year old. The child was not present, but the mother was telling how remarkable he was. "Can he walk?" asked the bishop. "Walk!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, he has been walking six months!" "Dear me, dear me!" said the bishop, absently. "What a long way he must have got!"

****

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he is born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven would you call them biscuits?"

****

A certain politician, not of the best reputation, is eulogized in this sentence by his home paper: "He is strong in every way." This reminds the Binghampton *Herald* of an incident that occurred in that town. Several little girls were seated in a cart drawn by a goat. A man passed and said: "Well, that's a strong goat you have there." "Oh," said one of the girls, "we don't mind that; we're used to him!"

****

A little girl in Aberdeen brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning. "Thank you,

my little girl," he said. "They are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day." "No, sir," replied the child, "I pulled them this morning; but they was growin' all yesterday."

****

It would probably take many generations of undesired and undesirable adversity to train Americans into the far-seeing thriftiness of the Scotch. An illustration of this thrift is contained in the story of a Scotchwoman who had been promised a present of a new bonnet by a lady. Before she made the purchase, the lady called and asked the good woman: 'Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Wilson?" "Weel," said Mrs. Wilson, "I think I'll tak' a straw one; it'll maybe be a mouthful' to the coo when I'm done wi' it!"

****

The highly respectable French simpleton, Monsieur Calino, discovered the other day that he had left his umbrella somewhere. As he had visited three stores, he knew it must be in one of them. So he started back and visited all three in turn. "It has no been found here," he was told in the first store, and Monsieur Calino shrugged his shoulders a little and went out. "At the next store the same response was made. Monsier Calino shrugged his shoulders still higher and went to the third store. There the umbrella was waiting, and was promptly turned over to him. "Well," he exclaimed with satisfaction, "I must say that you are more honest than they are at those other stores."

****

A hypochondriac friend from the country, who was staying with Father Healy at Bray in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia, was one day taking a walk along the beach with his host. "I have derived relief from drinking a tumbler of salt-water fresh from the tide," said the invalid, solemnly. "Do you think I might take a second?" Father Healy put on the intent expression which was his "thinking cap." "Well," said he, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."

****

When bicycles were new, "Uncle Joe" Cannon had a trying experience in learning to ride one of them. When he had been at the work for some time, a friend asked him

how he was getting along. "Oh," said Cannon, "I am making progress. "Is that so?" said his friend. "Yes," resumed the Congressman, gravely, "I can spit now, and pretty soon I expect to be able to raise my hat."

****

A French journal, by way of ridiculing the ignorance of art critics, tells a story of a lady, who, with a maid, went to purchase a still-life picture for her dining-room. She selected a canvas on which were painted a bunch of flowers, a pie cut in two and a half-penny roll, and was paying five hundred francs for it when the maid approached to whisper in her ear: "Madam," said the servant, "you are making a bad bargain. I saw a picture very much like this sold the other day for four hundred francs." "And was it as good as this?" "Yes, madam, it was better; there was a good deal more pie in it."

****

Lord De Tabley, the poet and naturalist, used to delight in telling the following story of himself. He was an enthusiastic botanist, and one day, sauntering down Piccadilly, met a friend who told him where a specimen of an extremely rare plant could be found. De Tabley beckoned to a cabman, and bade him drive to Chelsea. Chelsea was at that time a quiet old suburb. Lord De Tabley ordered the driver to cross a meadow and stop by a ditch. He jumped out, plunged ankle-deep in mud, searched for a few moments, found the tiny treasure, pocketed it, and getting into the cab, called out, "Home!"

But the cabman looked at him thoughtfully a moment, and then drove rapidly back to Piccadilly, and into the courtyard of a private mad-house near the place where he had been summoned. "Here he is!" he cried to the porter. "I've got him!" It was with difficulty that the porter convinced him that Lord De Tabley was not an escaped lunatic.

****

An instance of perhaps not very elegant but well justified sarcasm was developed at a recent meeting of creditors to hear the statement of a man who had got into financial difficulties under discreditable circumstances. The debtor offered to pay a certain small percentage of his indebtedness, and closed by saying that "if his creditors were not satisfied with this amount, then they might take his body." There

vas a moment of "impressive silence" after this deliverance, nd a small, elderly gentleman, who had been sitting at the ack of the room, rose, and addressed the meeting. "I wish o give notice," he said, in a high, squeaky voice, "that if ne gentleman's last proposition is accepted, I will take is gall for my part!" The "proposition" was not accepted.

****

No jokes are better appreciated than those that are made nwittingly by sober-minded men. An English journal re-tes a case in point, the sober-minded man being Mr. John urns, a very serious member of the House of Commons e was speaking in a pessimistic strain about what he felt be a great falling off in the character and standing of at august body. "Since I came into this house, four years go," he said, "the confidence of the public in it has much minished."

****

Many of the anecdotes told of Father Taylor, the cele-ated preacher of the Boston Seamen's Bethel, show that was ready with a simile whenever occasion for one arose. ne evening a prayer-meeting had lasted long beyond the ual hour for closing, and Father Taylor's talk was in-easing in fervor and energy, when some restless young en arose and shuffled hastily out of the room. "That's ght, brethren," said Father Taylor, shaking his head as if s anticipations were suddenly realized, "the tide is rising; e driftwood is beginning to float!"

****

In a Southern city a few years ago a young lawyer un-rtook the defence of an old darkey who had been arrested a chicken thief, and who in the days of slavery had been ned by the lawyer's father. It was the young man's first a, and was not brilliant in either construction or delivery. e darky received a pretty severe sentence, his guilt being ill proved. "Thank you, sah," said the prisoner, addressing judge cheerfully, when the sentence had been pro-unced; "dat's mighty hard, but it aint anywhar near what expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and e Mars' Frank's speech, dey'd *hang* me sure!"

****

An appeal to the methods of chance in any disagreement perplexity is a foolish thing. If one is sure of a point

he should stick to it, no doubt; or if he is willing—as one should always be when no principle is involved—to give it up to another it is far more graceful and satisfactory to give it up outright. A story told by an orator who recently spoke on the currency question—it does not matter on which side—satirizes the arbitrament of chance, as invoked in that or any other dispute. Two young men, it appears, were suitors for the hand of a young lady. One of them said to the other: "Both of us wish to offer ourselves to this lady?" "That is evident." "But we do not wish to fight a duel over her?" "I think not." "Then I will tell you what we can do." "What?" "Let us toss up for her!" The other looked a moment at his rival, and then said: "Very well; I will toss up a brick, and if it stays up in the air the young lady is yours. If it comes down she is mine!" If there is anything in character, or in feminine discrimination, it must have been the last speaker who won the young lady.

****

Great is the Blarney stone. An exchange says that a lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was at the same time an ardent admirer of Ireland, once said at a party: "Really, I think I was meant for an Irishwoman." "Madam," said a son of Erin, "thousands would back me in saying that you were meant for an Irishman."

****

Perhaps the most singular coffin in which a human being was ever buried is the one of which the following story is told. A workingman engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance in the Woolwich arsenal lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell it. The War Department authorities held a conference and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and the mass of metal was actually buried, and a Church of England clergyman read the services for the dead over it.

****

Peace and comfort are relative terms. There is an old, old Irish story of three hermits in the wilderness, who sick of the clamor of the world, had sought that safe retreat. At the end of a year of silence, one remarked, "It's a fine life

e're having here!" Not another word was uttered until e end of another year, when the second hermit replied: t is!" Time went on, and when the third year had apsed, the last hermit, showing signs of impatience at the natter of his companions, broke in, "If I can't get peace d quiet here, I'll go back to the world!"

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We have lately heard the sharp saying of a woman who ay not be an art critic, but who has some gift of ex- ession. "Your husband painted the house himself this ring, didn't he?" asked one of her neighbors. "Well, yes," is the wife's answer; "I suppose he got some of the paint the house, but you wouldn't think so if you could see his thes."

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A Washington physician, who owns a cranberry meadow Cape Cod, was entertaining an English cousin some years o. One night at dinner cranberry-sauce was on the table. e Englishman was delighted with it. Indeed, he expressed pleasure so much and so often that after he had returned London the doctor sent him over a barrel of fine Cape d cranberries. A month or so passed, and then came a er from the Englishman. "My dear So-and-So," it said, was awfully good of you to send me those berries, and thank you. Unfortunately, they all soured on the way er."

****

It is sometimes embarrassing to presume too far of one's n nobility of countenance. There is a story of an Edin- gh sheriff who lost a two-penny railway ticket, and was ordingly asked for his fare. "I have already paid it," d he. "Then where's your ticket?" "I have lost it." hen you must pay again." "Come now, friend," said the riff, "just glance at my face, and tell me if I look like an who would tell a lie for tuppence!" The cash-taker diently inspected the countenance offered, and then said, ly: "I'll just thank you for that tuppence."

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Speak simply; it is better far, especially when you are ing to the common people. "Mike said the superin- dent of streets, "there is a dead dog reported in the y between Illinois and Meridian streets. I want you to

look after its disposition." An hour later the intelligent officer telephoned: "I have inquired about the dog, and find that he had a very savage disposition."

****

Some men are hard to please, especially in their flustered and ill-natured moods. One such was a well-known Edinburgh banker. One day, when nothing had gone to suit him, he broke out suddenly to one of the clerks in a tone like a thunder-clap: "Look here, Jones, this won't do! These figures are a perfect disgrace. An office-boy could do better. If he couldn't I'd discharge him. Look at that five, will you? It looks like a three. Nobody would take it for anything else. Look at it, I say." "I-er-I beg pardon, sir," began the trembling clerk, "I beg pardon; but-er-well, you see, sir, it *is* a three." "A three!" roared the manager; "a three! Why, you idiot, it looks just like a five!" And the subject dropped.

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The judgment of men is apt to be warped by sentiment and feeling. In Scotland the people abominated hymns simply because the Episcopalians used them. The Presbyterians sang only the Psalms of David. The Episcopalians used stained glass in their church windows, and for that reason the Scotch looked upon stained glass as something of unholy origin. A Presbyterian minister had been bold enough to introduce this hated innovation. He was showing it in triumph to one of his female parishioners, and asked her how she liked it. "Ay!" she said; "ou ay! it *is* bonny. Eh! but I prefer the gless jist as God made it!"

****

A French paper tells how a person in Paris whose financial irresponsibility was well known and complete wrote to a hard-working acquaintance demanding the loan of one hundred francs, and adding: "I will send you my note for the amount upon the receipt of your check." The acquaintance promptly took a postal card and wrote on it as follows: "Please find enclosed the one hundred francs you ask for. Never mind the note." This he sent to the astonished would-be borrower who, it is hardly necessary to say, never repeated the application.

One of the sides of Robert Louis Stevenson's character thus lightly touched by his friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse: tevenson's pity was of a very marked quality, and it ex-nded to beggars. His optimism, however, suffered a rude ock in South Audley Street one summer afternoon. We et a stalwart begger, whom I refused to aid. Louis, how-ver, wavered, and finally handed him a sixpence. The man ocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but fixing is eye on me said, in a loud voice, "And what is the other ttle gentleman going to give me?" "In future," said Louis, s we strode coldly on, "I shall be 'the other little gentle-an.'"

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One of the regulations at the new Congressional Library n Washington is that visitors must carry no parcels into ie building. A rather tall, broad-shouldered young woman rrived at the door of the library, having in her hand a neat rown paper package. "No bundles are allowed inside the uilding," said the attendant. "You must leave it here till ou come out." The young woman objected. The man aid it was the rule. The young woman said it was absurd. he man was firm. He must obey orders. The young oman hesitated; then she undid the parcel, hung several airs of black hose over her arm, handed the man the paper, nd said: "There, you may keep that till I come out."

****

The story goes that a fashionable woman, who wore high-eeled shoes, asked a famous artist how she could acquire a raceful carriage. His reply is worthy of remembrance, and ill be as long as high-heeled shoes are made. "Take off our high-heeled shoes," he answered, "place them on top f your head; when you can walk with those shoes per-ectly balanced you will have the gait of a goddess, and for ie first time since French heeled shoes were invented they ill really have served to help, and not disfigure, a woman."

****

While Bismarck was living at Frankfort, early in his areer, he was one day at a public table with a friend when wo young ladies who sat opposite began talking in the ettish language. From their manner it was evident to ismarck that they were talking about him. It happened that e had once made a visit to Courland, one of the Baltic

Provinces, and had picked up a few Lettish phrases. When the ladies had talked and laughed for some time, therefore, he whispered to his companion: "The moment I say something to you in an unintelligible tongue, take a key from your pocket and hand it to me." The young ladies kept on, and suddenly Bismarck said in an unconcerned tone to his friend: *"Dohd man to azlek."* The second man at once produced a key. The young ladies from Courland looked at their opposite neighbors, then at each other, and, blushing, violently, rose and left the room.

****

An amusing example of two souls with but a single thought is the following, furnished by one of the participants. Many years ago, he says, I was in camp with a friend of mine in Canada. Toward morning I awoke shivering with cold. The fire was very low. My companion was sound asleep. Well it isn't nice to get out of a warm blanket to haul frosty logs to the fire, so I gave Wyndham a kick, and then pretended to be asleep. There was no response and by and by I tried another kick. Then the old scoundrel burst out laughing. "I did the same thing to you fifteen minutes ago," he said. "That's how you came to wake up." Then we both turned out, and soon had a fire going.

****

Circumstances alter cases, says the proverb, and sometimes the metamorphosis is accomplished with amazing suddenness. Two amateur hunters in the northern woods, not long ago, saw a deer, and both fired at once. "That is my deer," said A, "I shot it." "No you didn't," hotly replied B. "It is my deer because I killed it." A third party was approaching from the opposite direction, and with fury in his eye and a club in his hand. "Which of you two rascals shot my calf?" roared the farmer. "That fellow just told me he did it," said A. And B, now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, answered: "He lies. He shot it himself. I saw him do it, and I'll swear to it."

****

A farmer came into the office of an attorney at law with whom I was studying a few years ago, says a correspondent, and in the absence of the lawyer I invited him to sit down and wait a few minutes. While waiting, the old gentleman amused himself by walking about the room and looking at

ome pictures of eminent jurists and statesmen which adorned ie walls. A particularly fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone tracted his attention, and after regarding it for a few mo- ients he inquired, "Who is this?" "That is Mr. Gladstone." Does he live here in town?" he asked. "Oh, no, sir; he is n Englishman. He is prime minister of England." "So," esponded the farmer. "I *thought* he looked like a clergy- an."

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Mamma—I think the baby is growing very fast, don't you? *apa*—Decidedly. He weighed three pounds more at four clock this morning than he did at two.

****

One Englishman's idea of tact may be inferred from an ecdote related by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson in his olume of reminiscences entitled, "My Confidences." The uthor's uncle, John Locker, used to say that "you could not iden the mouth of a Locker without injury to his ears." ne day, when he was at Malta, this Uncle John warmly luted a stranger who had just arrived at the hotel, and by ay of expressing his pleasure and obligation at seeing him ere, said: "Yesterday, sir, I was the ugliest man in all alta!" "Tradition," Mr. Locker-Lampson declares, "says at the man did not resent this speech, so I presume my ncle, with all his impudence, had some social tact."

****

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a an's death, but such an instance is related by Miss Edith ichel, in a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Two alons." In the time of the French Revolution, Monsieur ondorcet, upon whose head, as an aristocrat, a price was t, sought refuge with a friend, Monsieur Suard, who bade m return at nightfall, when means of escape would be pro- ded. Unhappily Condorcet thought he would take advan- ge of the opportunity to get some dinner, and ordered an nelette. "How many eggs do you wish to be used?" in- ired the landlord, who had been eyeing him suspiciously. he innocent Condorcet was at his wits' end; he reflected on e size of an ordinary omelette. "Twelve," he boldly re- ied. His fate was sealed; none but an aristocrat could be ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away prison, from which he never emerged.

Among the stories told to the deserved discredit of such lawyers as have no scruples against distorting and concealing the truth in order to shield persons whom they know, or have every reason to believe, to be guilty, the following is entitled to a good place: An attorney had occasion to defend a man who was justly accused of counterfeiting paper money, and he manipulated the case with such skill that he secured the acquittal of the prisoner. When the lawyer and his client were alone together again the counterfeiter overwhelmed the lawyer with thanks. "And now—" said he, putting his hand in his pocket. "And now," the lawyer took up the sentence, "I will have my fee—and I will take it in hard currency, not in bills, if you please!"

****

The statements made by some prominent men when asked for their views on the political future of the country give rise to the suspicion that they have adopted the policy once recommended by a Western politician. His son was nominated for a state office, and the father proceeded to give him some advice. "Now, Thomas," he said earnestly, "do you lean a little toward everything, but don't commit yourself to anything. Be round, Thomas; be perfectly round, like a junk-bottle, and just dark enough so that nobody can see what's in you—and you'll get along."

****

An amusing illustration of the force of Shakespeare's line, "Brevity is the soul of wit," is contained in the following anecdote from Marshall Brown's "Wit and Humor of Familiar Sayings": A farmer traveling in a foreign land, becoming anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home: "Is things all right at the barn?—John Breen." His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back: "John Breen: Things is.—Robert."

****

The study of definitions presents many obstacles and difficulties to childish minds. "Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the school teacher. "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded a diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In summer I would rather play out-of-doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small

cholar with such doleful frankness and unconscious humor nat the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.

****

A priest who was notorious for his frequent absence from is parish one day called upon Archbishop Ryan to ask for vacation. His health required it, he said. "Do the physi- ians say that you need a change of air?" asked the prelate. They do, your grace." "Then how would it do for you to ry the air of your parish for a month or two?" At another me the archbishop rebuked a priest for wearing a disrepu- ble-looking silk hat. "But I would not give up that hat for wenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "Ah," was the archbishop's etort, "and evidently he fell on the hat."

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"How did you get along with the French lady?" asked apa. "Well," said Anne, "she understood what she said, and understood what I said."

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Much has been written of the dependence of the author's nspiration upon his environment, born to the minutiæ of ress and attitude while at work. Another instance of this ensitiveness is afforded by Miss Knapp, in her book on the Tlinkits of Southeast Alaska." Miss Knapp had asked an ld woman to relate the legends of her tribe. The first day f her saga-telling, she was established, out of respect for er great age, in the softest upholstered rocking-chair in the ouse; she did her best to appear comfortable, but it was vident that something was wrong. "What does she want— nother cushion?" was asked of the interpreter. "She wants lie on the floor," was the answer; and sprawling at ull length, with her chin resting on her withered hands, she old her tale.

****

Doctor Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion eemed necessary. One day he drove up to the door of the House of Lords in a coach and four, with liveried coachman nd two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed im: "Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have aid if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries nd all the rest?" The archbishop, who was seldom flus-

tered, replied with a benignant smile, "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."

****

A quick retort is credited to a young author whose tongue is as ready as his pen. Not long ago, as he was walking with a friend, a man came up behind him and gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder. The writer turned a surprised face toward the newcomer, who said: "Look here, you must remember me, now don't you?" "I can't say that I remember your face," returned the young author, gravely, "but your *manner* is certainly familiar."

****

In a country town in Kentucky, there is a store where they sell "most everything." The young man who does the selling considers himself a brilliant hand at repartee. He practices his skill on his patrons in general, with a preference for colored ones. An old "auntie" came in on a market day and inquired: "You ain't got no eends o' satin cut squintin', is you?" "I didn't say I hadn't, auntie." "Well, you needn't be so smart, mister. I ain't arst you isn't you: I arst you ain't you. Is you?"

****

Little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman who had taken the Pacific Express at Philadelphia called out on going to bed before the train started: "Portah! Portah!" The porter came. "What is it, sir?" he said. "Please wake me up when we get to San Francisco, you know," said the Englishman.

****

The obsequious European person who seeks fees from travelers by pretending to take them for members of the nobility occasionally meets an American tourist who fails to fall into his trap. An American gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera-house by an *ouvreur,* or usher, who bowed low and said: "The door is open, prince!" The American glanced with an expression of great affability at the employe, and without extending the expected fee, simply said: "Thank you very much, viscount!"

The quality of assurance is not lacking in the European guide, especially when he has an American in tow. A Parisian guide was showing to one of our countrymen the interior of a public building about which, as it was evident, his knowledge was superficial. "What do those twelve figures represent?" asked the American, pointing to some not very conspicuous caryatides. The guide scratched his head a moment, and responded: "Those twelve figures represent the nine muses!" This reminds one of the exhibition where some good people had to represent Ajax on the stage. Having no man whom they deemed big enough to take the part, they assigned it to two small men.

****

Of the distinguished authors of Persia none, perhaps, has enjoyed a wider popularity than Sadi, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was a great traveler and a close observer, and his anecdotes and short stories are described as being founded on his own experiences and observations. In "Persian Poetry for English Readers" Mr. S. Robinson quotes the following from Sadi's writings: A pupil said to his instructor, "What am I to do, for people incommode me with the frequency of their visits to such a degree that their conversation produces a great distraction of my valuable time?" The teacher replied, "To every one who is poor, lend; and from every one who is rich, borrow. They will not come about you again."

****

Mr. Joseph Jefferson once played "Rip Van Winkle" in a Western town. In a hotel where he stayed was an Irishman who acted as porter and general assistant. About six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping at his door. When he struggled into consciousness, and realized that he had left no word at the office to be called, he was indignant. His sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon appeared before the clerk. "See here!" he demanded. "Why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike." He summoned the Irishman, and said to him: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?" Taking the clerk to one side, the Irishman said in a whisper: "He was shnorin' like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heard the b'ys say he were oncet afther shleepin' twinty

years. So I says to mesilf, says Oi, 'Mike, it's a-coomin' onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the man out o' yer house this instant.'"

****

A good planter's wife "befo' de wah" was teaching a jet-black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the letters of the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two, says *Harper's Magazine,* but always forgot the letter "C." "Don't you see with your eyes? Can't you remember the word see?" said her mistress. "Yassum," answered Betsy. But she could not. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely, "A—B—" and there she stopped. "What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?" "I sleeps wif 'em, mis'."

****

Steak is sometimes tender and sometimes tough, but it remained for a waiter in a Western restaurant to claim for it the quality of pliability. A patron of the restaurant had been valiantly belaboring a piece of steak with the implements at his command, but neither knife nor fork had any apparent effect on it. At last he called the waiter to his side. "You'll have to take this steak back and bring me another piece," he said. The waiter eyed the steak narrowly, and shook his head. "I can't take that back," he said, "for you've bent it."

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"Wal," said Farmer Wilkins to his city boarder, who was up early and looking round, "ben out to hear the haycock crow, I s'pose?" and he winked at his hired man. "No," replied the city boarder, "I've been out tying a knot in a cord of wood." Farmer Wilkins scowled at the hired man, and wanted to know why he was not getting to work at milking those cows.

****

A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, breezy young man who was selling incubators. The salesman gave Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent arguments, but Uncle Harvey did not respond. The young man talked himself out and made no impression. Finally he said, "You don't seem to appreciate these incubators. "No," said Uncle Harvey. "But just think of the time they will save." Uncle Harvey gave him one cold look and said, "What do you suppose I care for a hen's time?"

"Who is that young woman playing the violin solo?" asked the young man who had gone, somewhat against his will, to an afternoon tea. "Miss Brown, the eldest daughter of our hostess." "And who is her accomplice at the piano?"

****

The typical Irish carman is a person of much sagacity. One night a returned missionary took a car, in a dubious frame of mind. He had been invited to dine with some friends at the house of an acquaintance whose name he had forgotten. He only knew that his host lived on Harcourt Street. "What am I to do?" he asked his driver. "Never mind, sor," was the reply. "I'll find him for you." "But you can't. You don't know his name." "Lave it to me, sor. Lave it to me entoirely." They drove to Harcourt Street, and the man, beginning at the top, knocked at every door and made the inquiry. Half-way down the street he gaily rejoined his employer, and said, "It's all right, sor. It's here." "How do you know?" "I asked, sor, 'Does the Riverend Misther Blank live here?' And the maid said, 'No, but he's dining here.'"

****

A woman in New York insured some houses she owned, and the agent brought her the policy. "You'd better give me a check for the premium now," he said. "How much is it?" she asked. "A little more than one hundred dollars. Wait a minute and I'll get the exact amount." "Oh, how tiresome!" said the lady. "And I am in such a hurry! Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."

****

The thriftiness of a London shopkeeper is illustrated in a story of a dry-goods dealer. The merchant was of an excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," was unable to countenance such an admission. He fixed his eye on the assistant, and said to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am, plenty upstairs." The customer looked dazed for a moment, and the shopkeeper did not seem happy when his assistant informed him that the customer was speaking about the weather, and had remarked: "We haven't had any rain lately."

A housemaid who had borne the pain of a troublesome tooth for several days was finally obliged to go to the dentist one evening to have the tooth extracted. Being of a thrifty tendency, she inquired of the operator, "How much do you charge for taking out a tooth?" "Fifty cents; with gas a dollar," was the reply. "Then I guess I'll call to-morrow and have it taken out by daylight," announced the patient.

****

Senator Hoar was showing some of his Boston friends around the Capitol when he pointed out a magnificent old residence built by a famous lawyer of an earlier period. "But," asked the frugal New Englander, "was he able to build that handsome residence by his practice?" "Yes," replied the Senator. "By his practice and his practices."

****

Many good stories have from time to time been told of the Rev. Thomas Hunt, the temperance orator, who was a well-known figure in the early history of the Wyoming Valley. During the Civil War he enlisted, and served as a chaplain in one of the regiments of infantry raised in the valley. One day in the midst of a fierce battle a major rode up in front of the regiment, and to his amazement found Father Hunt at the head of the ranks. "Chaplain, what are you doing here?" he asked. "Doing?" echoed the old minister, briskly. "I'm trying to cheer the hearts of the brave and look out for the heels of the cowards." And it was so evident that he was performing both parts of this self-appointed task that the major asked no more questions, but left him to his work.

****

The shrewdness of one of the founders of a famous estate in Maine gave rise to many amusing stories, one of which has recently been retold. One day the man, who was a large lumber operator, was superintending a crew which was breaking up a log jam in the river. Suddenly the spruce on which he was standing slipped. The lumberman dropped out of sight in the water, and the logs closed over him. The nearest Frenchman saw the accident. Hopping briskly over the slippery logs, he helped the "boss" to land. Nothing was said about the accident. After an hour or so the Frenchman began to get anxious, because the reward which he considered due him was not forthcoming. He approached the lumberman, and pulling clumsily at his cap, stammered: "I see

you fall in, m'sieur. If I have not run queek to pull you out, you drowned." "Prob'ly," snapped the lumberman, "prob'ly; if you'd been tending to business as you'd oughter, you wouldn't have seen me fall in."

****

A mighty hunter from Boston recently "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry, and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half past four in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door. "All righ'! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilts. "You get up here now, and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncle Cy. "Receipt! What receipt!" demanded a very wide-awake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly. "Wal," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkerlate to have ye humping down to the office at eight o'clock, declaring that ye ain't been called!"

****

A man who had been passing the winter up in Aroostook County, Maine, writes us: The day was fine, the streets were full of teams and people. I took the sidewalk near the Burleigh Hotel and passed down Sweden Street. On this particular sidewalk was a huge drift of snow, in fact, the largest drift I have seen this year. Pedestrians had made a narrow path through it, perhaps two feet deep. When I had got about half-way down this straight and narrow path I met a young and handsome lady. As I did not want to get into the snow up to my waist, I turned round to go back. "Wait a minute," said she. "I will show you how to pass. Put your arms around my waist." After hesitating a moment, I did so. Then she put her arms around me and said, "Turn as you would in a waltz." I obeyed, and all too soon we had conveniently passed each other. "Everything is easy in this world if you only know how," said the lady, as she tripped along again.

****

The simple principle that one man's opinion is as valuable as that of his neighbor did not meet with the approval of the professional man in this story from the Chicago *Tribune:* "These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them." "But I charge you fifty cents just the same." "What for?"

"Well, sir, you charged me five dollars the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with me."

****

Doctor Porter had responded to a note left at his door by a farmer, asking him to go as soon as possible to see his little boy, who had "a verry bad cold." The doctor took one look at the child and turned to the mother. "Don't you know your boy is coming down with the measles?" he said, severely. "Yes, doctor, I knew he was," said the woman. "Then what in the world did you mean by writing me he had 'a verry bad cold'?" asked the doctor. The woman hesitated for a moment; then looking at her husband, she said, with sullen frankness, "Neither him nor me knew how to spell measles."

****

In an Iowa law court an attorney was arguing with great earnestness and eloquence. In the midst of his argument, he paused a moment, says the *Green Bag,* and said: "I see your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it although your honor dissents." "I have not intimated," replied the judge, "how I should construe the evidence or what my decision will be in the case, and your remark is uncalled for." "You shook your head." "That may be true," the court replied. "There was a fly on my ear, and I reserved the right to remove it in any manner I saw fit. Proceed with your argument."

****

A new application of the rule of proportion between wages and labor is the motive of a little story from the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune.* The leader of the band stopped the music in the middle of the bar and frowned. "Say, Pumpernickel," he demanded, in a loud whisper, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half-notes where there should be whole notes?" Pumpernickel took the horn off his neck. "Vell," said he, "I make explanations by you. You remember dot you cud down my vages to halluf, don'd you?" The leader stared in amazement. He had done so, but— "Und so I gontinues to make der nodes mid di horn, but dey vill pe halluf nodes until der vages vos restored unto whole vages. Ain'd it, yes?"

****

All kinds of questions come to the answers-to-correspondents man of a daily paper, and the impatience he occasionally

manifests is not surprising. "Editor of—" wrote an inquiring citizen one day, "will you please tell me how many kinds of typewriters there are?" This was handed to the answers-to-correspondents man, and in the next issue of the paper he replied to it as follows: "Two—male and female."

****

There is a rather widely diffused belief that women do very amusing things with telegraph-blanks and check-books. One young woman, on one occasion, at least, displayed in the use of the telegraph a more than masculine brevity, thriftiness and *sang froid*. A Detroit young man, who was deeply in love with this fair lady, who lived in another town in Michigan, decided that the only thing for him was to offer his hand and heart. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this message: "Will you marry me? Twenty-word answer paid for." An hour later he got his answer: "Why pay for nineteen words too many? No."

****

So many quick retorts are ascribed to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" that it sometimes seems as if the witty poet could scarcely have taken time to eat or sleep. The last reply is quoted by a man to whom it was made only a few months before the death of Doctor Holmes. The talk between the two men had fallen on the subject of age. "You're five years my junior," said Doctor Holmes, "but I believe I don't envy you." "I can't see why you should," said his friend. "You carry your years much more lightly than I do mine." "That's natural," said the autocrat. "I've had five years' more practice."

****

The teacher of grammar and rhetoric wrote a sentence on the blackboard, and then called upon William. "John can ride the horse if he wants to," read the teacher. "Rewrite the sentence in another form." William surveyed it dubiously for a moment; then a flash of inspiration showed him his path. "John can ride the horse if the horse wants him to," he wrote.

****

In an interesting case where Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster were retained by a Boston shipping house, Mr. Choate examined the witness. He had before him in the witness-box one of the ship-owners, whom he wished to con-

fuse, and consequently he began by asking him a long and complex question. George Francis Train, who tells the story, says this question wound all round the case and straggled through every street in Boston. "You say," asserted Choate, "that you did so and so, that you went to such and such a place; after this you did so and so, and then thus and so." But the man was an Irishman of perfect nerve and an unshaken coolness. Mr. Choate went on coiling up his question and tying knots in it; and when he had quite finished, the witness merely looked at him, and said, calmly: "Mr. Choate, will yes be afther repating that question again?" The bench and the spectators roared. Mr. Choate was worsted. Yet he won his case.

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A new book on Nantucket contains some stories that are well known to lovers of the good old town, but may not have been widely repeated. One of them hangs on the Quaker custom of numbering the months and the days of the week instead of using the profane mythological names. A Quaker schoolmaster set this copy on the blackboard for his writing class:

Beauty fadeth soon,
Like a rose in 6th month.

It was probably the same man who read to his scholars about Robinson Crusoe and his good man "Sixth Day."

****

A wind is a wind, from whatever quarter it may blow. So thought the hotel-keeper in the Scottish Highlands, of whom a tourist asked: "Is this a good place, do you think, for a person with weak lungs?" "Nane better, sir, nane better," was the encouraging reply. "I have been advised to settle in a place where there is a south wind. Does it blow much here?" "Oh, aye," was the answer. "It's aye the south wind that blaws here." "But it's blowing from the north now!" "Oh, aye, sir, it's a' one. It's the south wind a' the same, sir, on it's road back again."

****

It is said that a reporter who had been assigned to talk with an American millionaire on an important question was repeatedly refused admission to his house. Then he sought

out a Senator who was a personal friend of the millionaire, and petitioned for his aid. Armed with the Senator's card, he returned to the millionaire's house and sent in his talisman. This time he was admitted. "Young man," said the millionaire, "do you know that sixteen reporters have called upon me to-day about this very question, and that I have refused to see them all?" "I ought to know it, sir," responded the visitor, "for I am the whole sixteen."

****

A Boston lawyer had been having trouble with the small boy who came every week from the tailor's to take his trousers to be pressed. One day his clothes came home much soiled and as wet as if they had been dropped in a puddle. The lawyer wrote his tailor: "Next time send a life-boat. The breeches boy isn't safe."

****

"Here's a remarkable article about pigeons and their flight," said a man to his companion on a railroad train. "Is there?" apathetically responded the other man, who looked dyspeptic and lonesome. "Yes, sir," said the enthusiastic reader. "It says that pigeons have been found with grain in their stomachs that must have been eaten six hundred miles away! Think of that!" "I don't want to think of it," said the commercial traveler, morosely. "I've had the same experience with a railroad sandwich too many times!"

****

An intimate friend of President Grant said to him one day, "General, my little boy has heard that all great men write poor hands, but he says he believes you are a great man in spite of the fact that you can write your signature so plainly that anybody can read it." The President took a card from his pocket, wrote his name on it, and handed it to him. "Give that to your boy," he said, "and tell him it is the signature of a man who is not at all great—but that fact must be kept a secret between him and me."

****

The Widow Simonds had appeared before Squire Benson with one complaint after another. This time she accused one of her neighbors of stealing two ducks. "I missed them from the duck-pond yesterday," she said plaintively, "and this morning, square, I'm jest as sure as I'm standing here that

I saw them in Harr'et Shaw's yard. They had a different look from her own ducks." "Oh, nonsense!" said the squire. "Mrs. Shaw is as honest as the sun, and you know it! Why, I've got half a dozen ducks in my yard this minute that are exactly like yours." "Well, square," said the widow, lugubriously, "these twa aren't the first ones I've missed this summer, but you know I never was one to make complaints till I'm sure of my ground."

****

The stingiest man in the town of Bramville had sent for John Briggs to discuss a matter of importance. When Mr. Briggs entered the room it was lighted by one dim candle only. "It's a bright starlight night," said his host, "and we don't need the candle to talk by;" whereupon he blew it out as soon as his guest had found a seat. The room was pitch-dark and the conversation was long. When it was over, the host lighted the candle again to show his visitor out. "Well, well, sir, this is a strange sight!" he blustered, for Mr. Briggs was minus coat, waistcoat, collar and necktie. "I'll put them on now you've lighted the candle," said Mr. Briggs calmly. "I thought I might just as well save the wear on them as long as nobody could see."

****

Like many good, fresh jokes, this one from the Chicago *News* is built on a very old and very common experience. "Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano-playing," said Mrs. Nexton. "I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Homer, "if you are really sincere." "Why do you think I am not sincere?" "Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving or whether we were merely getting used to it."

****

A New England representative in Congress once invited a number of his fellow representatives to visit him at his home, an old sea-coast town. The New York *Mail and Express* reports a conversation which took place between the guests and their host. "What is the diet of these people?" asked a New Yorker. "Fish, mostly," responded the New England man. "Why," spoke up a Virginian, "I thought fish was brain food. These are really the most unintelligent-looking persons I ever saw." "Well," replied the host, quickly, "just think what they would look like if they didn't eat fish?"

One of the professors at Cornell University was born in Canada. He has, however, been for a long time a resident of the United States, and his children were born here. One Fourth of July the professor's eldest son had exploded, early in the afternoon, all the firecrackers that he had provided for the day. The youngster and his friends wanted more, so the boy found his father, and asked for some money with which to buy a new stock of fireworks. "I will give you the money, my son, if you can tell me what it is that you are celebrating with all these fireworks," replied the father. "I can do that easy enough," said the boy. "This is the anniversary of the day we licked you fellows."

****

Some one had said that stopping a paper is the hardest thing in the world. The following letter to the *National Engineer* is a perfect, if somewhat illiterate, expression of the irritation which the subscriber feels who does not want to be a subscriber any longer. The writer of the letter of course means magazines when he says books": the national Engineer i have Bin receiving them Books. i do Not Wish them So Please do not send any more i have Send them all Back, as i am Not the man thare is more Shepherds than me So i will Send them Back i do not live at 102 4 ave albany I did live thear. But i moved 2 years ago. But i am not the man So i will Send them Back i do not Want any Books i received these Books in 4. ave a year ago and i never Could find Where to Send them till Now the Shepherd you mean is not me i live there in three in the same St i am no Engineer So Please Send no More Books the Shepherds are not alike i do Not Wish no more Books—W. Shepperd.

****

In a little New Hampshire town there is a fruit-store the presiding genius of which has a gift of tactful and polite speech which would grace a court. "Have you any good oranges this morning?" asked a customer. "Are these juicy?" "Well, ma'am, as to that I couldn't say certainly," replied the little woman, with an engaging smile. "They're juicier than some, I know, but I make no doubt they'll bear a little squeezing before you have the best of them." "And these apples," said the customer, "now are these sweet, Mrs. Holloy?" "Well, now, when you're speaking of those apples, ma'am," said the proprietress of the store, with an-

other disarming smile, "they're what I should call just enough sweet to be a pleasant tart, ma'am."

****

Examinations are an ancient and unfailing source of joy to the humorist, and once in a while the weary examiner is a humorist. The New York *Evening Post* quotes some answers from a paper handed in by a candidate for admission to the English Church Training College. *Question*—What religious instruction have you received? *Answer*—None. *Question*—By whom was it given? *Answer*—By the vicar.

****

We learn things sometimes even from people who do not know them, but there is not much hope for the pupils of a possible teacher, who, perhaps, never existed outside the columns of the Atlanta *Constitution,* which tells the story. Chad, an old negro farmer, has a son who lately tried the civil service examination. "Well, Chad," said a friendly gentleman after the trial, "did your boy pass the examination?" "No, suh," replied Chad; "dey turned him down." "What was the trouble?" "Short on 'rithmetic, suh." "Anything else?" "An' g'ography." "Yes?" "An' spellin'." "Nothing more?" "Nothin' mo', suh, 'septin grammar and hist'ry an' some other things." "Well, Chad, what will he do now?" "Well, suh, he des 'bout decided ter teach school."

****

Two souls with but a single thought may yet be out of harmony. A traveler in Scotland, says the London *Globe,* observed an old couple arguing in the road, and asked the cause of the dispute. "We're no deesputin' at all," answered the man; "we're baith o' the same mind. I hae got a half-crown in my pooch an' she thinks she's no gawn to get it—an' I think the same."

****

When the late Mr. Reed was Speaker of the House, a lady of Washington—a personal friend of his—named a favorite cat for him. When, one day, the two Mr. Reeds accidentally met in her reception-room, and the more illustrious of them, attracted by the beauty of his furry namesake, stooped to stroke him and ask, "What do you call him?" the hostess had a bad quarter of a minute. She stumbled out a hastily invented fictitious name, and the conversation passed to other topics, when suddenly a peremptory voice sounded on the

stairway. "Mr. Reed, are you in the parlor? What are you doing in the parlor?" Before any explanation could be made a white-capped head was thrust in the doorway and an angry-looking maid servant cried, "Come out of that parlor, I tell you, Mr. Reed!" It is not on record that the cat seemed embarrassed.

****

Joseph Chamberlain was delivering a political speech in Birmingham, England. The hall was so packed that not another human being could have crowded in. The enthusiasm was tremendous; but suddenly a scowling man arose in the middle of the crowd. "What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" he howled. "Shame!" "Put him out!" yelled the crowd. Three sturdy men hurled the interrupter a few yards, and others helped hustle him to the street. As he was picking himself up and brushing off the dust, he grinned pleasantly at a man who had followed him from the hall, and who asked, "What *did* Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" "I don't know," he replied, "and I don't care. I had a terrible toothache and I couldn't butt my way through that crowd, and the only thing to do was to get thrown out."

****

Mrs. Jennings and her city cousin were exchanging news of their old school friends. "How about Lucy Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has she kept on growing fatter and fatter?" "Well, all I'll say is this," said Mrs. Jennings. "Annie Fall told me last year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing her uncle, to have a silk waist made, Annie realized that she hadn't got any measures; and then she remembered that the last time Lucy was there she stood up by the big air-tight stove, and Annie remarked (to herself) the resemblance between 'em. And she took the measure of that air-tight, and cut in a mite for the waist-line—'bout as much as a knife marks warm molasses candy—and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Lucy wrote back it was an elegant fit."

****

The story which *The Companion* told not long ago of the old woman who lost her son of seventy, and remarked to her aged husband that she had never expected that they could "raise that child, anyway," is matched by one which the late Mrs. Ulysses Grant used to tell. When the Grant family

was in camp in the Adirondacks, during General Grant's first term as President, Mrs. Grant had some trouble with the washing. A guide recommended a woman who lived a little way down the lake. Mrs. Grant engaged her. Two days afterward she saw the washerwoman paddling toward the shore in a dugout, with a heap of snowy linen piled in front of her. "Less'n a year ago," said the woman, apologetically, "I wouldn't had to 'a' used the boat. I'd brung it by the colt. But one day he jes' got colic or something, and rolled over on the grass and died. My, how we miss that colt! We'd had him for twenty years."

****

When the celebrated divine, Edward Irving, was on a preaching tour in Scotland, two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other: "Well, Willie, what do you think?" "Oh," said the other, contemptuously, "the man's cracked." The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder. "Will," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

****

At the dinner-table ten-year-old Robert ate himself into a state of great satisfaction, while his relatives stared in wonder. At last he was actually forbidden to eat any more. On the way he pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing it. "What is that?" asked his mother. "It's only dog-biscuit," said Robert, apologetically. "Where did you get it?" "Well," said Robert, "I knew I should be hungry before I got home, so I took it away from Fido."

****

To one unfamiliar with country nomenclature the question asked by the young man in the Philadelphia *Press* might not seem wholly unnatural. "And were you never in the country during the season of husking-bees, Mr. S.?" asked the young lady. "No. The idea! How do you husk a bee, anyway?"

****

Doctor Vaughan, for many years head master at Harrow, once had an amusing encounter with a small boy who carried off the honors of the occasion. A frightened child named Dodd was brought before Doctor Vaughan, charged with dire scholastic offense. "What is your name?" asked the master, with due severity. "Dodd, sir," answered the trem-

bling boy. "Dodd! Do you spell it with one d, or with two?" "Yes, sir, three," stammered the boy. The doctor put his head upon the desk, covered it with his hands a moment, and then dismissed the dangerous criminal with a warning. He said afterward, "I could no more have punished that boy than I could have flown. Nobody before ever gave me such a lesson in spelling."

****

A gentleman whose life is given to the study of books has a wife who never reads at all. She does, however, take down a volume, from time to time, in order to show some sympathetic interest in her husband's pursuits. One day she said: "I took down a book this morning by an author named Voliv. Is he considered a good writer?" "Voliv, my dear!" repeated the husband, in perplexity. "Voliv?" But while he was puzzling over the name, his wife thought of something else, and went away to attend to it. Then he stole into her room, to see what book she had on hand, and found a volume of Browning's poetry. It had been bound with no name on the back, and simply bore the legend, Vol. IV.

****

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons, and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning. "An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend, as they walked home from the kirk. "Weel," said his host, slowly, "it was a fair discoorse, Will'm, a fair discoorse; but it pained me at the last to see the folks looking so fresh and wide awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should hae been."

****

One of the street philanthropists who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations. "What is the matter, you little dear?" she asked, solicitously. "M-my b-brother's got a vacation and—and I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last. "What a shame!" said his comforter. "Then you don't go to the same school, of course." "I—I d-don't go to school an-anywhere yet!" came from the little boy with a fresh burst of sorrow.

A drummer in the French army was noted for his tremendous appetite. His captain wagered that the man could eat a whole calf, and the drummer, proud of his distinction, promised to do honor to the captain's compliment. Accordingly a calf was prepared in various appetizing ways. The drummer was disposing of it. When he had finally consumed about three-quarters of the repast he paused, and placing his knife and fork on the plate, said to his superior officer: "You had better have the calf brought on, had you not, sir? All these little kickshaws will end by taking up room."

****

People who are accustomed to partake of dry toast and hot water for breakfast will enjoy the point of view of a waiter in a restaurant of the far West. The traveler from the East took his seat at the table one pleasant morning and gazed pensively out of the window until some one approached. "Have you any breakfast food?" he inquired. "Well, I guess yes," cheerfully responded the cowboy waiter. "We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spareribs, mutton chops, corn-beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, hot bread, cold bread, corn bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea and buttermilk. Breakfast food! Why, that's our winner. Name your grub."

****

A gentleman who was visiting some friends in New York noticed that the little girl in the family was eating some new sort of cereal preparation. She seemed to eat, as Americans are said to take their pleasures, sadly. "Don't you like that, my dear?" inquired the friend. "Not pertic'ly," replied the little maid. "Why do you eat it, then?" persisted the inquirer. The little girl paused with her spoon on the edge of the bowl. "It's got to be eaten," she answered gravely. "The groceryman gives mamma a rag doll for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning."

****

A woman with eight young children boarded a street-car, which was already comfortably filled. The conductor became a trifle impatient because it took the family so long to get aboard, and as the mother finally reached the top step, and the car began to move, the conductor asked, with a suspicion of a smile: "Are these all your children, madam, or is it a

picnic?" "They are all my children," returned the woman, with a grim smile, "and I tell you it's no picnic."

****

A new hand at golf lately had an experience which the New York *Sun* describes. A man tried to get to the links early, when no one was there to witness his lack of skill. A caddie followed him to the tee, and offered to go round with him for fifty cents. "Never mind, son. I'll get along." With that he made a magnificent swing at the ball, and missed it by a foot. "Say, mister," said the caddie, "I'll go round with you for a quarter." The player declined, and tried to look self-possessed. He made another swing at the ball, and missed it again. "Say, mister," said the boy, "I'll go round with you for fifteen cents." By that time the man was rattled," and struck at the ball three times. The boy, who had retreated some distance, called, "Won't you take me for nothing? I'll go round for the fun of it."

****

A student of ethnology is quoted by the Boston *Transcript* as telling his friend that the Laplanders are of very short stature. "Can't you be definite?" replies the other. "How many Lapps to the mile?"

****

The *Shrubville Clarion* has an editor who tries never to let the grass grow under his feet. His celerity helps him to acquire news, but it is also the cause of an occasional paragraph like the following, taken from a recent issue: Last week we gave the particulars of a devastating fire in the town of Jenkins with the number and names of the victims. We now wish to correct a few inaccuracies such as will sometimes find their way into the first report of any catastrophe. There were no victims, for the conflagration was checked before it actually took place. We may also add that the fire was not in Jenkins, but in the town of Scranton.

****

At a London dinner-party one evening, Dean Stanley regretted warmly the narrowing influences of dogma in the English Church. "You are quite right," responded Disraeli, who was one of the distinguished men present, "but you must remember, no dogma, no dean."

Some things are said to be good for what ails you. By the same token, whatever you do is the cause of whatever ails you. "You should eat a dish of oatmeal and milk every morning," says the doctor. "I do, doctor." "Then you shouldn't."

****

A gentle satire on the attitude of those laborers who spend more energy in talking about the rights of workmen than in earning them appears in *The King*. "What's the matter with old Fred?" asks one workman. "'E's got a splinter in his 'and," says another. "Why don't he pull it out?" "Wot! In his dinner-hour? Not likely!"

****

Every one admitted that Mrs. Thompson was an excellent disciplinarian. She was a widow with three boys, whom she had brought up to obedience and truthfulness, if not to joy. "Children, I have something to tell you," she announced one Sunday, on the return of the family from church. "On Thursday afternoon I shall marry Doctor Lane, whom you all know and respect." There was a solemn pause, ended by the oldest boy. "Mother," he asked, "when are you going to tell Doctor Lane?"

****

A naval officer tells of a conversation he once overheard between two marines who were arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war. "It's the chaplain," said one. "How do you make that out?" asked the second. "Because he aint got any work to do and all day to do it in." The second marine snorted his disgust. "You're wrong, Jack," said he. "It's the cap'n of marines." "How's that?" "Well, me boy, as you say, the chaplain's nothing to do and all day to do it in; but the cap'n of marines has nothing to do and all day to do it, and a lieutenant of marines to help him do it."

****

The playwright turned pale with excitement and a sudden rush of pride as he heard, from his position in the wings, the sound of stamping feet and roaring voices. "They are calling for the author!" he cried, feverishly. "What shall I do? Must I make a speech?" The manager, who had not only heard but seen the audience, took him by the elbow. "The

best thing you can do," he whispered, "is to slip out of the stage door and escape while there's time."

****

One day recently, a certain justice of the New York Supreme Court invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go sailing with him. The wind was brisk at the start and it soon freshened, and their little craft began to toss and roll in a manner that caused the lawyer much inward uneasiness. The judge, reading his friends plight in his contortions, laid a kind hand on his shoulder, and said: "My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?" "Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer, "I wish you would overrule this motion."

****

An amusing story is told of a famous American humorist. When he was a young newspaper man, he fell in love with a young woman whose parents were not encouraging. Finally he gathered courage to speak to the lady's father, and with shaking knees entered the old gentleman's office. "Eh-have you-noticed anything-between-between your daughter and-and me?" "No!" shouted the parent, wheeling sharply around. "Well," said the young man, as he edged toward the door, "if-you-keep-a sharp-lookout-you will!"

****

Some retaliations are too clever to be resented. They seem to be almost a logical part of the circumstances that evoked them. Doctor Wines was formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to trounce a lad, who naturally resented the punishment. On the doctor's front door was a plate, bearing the one word, "Wines." That night a bold and clever hand added three words to the inscription, so that in the morning the door-plate read this way: "Wines and other Lickers."

****

The intelligent compositor, one of the kind that figures in many an anecdote, worked on an Arkansas paper at a period when a well-known novelist was editor. One day the printer undertook to set up the word "doughnut." He spelled it "donut." "See here," said the novelist, "don't you know how to spell 'doughnut?' You've misspelled it here." The intelligent compositor came over and gazed at the proof, and scratched his head in perplexity. "Well," he admitted, "that

doesn't look right; but it had a 'w' in it once, and somehow that didn't look right, either."

****

The bride was fair and slight, and the bridgegroom was dark and stalwart. They made a most interesting pair, and the people on the long-distance train who had watched them more or less openly from San Francisco were cheered by the sight of a shower of rice which fell out of the bride's parasol two days later. The bridegroom saw the smiles, and putting his arm round his blushing wife, he faced the carful of friendly strangers. "I reckon there's no need for me to say we haven't been married long," he announced in full chest-tones, "but I can tell you one thing. You don't want to smile any more than's polite, for she's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak, and I weigh two hundred and four pounds."

****

A sailor who one day entered a bank in Liverpool, and hailed the teller boisterously: "What cheer, matey? How's business?" The clerk, who in the way of trade aimed at being all things to all men, answered: "Well, business isn't any too brisk; but maybe it will improve. What can I do for you?" The man fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a check. "Pay bearer seventy pounds," he read, and passed it over. "How will you have it, sir?" asked the teller. The genial salt hesitated a moment, and then said, in a hoarse whisper: "Well, matey, I won't be ahrd on you. Gimme ten pun now, and I'll take the rest at a pun a week."

****

The purist who figures in the following story was the proprietor of a grocery in St. Louis. One day he was called to the telephone in great haste. "Does some one wish to speak to Mr. Perkins?" he asked. "Yes," said the girlish voice at the other end of the wire. "Mamma wishes me to tell you that she wants the eggs she ordered this morning very bad." "I am sorry," replied the grocer, "that we have not, to my knowledge, a bad egg in the house. Couldn't your mother possibly use good ones?" "Dear me!" he murmured, hanging up the receiver. "I wonder why she rang in my ear that way?"

****

Admiral Clark, the famous commander of the United States battle-ship *Oregon*, passed some of his early years in Green-

ield, Massachusetts. There in the winter he coasted down Burniston Mountain, a hair-raising experience, and one dearly rized by the youth of the village, for it meant much to reach he bottom in safety. Shortly after the *Oregon's* remarkable royage in the Spanish-American War, one of the commander's boyhood friends wrote to him. It was not just an ordinary letter of congratulation, but a handsome and sincere ribute to splendid seamanship and personal bravery, such as ny man would be proud to read aloud to his wife before nailing. In due course the answer came. "Dear Old Man," : ran. "It really wasn't much—after taking a double-runner own Burniston Mountain."

****

The work of the regimental tailor may or may not be ddressed to style. It all depends, as in other lines of soldier-ng, on his superior officer. When the late Sir George Grove vas a young man in the West Indies, superintending the rection of lighthouses, he met an English army officer, who vas so exceedingly well-dressed that he was moved to say: You don't get those clothes here, I suppose?" "Oh, yes," eplied the officer. "The regimental tailor made them for ie." "Is it really possible that the regimental tailor can fit ou so well?" exclaimed the young engineer, in surprise. I should think so!" the officer answered. "He had better t me! I would give him three days' heavy drill if he didn't —and he knows it!"

****

"Why," asks a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the ead in raising mules?" "Because," replies the Paw Paw orner *Bazoo,* "that is the only safe place to stand."

****

The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her eloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything rong I can alter it." The widow looked at it with a mixture f sorrow and satisfaction. "It is just like him," she said, perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." ere she burst into tears. "He was *so* good! Make the ose a little larger!"

****

Worthy Scots are reported as having no inclination for menting the death of Max O'Rell. The reason is contained

in one remark of a Highland waiter, who had refused to serve the Frenchman at table. "It's no' to be expected," said he, "that a self-respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Did he no' say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

****

When the bishop of Truro, Doctor Gott, was Dean of Worcester, his absent-mindedness was so notorious that he earned for himself the sobriquet of "Dean For-Gott." On one occasion he had invited some friends to dine with him. On their arrival, a short time before the dinner-hour, he suggested that in the interval of waiting his friends would perhaps like to walk through the grounds. After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses, they suddenly came upon a door in the garden wall. "Ah," said the dean to his astonished guests, "this will be a much nearer way for you to go home than by going back to the front!" and forgetting his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

****

A young man was one day talking with a lady about some of the ironies of married life. "I can't imagine anything more dreadful," said he, "than for a woman, after mending her husband's coat, to find in one of his pockets an old love-letter from a former sweetheart." "Fortunately that could never happen," said the lady. "The woman would find the letter first, and she would not mend the coat."

****

Sir Walter Raleigh's chivalrous action of throwing his cloak on the ground for his queen to step on is recalled by the story of a small boy's generosity. A little girl was standing one very cold morning in one of the poorer districts of Edinburgh, waiting among a crowd of other poor children to gain admittance into a hall where a meal was to be given them. It was bitterly cold, and the little girl shivered violently, and tried in vain to keep her bare feet warm. A ragged little urchin who was standing near observed her, and taking off his cap and laying it at her feet, said, "Here, lassie, stand on my cap till the door opens."

****

Earl is about four years old. He went fishing recently in a small pond in the suburbs. He tied a bent pin to the end of

long string, and waited for the unsuspecting minnow to ome along and bite. While he was waiting the nursemaid vandered away to exchange greetings with a friendly police- nan. When she returned, she said: "Earl, dear, did you atch anything?" "'Es, Maggie," he answered, "I got a ittle, cunning fish, and he was so glad to see me that he just vagged his tail like everything."

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One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed n business that he cannot make the rounds of his show-places vith any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of lleness, and strolled through the great stables of one of his ountry estates. In the corner he came upon a little boy—the ead coachman's son—at play with a fox-terrier. They ad- nired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier aid, casually: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," said ne child, "of course I do." "Well, who am I?" "Why, ou're the man who rides in my father's carriages."

****

The German idea that the place for women is in the house nd not in the church, led recently to a curious complication. n a small town in Pennsylvania there is a female preacher.)ne afternoon she was preparing her sermon for the follow- ng Sunday when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage oor. She answered it herself, and found a bashful young ierman standing on the step. He was a stranger, but the inister greeted him pleasantly, and asked him what he ished. "Dey say der minister lifed in dis house, hey?" Yes, sir." "Yess? Vell I vant to get marriet." "All right; can marry you." The German jammed his hat on his head, rned and hurried down the walk. "What is the matter?" lled the parsoness after him. "You gits no chance mit me!" e called back. "I don't vant you; I haf got me a girl al- eaty!"

****

Little Margery ran into the house, her eyes sparkling and er cheeks flushed. "Mama," she cried, "mama, can't any- ody be arrested for cheating a baby?" "Why," answered the other, "why do you want to know?" "Well," said the little rl, "I saw the lady next door fixing the baby's bottle for m, and she put a lot of water in it."

"Murphy," said a young officer to his new servant, "I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled." "Very good, sir," replied Murphy. Later in the day, the officer said, "Did you take those boots, Murphy?" "Yes, sir," said Murphy, feeling in his pocket and bringing up eighteen pence. "The corporal took 'em, sir, and here's the money. He said he would have given two shillings if it had been pay-day."

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Payne, an examiner at Cambridge University, whose questions were always of a peculiarly exasperating nature, once asked a student at a special examination to "give a definition of happiness." "An exemption from Payne," was the reply.

****

The young officer, in his white duck trousers, was moving gallantly among the ladies who were visiting the battle-ship that lay off Newport. He was not aware that he had sat down in paint, or in plain dirt, and that his trousers were not spoltessly clean. But others had noticed it, if he had not. Finally some one on one of the small boats that were circling about the battle-ship called out in a rich Irish voice: "Och, Misther Liftinant, wudn't yer ducks be betther for a shwim?"

****

An old Scotchman, named Robert Gordon, was seriously ill. He had been wheedled into making a will by a crowd of greedy relatives. The paper had been drawn up, and lacked only the signature. The sick man was propped up in bed, and a pen was put into his hand. He managed to write "Robert Gor—" and then fell back, exhausted. A nephew seized the pen and offered it to him again. "D, Uncle Robert, d!" he urged, referring to the next letter of the signature. The old man's eyes snapped. "Dee!" he growled. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

****

An old farmer once took tea with a former Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig Castle, his grace's Dumfriesshire estate. His first cup of tea was gone almost before the duchess had poured it out. Again and again his cup was passed along to the head of the table. At the sixteenth cup the duchess became uneasy about the supply on hand. "How many cups do you take, John?" she asked. "How mony do ye gie?" John asked, cannily.

A certain spinster in Indianapolis, who has lived alone in er beautiful and stately home for many years, is one of the ty's most notable housewives. No childish fingers have er marred the brilliance of her mirrors and windows, or ayed havoc with the handsome bronzes and vases in the intily cared for dining-room. At the home of her brother, here seven children romp from morning until night, the me exquisite perfection of housekeeping is impossible, as ay be imagined. One day the spinister's small niece re- rned home after a tea-party at aunty's, and in an awed ne said, "Mama, I saw a fly in Aunt Maria's house, but houghtfully) it was washing itself."

****

The gentleman who likes to ask questions was visiting Miss bott's kindergarten. Finally he turned his attention to hnny. "My boy," he said, "do you know how to make a altese cross?" "Yes, sir," Johnny answered promptly. ood!" exclaimed the visitor, delighted to learn that in hnny's case, at least, the work of hand and brain were ing forward together. "How would you go about it?" Vhy, jes' pull her tail," said Johnny; "that's all."

****

A hypochondriac who visited Sir Conan Doyle in the days en he was a practising physician complained of "a very l side." He put his hand above his waist line, and said: get a sharp pain here, doctor, whenever I touch my head." Vhy on earth, then, do you touch your head?" Doctor yle asked, mildly but dryly.

****

Two subway laborers were sitting on a doorstep after their cheon, and looking out on the life of a fashionable thorough- e. "Do you know, Bill," said Pat, "if I wor worth four- n million I'd hire you and pay you sixty dollars a week." ire," replied Bill, "and what would you want me to do?" Vell, you see, I'd buy a two-million-dollar house, and you'd ne around in the morning at six o'clock and wake me up." hat's easy enough," Bill answered; but after a moment he d, "And is that all the job?" "Now ye're getting down to fine point. You see, when you woke me up at six o'clock, kick you down the stairs and holler after you, 'Git out nere! I don't have to git up! I'm a millionaire!'" Before I could accept the position the whistle blew.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is described by the New York *Tribune* as possessing a delightful humor. His gentle and wise witticisms are illustrated by the following: A young girl one day said to him, "I have been told, sir, that a touch of rouge heightens a woman's charm wonderfully; but I have also been told that to use rouge is wrong. Will you give me your opinion on this matter?" "Some," said the archbishop, "hold that there is nothing pernicious in a little rouge, others regard the use of this cosmetic as vulgar. To me it seems best to steer a middle course between those two opinions, and I would advise you, therefore, to use rouge upon one cheek only."

****

"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" asked the merchant, who had sent his office-boy on an errand. "No, sir; he was out, and the office was locked up. "Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?" The practical boy had his reason ready. "There was a notice on the door saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."

****

Mr. Nolan had received a long tongue-lashing from Mr. Quigley, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor by a prompt use of his fists. "But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Nolan, dubiously, "and look at the size of him." "Sure, and you don't want folks to be saying Terry Nolan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend. "Well, I dunno," and Mr. Nolan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that than to have them saying day afther to-morrow, "How natural Terry looks!"

****

Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, who lived in Asia Minor in his childhood, still recounts bits of philosophy that he heard when a boy. This is one fable that he has repeated: Adjib, a scribe of Smyrna, once paused to speak to me on the highway. Adjib's robe was as white as snow, but there was a hole in it. "There is a little hole in your robe, Adjib," I said. "I know it," Adjib replied. "If you know it, why don't you darn it?" I asked. "For the sake of appearances," Adjib answered. "A hole," he went on, "may be an accident of the most recent happening. A hole will pass upon a king, a noble, or the most rich and powerful person. But a darn is the sign of poverty.

There is no getting around it, no misunderstanding it. I cannot afford to wear a darned robe."

****

A piano-tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition, and not in the least need of attention. A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of musical intention, stating that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before. After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made another trip to the suburbs and again tested every note, only to find, as before, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so. "Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again."

****

"How's the baby getting on?" asked a family friend. "Growing bigger and stronger every day, I suppose." "He's growing bigger every day," said the proud father, "and he's plenty strong enough now to suit me. You remember what a tremendous voice he had when you saw him three months ago? Well, it's still more tremendous now, yet he lifts it a dozen times a day."

****

As a magnificent steamer, the property of the Peninsular & Oriental Company, was steaming into Southampton harbor, a grimy coal-lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the steamer, seeing this, shouted: "Clear out of the way with that barge!" The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply, "Are ye the captain of that vessel?" "No," answered the officer. "Then spake to yer equals," said the lighterman. "I'm the captain o' this."

****

Walter Scott liked to tell the story of his meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for a sixpence. Not having one, Scott gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Now remember, you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you!"

****

"Here's a curious item, Joshua!" exclaimed Mrs. Lemington, spreading out the Billville *Mirror* in her ample lap.

"The *Nellie E. Williams* of Gloucester reports that she saw two whales, a cow and a calf, floating off Cape Cod the day before yesterday." "Well, ma," replied old Lemington, "what's the matter with that?" "Why, it's all right about the two whales, Joshua; but what bothers me is how the cow and the calf got way out there."

****

The late Prof. O. C. Marsh, who for many years occupied the chair of palaeontology at Yale, and who at his death left a scientific collection of great value to the university, used to delight in telling the following story: One morning he was walking down a New Haven street when he met a negro driving a horse which had a curiously malformed hoof. "When your horse dies," said the professor to the old darky, "I will give you three dollars for that hoof if you will cut it off and bring it to me." "Very well, sah," was the reply, and horse and driver disappeared. Two hours later, when the professor reached home, he found the negro, who had been impatiently awaiting him for an hour. Handing a carefully wrapped paper to the professor, the darky said, "De hoss is daid, sah."

****

An Irishman and an Englishman were recounting feats of physical prowess. The Englishman, by way of showing his strength, said that he was accustomed to swim across the Thames three times before breakfast every morning. "Well," said the Irishman, "that may be all right, but it do seem to me that your clothes would be on the wrong side of the river every time."

****

There were a party of people from "up state," and nothing in the big city interested them so much as the great ships at the docks. They had been wandering joyfully over the deck of a four-master just about to clear with coal for an Eastern port, and after a while one of the women found an open hatch. "Come here!" she called excitedly to her nearest companion, with the air of one who had made a discovery. "Look! Look! Just think! She's holler!"

****

Labor troubles in the ministry are not unknown, and if accounts of them seldom find their way into print it may be for the reason that the walking delegate has not yet arisen

n the clerical working field. Bishop Mallalieu of the Metho-list Church is always condemning the small salaries that ongregations able to do better sometimes pay their pastors. I once knew a capital young man," said Bishop Mallalieu, ately. "He was in the church. His salary was small, but e was hopeful and happy, for he was just married, and be-ieved, as he had a right to do, in his ability. "Some twelve r fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of this young inister—forgotten him, as we do forget sometimes—when uddenly I met him in Boston. He was dressed well, but ot at all clerically. We shook hands. He said he was doing xcellently. "'What church?' said I. "'Oh,' said he, 'no hurch—the wholesale hat business.' "'But why did you eave the church?' I asked. "'For seven reasons,' said he. 'What were they?' I asked. "'A wife,' he answered, 'and ix children.'"

****

The beginning of an international misunderstanding, or the ontinuation of an old one, is contained in this dialogue. You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton, roudly. "Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it oesn't do any good."

****

Bobby had returned from his first tea-party, his round face reathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite, Bobby," said is mother, "and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, hank you,' when things were passed to you." "I remembered Yes, please,'" said Bobby, cheerfully, "but I didn't have to ay 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every me it was passed."

****

As new words are coined for new uses, so language must ontain blanks where words have never been needed. Com-ander Peary, the arctic explorer, was one day talking to a roup of friends who were greatly interested about life in e extreme latitudes. "Do you speak the Eskimo language?" sked one. "Yes." "What is it like? For instance, how ould an Eskimo say 'good morning'?" "He wouldn't say ." returned the commander, with a smile. "Not say it? re social customs entirely lacking there?" "No, but you e," said the explorer, "it is a country where they would

have occasion to use those words only once a year. So you see they don't have them."

****

She was a demure little woman with a baby. As the open car was crowded, she did not put the little one, who was old enough to sit up, on the seat beside her. She carried it on her lap, and made room for a fierce-looking, big man with a bad cigar and a newspaper. The child kicked its tiny feet in delight at the strange things it saw while riding along, and its shoes rubbed against the man's trousers. "Perhaps, madam," he exclaimed, "you imagine that this conveyance is your private carriage?" "Oh, no, I don't," was the prompt reply. "If it were you wouldn't be riding in it."

****

Mr. William H. Crane, the actor, was once consulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective club. Their object, they wrote, was the building of character. They wished that to be suggested in the title, and also the fact that they were unmarried. Mr. Crane replied that he had a name for the club—"The Building and Lone Association."

****

"I suppose," said a sympathizing neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?" Then says the New York *Press*, the tearful widow replied: "To his memory! Why poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes to-day, and I found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post."

****

The spirit of modern life is to plunge into experiences vigorously and get the most from them. This was the spirit that animated the man who preferred tough beefsteak because there was more "chew to it." Similarly virile was the attitude of Mr. Skillings, who had come to town to order a new family carriage. "Now I suppose you want rubber tires?" said the agent. "No, sir," replied Mr. Skillings. "My folks aint that kind. When we're riding we want to know it."

****

One of the old herb doctors who flourished in New England years ago was never disposed to admit his lack of any remedy. One day a chaffing acquaintance said to him: "See here, doc, have you any diploma?" "Wal, no, I ain't got none on hand

ust now, but I'm going to dig some as soon as the ground haws out in the spring."

****

One of the Fresh Air Fund children, who had been staying on a farm near Chebanse, Illinois, was amazed at the modern improvements he discovered there. His attention was attracted by a swiftly whirling windmill, beneath which a number of pigs were wallowing in the mud. "Hi! Hi! Fellers, come here!" he shrilled at his companions. "Looky here! They've got electric fans to cool the pigs off with."

****

"It's about due now," said the custodian of General Grant's tomb. "It will be along in a minute. Wait." A little man with keen eyes and an alert manner was steering a course toward the guide. "Excuse me," he said, "but what is the approximate cost of this mausoleum?" "Six hundred thousand dollars," answered the custodian. "There, didn't I tell you?" he exclaimed in triumph when the little man had gone. "I answer that about four times an hour on the average. It's what I call the 'Great American Question.'"

****

Helen's father was a physician, and she had always been interested to hear him and her uncle "talk medicine." "I wish you would go with me to Doctor Wilson's," her father said one day to her uncle. "He has an informal gathering. I shall go about seven o'clock." "O father," said Helen, "what is an informal gathering? Is it anything that has to be lanced?"

****

Sunday-school treats must come round oftener in England than in the United States, for the Dean of Bristol has included in his recent book, "Odds and Ends," many stories of the hold of such festivities on the juvenile heart and stomach. The hand of a small boy wavered for an instant over a plate of cakes before he took one. "Thanks," he said, after his momentary hesitation. "I'm sure I can manage it if I stand up." Another boy, still smaller, who had stuffed systematically, at last turned to his mother and sighed. "Carry me home, mother, but, oh, don't bend me!"

****

A popular commercial traveller, attended a large social gathering one evening, and after the supper was over was

promenading with one of the guests, a young lady to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of their conversation, the subject of business came up, and she said: "By the way, Mr. Scott, may I ask what your occupation is?" "Certainly," he answered. "I am a commercial traveller." "How very interesting! Do you know, Mr. Scott, that in the part of the country where I live commercial travellers are not received in good society." Quick as a flash he rejoined, "They are not here, either, madam."

****

A small boy was undressing the other evening before the open fire in his nursery. His mother gave him his nightshirt and told him to hold it to the fire to warm. She left the room for a minute, but returned quickly when she heard the boy say to his father: "Papa, is this shirt done when it's brown?"

****

A celebrated lawyer darted into a store on a recent rainy Friday, purchased an umbrella, and carried it as far as the door. There he stopped to make a note in a memorandum-book. He left the umbrella leaning against the wall while he wrote, and when he finished he started out without a thought of the umbrella. Within a minute he rushed into the other door of the same shop. He wanted to buy an umbrella. "I thought I had one with me when I left home," he said, in a semiapologetic way, "but I guess I must have forgotten it." A second salesman sold him another umbrella. As he started out, the first salesman confronted him. "You left your umbrella, sir," the clerk said, as he held up the original purchase. "Bless me, so I did," cried the lawyer, "and I suppose I was going off with some other man's!" He pushed the second purchase into the hands of the surprised clerk, seized the first one, and dashed into the storm again with his umbrella under his arm.

****

"When I came to town, twenty years ago," said a prosperous man of ample waistcoat, "all my earthly possessions were wrapped up in a red bandanna handkerchief. "And now you own three hundred acres of land and that factory on the edge of the town?" "Yes." "May I ask what you carried in the red bandanna handkerchief?" "Six thousand pounds in cash and bonds."

The mean man whose birthday gift to his son consisted in washing the windows so the boy could look out and see the cars go by, belonged to the same family as a man who was proprietor of a country hotel. The rules of the hotel kept everything under lock and key, and there was no chance for the casual loafer to get newspaper, pen, ink, soap or anything else free. One day the proprietor saw a chronic loafer looking at the old timepiece on the wall. The next day a large sign hung over the face of the clock. It read, "This clock is for the use of the guests of the hotel only."

****

The "poor relation" always has a cheerless time of it. A certain district visitor found that it made little difference whether the poor relation moved in high society or in the humble circles of "Johnson's Court." "Where is Aunt Josephine this winter?" she asked. "Is she with her brother or that cousin who is so kind to her?" "She's stopping at her brudder Lorenzo's," was the reply, "an' I know she is having a mighty hard time, missy. She didn't wan' to go, noway. Pore old Aunt Josephine, she's got so pov'ty-strucken she hasn't reely got any 'pinions left."

****

There was no doubt of it; Mr. Hunter had lost the "field." He had searched for his companion fox-hunters long but vainly, and now, he was reduced to asking the aid of a chubby little lad of three, whom he met in a lane. "Hallo, Johnny! Which way did the hounds go?" he queried. "Johnny" sucked a finger and dropped his gaze. "Come," coaxed Mr. Hunter, "don't be afraid; here's a penny for you. Now, tell me, what way did the hounds go?" The youngster took the coin and then fell upon all fours and "bow-wowed." "Dat way," he said shyly.

****

One day, as Pat halted at the top of the river bank, a man, famous for his inquisitive mind, stopped and asked: "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?" "Tin years, sor." "Ah! How many loads do you take in a day?" "From tin to fifteen, sor." "Ah, yes! Now how much water at this rate have you hauled in all, sir?" The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied, "All the wather yez don't see there now, sor."

Nathan's teacher believed in reducing poetry to diagram and visible outline. Therefore, she told the class to make a rough illustration of the poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket." Nathan's illustration consisted of a large circle, three buckets and a lot of dots. "Nathan," said the teacher, "I don't understand this. What's the circle?" "That's the well," replied Nathan. "And why have you three buckets?" "One is the old oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the moss-covered bucket." "And what are all those little dots?" "Those are the loved spots which my infancy knew."

****

"I can't see that man you've hired anywhere," said Mrs. Riggs, irritably. "Here you are laid up with rheumatism, and I need some more wood split up for kindling. There! I see a man way over in the cranberry meadow. I believe that's him." "Is the man standing or sitting?" asked Mr. Riggs. "Standing," said the wife. "Then the chances are it is some other man," said the invalid, "unless he's found a wasp's nest."

****

Mrs. Kenyon Cox, the artist, was entertaining one day a little girl of five, the daughter of a noted painter. This little girl talked quaintly and made a most amusing companion. Her sash came untied during her visit, and she drew near her hostess. "Tie my sash, please," she said. "Can't you tie it yourself?" said Mrs. Cox. "No, indeed." "Why not?" "Because I'm in front," said the girl.

****

It is not probable that superstition will ever receive its death-blow, but now and then it gets jogged a bit. Two cockneys met not long ago in a London thoroughfare. "I've just 'eard that your little Bill got run over," said one. "Ow did it 'appen?" "'E was picking up a 'orseshoe for luck," replied little Bill's father.

****

A man who is noted for the reluctance with which he declares definite and positive judgments was talking to some friends in his office. A flock of sheep, newly sheared, passed by. "Those sheep have just been sheared," observed one of the visitors. The non-committal proprietor of the office gazed out the window while his guests waited. Finally after

the last sheep had passed, he said: "It certainly looks like it, on this side."

****

At one time Horace Greeley lived in a pleasant estate on the Hudson River. It was approached by a narrow lane from the street and was four miles out from the city hall on the Harlem road. The ground from the house on one side sloped down to the river; on the other side was a garden which bore fruit, accessible to boys. One Sunday, their day of freedom as well as Mr. Greeley's, the boys sought the orchard. Mr. Greeley never saw or heard them. But Mrs. Greeley always saw them, and from her place on the piazza she would call to Mr. Greeley to put on his hat and "deal with them." Mr. Greeley always compiled with his wife's wish in his own way. As he slowly reached for his hat, he shouted: "I'm coming after you, boys!" Of course not many captures were made.

****

An English lord was recently dining with a family in New York. The hostess's little girl sat opposite the lord and stared solemnly. "Are you an English lord, really and truly, sir?" she said at last. "Yes," he answered, laughing, "really and truly." "I never saw an English lord before," she said. "I've always wanted to." "And now you're satisfied, aren't you?" said the young man, gaily. "No, I'm not satisfied," responded the little girl. "I'm disappointed."

****

A violinist in a certain orchestra, has very bushy hair, greatly to the annoyance of the man who sits directly behind him, who one day said: "Snigelfritz, why don't you cut your hair, so I can see the conductor." "Vhy do you not play better?" inquired Snigelfritz. "Den you voot sit in front of me."

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A professor at a medical school, says the *Homeopathic Envoy*, is reported to have said: "There are two things to be done in rheumatism. Grin and bear it, or bear it and hot grin."

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Senator Spooner says that the most eloquent speech of introduction that he ever heard was delivered by a German-American, who was chairman of the committee of arrangements at a certain political gathering in Wisconsin. "Ladees

und shentlemen," he said, "I asked haf been to indrottose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who to you vill make a speech, yes! I haf now done so, und he vill now do so!"

****

Mr. Nolan had acquired a great reputation for tact, so that when Mr. Cassidy fell from a ladder and broke his leg it was quickly decided that Mr. Nolan should bear the tidings to Mrs. Cassidy. "He broke the news gradual," said Mr. Leahy to his wife that night, "and by the time she learned the thruth, she was as ca'm as a clock, they say. He wint to the house and rang the bell, and he says, 'Thin Dinnis is not dead, Mrs. Cassidy, or you'd niver be so gay-lookin'." 'Dead!' she screeches. 'Who said he was dead?' 'Thin it's not thrue he's near to dyin' wid the smallpox, either,' said Timmy, 'or you'd niver be lookin' so amazed.' 'Smallpox!' she cries. 'Has he got the smallpox, Timmy Nolan, and been tuk to the hospital widout me sayin' good-by to him?' 'Sure an' he has not,' said Timmy Nolan, in a comfortin' tone. 'It's only that he's broken a few bones in his leg, fallin' from a ladder, an' I'm sint ahead wid the news.' 'It's you that's a thrue friend, an' you've lifted a big load from me hearrt,' said Mrs. Cassidy, and she gave a warrm shake to his hand and wint back to her washin'."

****

When the thermometer dropped far below zero last December good Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed at the recollection that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room. "Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her own girlhood, "It's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flat-iron to bed with you." "Yes, ma'am," said Huldah, in mild and expressionless assent. Mrs. Rogers slept soundly, secure in the belief that the maid was comfortable. In the morning she again visited the kitchen. "Well, Huldah," she asked, "how did you get along with the flat-iron?" Huldah sighed. "Vell, ma'am," she said, "I got it most varm before morning."

****

Two men were discussing the social station of a lord who had married an American girl. "You say his social position has improved since he married her?" "Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman, but now he belongs to our heiresstocracy."

Henry Seton Merriman, whose real name was Hugh Scott, was a rapid writer. When he had a story in mind he would write several chapters in an evening. The following is reported as a conversation between Mr. Scott and Walter Pater, the scrupulous and scholarly critic: "Nothing," Mr. Pater asserted, "nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry." "Nothing?" asked Mr. Scott, with a suggestion of doubt. "Nothing," said Mr. Pater. "How about catching a train?" asked the novelist.

****

The officer of an English ship, and the boatswain, who represented the crew, were buying beef on the hoof for the ship's rations. An English paper says that when they approached the first steer, the officer turned to the boatswain and asked: "How will that do?" The boatswain cautiously went up to the steer, bent down, and ran his thumb down first one shank and then another. When he had examined the four shanks, he said, "He'll do all right, sir." "But," cried the officer, "you can't tell the good points of a beast by the shanks!" "Perhaps not, sir; but they're the only parts we ever gets, sir."

****

A distinguished comedian who tells stories very well was invited to a dinner, and for the greater part of the evening entertained the company. When he returned to his hotel, thoroughly tired, his wife said: "Well, did you have a good time?" "No, I can't say that I did. Indeed, if I had not been there I should have been bored."

****

The English schoolboy, like the American, adores his leader in athletic games, just as the grown man prizes his chief in politics and war. One day, years ago, when a boy on his vacation from Harrow was walking with his father, a Cambridge youth, who had just performed some feat in a university cricket-match, passed them, and gave the lad a nod. The boy grew pink with excitement. He nudged his father. "Look, father, look!" he exclaimed. "That was Cobden." "What, my boy? Who was it?" "Cobden." "Ah, yes, to be sure, Cobden," said the father. Then feeling that cordiality demanded his expressing some interest in the stranger, he added, "Now I wonder whether he is any relation to the great Cobden?" "He *is* the great Cobden," replied the boy.

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A veteran in a G. A. R. uniform was entertaining a crowd by relating his war experiences, but refrained from explaining how he got the bullet-scar which marked his cheek. At last his hearers grew curious. "Where did you receive the wound in your face?" asked one, at last. "At Bull Run," said the veteran. The questioner grinned. "Bull Run!" he exclaimed. "How could you have been hit in the *face* at Bull Run?" "Well, sir," said the veteran, apologetically, "after I had run a mile and a half or two miles, I got careless, and looked back."

****

Among the peculiar "geniuses" of Byfield, Massachusetts, was a man in the north parish who was asked by a ladder-vender if he would like to buy. "How much are the ladders a foot?" he asked. "Twelve cents," was the answer. "Very well," said he. "I'll take a foot." The ladder-vender jumped down from his load, pulled down a ladder, and sawed off a foot. The purchaser took it, paid the price, and remarked, quietly: "That's just what I've been wanting to pick huckleberries with."

****

The party inspecting the jail was escorted by the chief warden. They came in time to a room where three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly responded the chief warden.

****

Two darkies lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions." Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-ya-h! If yo' had a hund'ed watermellions would yo' gib me fifty?" "No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellions." "Would yo' gib me twenty-five?" "No." "Seems to me you's powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo' gib me one?" "No, sir, Ah wouldn't. Are yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caihn't wish fo' yo' own watermellions?"

****

The person who advertised for "A man who speaks German and understands horses" was satisfied with the wording of

his advertisement until the first applicant arrived. "Vell," said the would-be stableman, soberly scratching his head, 'I schpeaks Chairman all righdt, but I don'd know dot I can understand dose horses. Vat langquiches do tey schpeak?"

****

Lincoln's humor armed him effectually against the importunate persons with whom, as the head of the nation, he was beset at all times. During the Civil War a gentleman asked him for a pass through the Federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to a quarter of a million men, and not one has got there yet."

****

Just outside Philadelphia a well-known lawyer has an admirable stock-farm, and there in the summer, he entertains many little bands of poor children. One day, when many of them had been the rounds and had seen all there was to be seen, the owner treated them to milk. It was good milk; it came from a two-thousand-dollar cow. "Well, boys," said the farmer, when they had drained their glasses, "what do you think of that milk?" "That's fine!" said one little chap, enthusiastically. Then, after a pause, he added, "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow!"

****

"Did you ever long for death?" asked the soulful, dyspeptic young man of the practical young woman. It was the fourth long call he had made on her that week, and she was sleepy. "Whose death do you mean?" she asked, in a dry, discouraging tone.

****

"Thomas, what is the matter with your brother Johnnie?" asked the mother of the boys. "He's crying," replied Thomas, "because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any." "Is his own cake finished?" "Yes'm; and he cried while I was eating that, too."

****

Modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of courts. *M.A.P.* tells us that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the King of Saxony.

The high officials having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young woman cabled home, and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer: "Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement." That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

****

Two small boys at the newsboy's dinner, put their grimy hands side by side upon the table-cloth. "Mine's dirtier'n yourn!" exclaimed one, triumphantly. "Huh!" said the other, disdainfully. "You're two years older'n me."

****

A freshman of the University of Pennsylvania, who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid. "Well, sir," he replied, "proved is a strong word. But I will say I have rendered it highly probable."

****

During a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher asked if any one could give an example of an animal of the order of *edentata,* that is, one which is without teeth. "I can!" cried Reginald, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge. "Well, what is it?" said the teacher. "Grandpa!" he shouted.

****

In a little bayou so near the beach that the low tide rose and fell on the overgrown banks, a "flat-bottom," paddled by an old darky, was shelved on a mud bank. The mud was too deep for him to get out and push, and his manœuvers with the paddle were proving less and less effectual. In his exasperation he saw a woman stooping down at the landing some yards above to fill her pail from the stream. "Get out o' dat!" he called angrily. "Ef yo' takes a drop outen dis yere bayou till I gits afloat agin, I'll mek ye pay fer it em I hav ter wade asho' ter do it."

****

Uncle Ephraim had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking majestically up and down the street. "Aren't you working to-day, uncle?" asked one of his acquaintances. "No, suh. I's celebratin' my golden weddin',

uh." "You were married fifty years ago to-day?" "Yes, uh." "Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate?" "My present wife, suh," replied Uncle Ephraim, with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's de fourth, suh."

****

There are parts of Kentucky where some of the mountaineers have never seen a locomotive. One of these mountaineers who drifted into civilization encountered a railroad-train, and took to flight down the track. The engineer stopped the train and captured what he supposed was a crazy man. Finding him sane, though breathless, the engineer in anger asked him why he did not get off the track. "Get off the track!" roared the mountaineer. "If I'd ever took to plowed land the thing would have caught me sure."

****

An old man was sitting in the street-car. In the aisle near him stood a young woman. He made a movement to rise, as if to give her his seat. "Never mind, sir," said the young woman, imperatively. "Just keep your seat." She smiled patronizingly on the old man, who stared and looked dazed. After two blocks more he again attempted to rise, but the young woman pushed him back, explaining politely, "I've stood so long now I don't mind it. Please keep your seat." "I say, young lady," cried the old man, in shrill irritation, "I want to git off! You've made me go half a mile past my street already."

****

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said, "Now we want to hear just what you know, not what some one else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you *know*. Do you understand?" "Wal, I *know*," said the witness, with emphasis, as he lifted one timber leg and laid it across the other, "I *know* that Clay Grubb said that Bill Thomson told him that he heard John Thomas's wife tell Sid Shuford's gal that her husband was there when the fight tuk place, and that he said they slung each other around in the bushes right consid'able."

****

Jennie's mother was expecting company, but just before train-time a telegram arrived which read, "Missed train. Will start same time to-morrow." Jennie rushed home from

school expecting to see the guest, but instead was shown the message. After reading it laboriously and carefully through, she exclaimed: "Why, mama, if she starts at the same time to-morrow, she will miss the train again."

****

Two Irishmen serving in an English regiment were good chums until Rooney was raised to the rank of sergeant. Forthwith his chest expanded, and from that time on he looked down on McGrane. One day McGrane approached Rooney, and said, "Mike,—I mean sergeant—s'pose a private stepped up to a sergeant and called him a conceited monkey, phwat would happen?" "He'd be put in the gyard-house." "He wud?" "He wud." "Well, now s'pose the private on'y *thought* the sergeant was a conceited monkey, and didn't say a word about it. Wud he be put in the gyard-house?" "Av coorse not." "Well, thin, we'll lave it go at that."

****

Mr. Clancy, the blacksmith, had sprained his wrist and went to the doctor. The doctor started to take down a bottle of fluid from his cabinet, but found the bottle empty. After a moment's search he called for his assistant, and said, "Will you get me a couple of those phials from the closet up-stairs?" "Files!" cried Mr. Clancy, in alarm. "Sure, if ye're goin' to work at it wid tools can't ye take a smoother wan?"

****

A politician, upon his arrival at one of the small towns in North Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, found that the two so-called hotels were crowded to the doors. He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable. "Well," asked a friend, when the politician appeared in the dining-room in the morning, "how did you sleep?" "Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman, nonchalantly, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."

****

A borrower recently handed in a book at a public lending library, and the attendant thereupon discovered a hole in one of the leaves. It was necessary to enter a description of the damage in a book kept on the counter. A clerk

ntered the title and number of the book, and the attendant lescribed the damage thus: "Page 215: a hole." Then he urned the leaf, and added, "Page 216, another hole."

****

A wonderer through South Carolina watched an old negro ishing in a brickyard pond for forty minutes, during which ime the hook was not pulled up. "Do you think there are ny fish there?" he asked at last. "No, sah; I reckon not." But you seem to be fishing." "Yes, sah." "But perhaps ou are not fishing for fish. What is your object?" "De bjick, sah, of my fishin' foh fish whah dey hain't any fish, s to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to oe de truck in de gyahdin patch."

****

While Lord Brampton, one of England's wittiest jurists, vas Sir Henry Hawkins, he presided over a long and peuliarly uninteresting trial. The speeches were protracted nd wearying, and an eminent counsel was in the midst of ne when the justice made a pencil note and sent it by an sher to the barrister who was speaking. He opened it and ead: "Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable menon, Job." The barrister's oratory promptly died out.

****

At a sportsman's show in New York one of the novelties hown was a portable wireless telegraph apparatus which ould be carried in a hunter's pack. It attracted much attenion from the visitors. "That thar is shorely a great thing," aid an old Maine guide. "Suppose here's a dude hunter ot lost. What does he do? He climbs a tall tree, fixes the ajigger, and lets go. 'Click, clackety clack, click—I'm lost n the woods.' 'Clack, dashety dash, dot, click—W'ere be e?' 'Clackety, clack, dash, click—I dunno. If I did I ouldn't be lost.' Then all they got to do is to send out a earch party and find him. That's shore a great invention."

****

This story of Lincoln, which was related by the late enator Harlan at an old settler's meeting at Mount Pleasnt, Iowa, seems to be a new one. Some politicians had alled on President Lincoln, to urge the appointment of some f their friends to positions in a certain department. By ay of refusal the President told the following story: "Genemen, the conditions in that department put me in mind

of the time that a young friend and myself tried to court the two daughters of a peppery widow living near our homes. The old lady kept a lot of hounds. We had not been in the house long before one of the hounds came into the room, and lay down by the fire. In a little while another one came to the door. He didn't get in, for the old lady gave him a kick, saying: 'Get out of here! There's too many dogs in here now!' We concluded to court some other girls."

****

Among the curiosities of the late Doctor Evans, the American dentist of Paris, was a letter written to him long ago, when he began his career in America. The letter, says the New York *Tribune,* was from a young farmer of Vermont who wanted a set of artificial teeth. "My mouth," the young man wrote, "is three inches acrost, five-eighth inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss shew, toe forard. If you want me to be more partickler, I shall have to come thar."

****

Old Dr. Dobson was nothing if not neighborly, but in the case of the Perkinses he really felt that a line must be drawn somewhere. It was the fifth time that week that little Sammy Perkins had been over to borrow something, and this was only Wednesday. "Please, Mr. Dobson, mother says won't you lend her your lawn-mower for about an hour or two?" Mr. Dobson scratched his head dubiously. "Well, sonny, 'deed I can't," he said at last. "I'll be needing it now, straight through the summer, off and on. But I'll tell you what," he added, when he saw the youngster's downcast countenance. "There's the snow-shovel she borrowed last January; I'll let her keep that a bit longer."

****

One of the members of the Denver bar is an old-school Southerner, many of whose sayings have become proverbial. One day, in discussing a political appointment with him, a newspaper man said of the lucky candidate, "It's absurd to appoint him. He can't read writing." "Writing!" exclaimed the "judge." "Why, the fellow can't read reading!"

****

Cyrus Pettingill made brooms for a living, and Ezra Hoskins kept a store in the New Hampshire town where both of them lived. One day Cy came in with a load of

brooms, and then dickering began. "Ezra, I want to sell you these brooms." "All right, Cy, I'll take them." "I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them." After a thoughtful pause, Ezra said, "I tell you what I'll do, Cy. I'll give you half cash and half trade." Cy pulled a straw out of one of the brooms and looked at it, as if for inspiration. "I guess that'll be all right," he said, at last. After Ezra had put the brooms in their place in the store, he said: "Here's your money, Cy. Now what do you want in trade?" Cy's shrewd glance swept over the miscellaneous stock of the store. "Well, Ezra," said he, "if it's all the same to you, I'll take brooms."

****

A lawyer in a Western city once went to another part of the country on business. On arriving at his destination, he found he had forgotten the name of the firm he had come to see, and had left all enlightening memoranda in his desk. After wasting valuable time in useless efforts to remember, he telegraphed home to his partner for the necessary information. He got it, and more. "Your business is with Smith & Jones," his partner's message ran. "Your name is Brown."

****

A Harvard professor was lecturing on oxygen. "Oxygen," said he, "is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a century ago." "What did they do then, sir?" a student asked, "before it was discovered?"

****

Somebody told Mr. Jenks that red flannel worn next to the skin would cure the rheumatism from which he suffered. So he purchased several sets of red flannel undergarments. The clerk assured him that the firm guaranteed the goods in every particular. About two weeks later Mr. Jenks revisited the shop, sought out the proprietor and told his woeful story. "The goods are the best in the house," declared the proprietor. "Of course," he said, in the reasonable tone used on unreasonable persons, "of course the shirts may have shrunk or faded a little—" "Shrunk! Faded!" bellowed Mr. Jenks. "What do you think my wife said to me when I came down to breakfast yesterday with one of them on?" The proprietor looked bored. "Well, sir,"

said the aggrieved Jenks, "she looked at me a minute, and then said, 'What is that little red line around your neck, John? It isn't the baby's string of coral beads, is it?'"

****

Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will appreciate the story of the English peddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted. "Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gry'ounds, an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?" "No," replied the man. "We drowns 'em."

****

The president of the association of public-school principals of Brooklyn, recently addressed one of the schools in that city. He began by saying that he did not approve of canes. Here he was interrupted by ringing cheers from the youthful portion of his audience. "A far better thing," he continued, beaming kindly on them through his spectacles, "is a stout strip of rubber hose."

****

In a little pamphlet called, "Better Say," Mr. J. C. Fernald recalls the dispute of two friends as to whether the word "news" was singular or plural. They telegraphed to Horace Greeley the question: "Are there any news?" Mr. Greeley promptly returned the answer: "Not a new."

****

A city woman who had decided that she would keep some hens as a profitable amusement during her long summers in the country asked the farmer of whom she bought them what they could eat. The man looked at her in silent amazement for a moment before he replied. "It would take me the rest o' my days to tell ye what they *can* eat," he said, at last, "but it won't take long to tell ye what they *can't*. You avoid feeding of 'em with salt fish and cobblestones, and I guess you won't have any trouble."

****

The Daventry, England, *Express* grew indignant recently at a contemporary who did not believe a French or German army could ever land in England. "To pooh-pooh the idea of this country ever being invaded," wrote the editor, "is

o follow the example of the camel, which buries its head n the sand when an enemy approaches." To which *Punch* etorted: "Surely the author of this apothegm must have neant to refer to the ostrich, which, in these circumstances, nas a habit of putting his eye through a needle."

****

The well-worn blueberry story and the cowcatcher story f the country railways sink into significance before he tale related by a traveling man who recently returned rom a trip through the West. "I think I came across the eediest railroad line in the whole world. We were cross- ng a stretch of prairie land when the train stopped for o apparent reason. After a wait of almost an hour the onductor came through the train, glancing furtively at the xasperated passengers as he passed. When he came to me e stopped and leaned down. 'Say,' he said in a whisper, nave you got a piece of string? We want to fix the ngine.'"

****

He was telling a thrilling story of his hairbreadth escape, nd the young girl leaned forward and hung upon his words reathlessly. "And they were so near," he said, "that we ould see the dark muzzles of the wolves." "Oh, how lucky!" ne gasped. "How glad you must have been that they had neir muzzles on!"

****

A man put up for the night at the leading hotel in a mall town, and before retiring left instructions to be called n time for an early train. In the morning he was disturbed t an early hour by a thundering tatto upon his door. "Well," he demanded, sleepily, and not very pleasantly. "I've ot an important message for you," replied a youthful voice rom the corridor. The man was up in an instant; he pened the door and received from the bell-boy a large nvelope. He opened it hastily. Inside, on a small slip of aper, was written in large letters: "This is the time you anted to get up."

****

There are people in England, or elsewhere, who do not elieve that the civilian is greatly benefited mentally, phys- ally or morally by a few weeks' service in the militia; but urely as long as such stories as the one below can be told

of any man, his military training is not an unmixed evil. An officer in charge of the bath parade at a garrison near the sea, where the amateur soldiers were mainly from the inland and mining counties of England, reports that the first day, as he was watching the men getting ready for their dip, he noticed one who looked very dark A comrade noticed him also, and said, "Jack, you're pretty dirty!" "Yes," said Jack, simply "I was not out for last year's training."

****

Mr. Jones was very fond of a kind of boiled pudding his wife made, so, when she had gone away for an afternoon and evening she promised that she would leave one of the favored puddings in the sauce-pan, for his evening meal. "Well," she said, on her return, "and how did the pudding go down?" "Soo-preme!" said Tom, smacking his lips at the recollection. "'Twas as good a pudding as you have ever made." "That's good," was the gratified response of Mrs. Jones. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. What did you do with the cloth?" For a moment Mr. Jones solemnly surveyed her. "What," he said, "did it have a cloth on?"

****

The woman of the village board of health had led gradually up to her errand at old Mr. Pettiman's, which was to ask him to whitewash his pigsties, inside and out. "They will look so much better," she urged, artfully, "and besides, it is hygienic, you know." Mr. Pettiman smilingly raised a horny forefinger, then crooked it. "You come 'long o' me," he said, and led the way to the sties. "There!" he went on, with a gracious gesture toward some enormous porkers sunk in the mud. "There they are. They speak for themselves. Don't you worry about my pigs, Mrs. Bolton. They're as healthy as they make 'em."

****

Young Mrs. Vinton looked over the fence that separates her back yard from Mrs. Hardy's, and her pretty face was troubled. "Mrs. Hardy!" she called, softly. "Yes. What is it?" and Mrs. Hardy's matronly figure appeared in her kitchen door. "I'm so sorry to trouble you," Mrs. Vinton went on, "but will you tell me some good way to cook clay pigeons? Jimmy has just sent me word that he is going

out to shoot some. He's bound to bring a lot home, and I haven't the remotest idea how to prepare them."

****

The hostess asked the solid man of her company to take a young and talkative woman in to dinner. The woman did her best to keep up conversation, ranging from reciprocity to Buddhism and back again by a different route, but once only did the solid man desert the unfailing affirmative for "No'm." That was when he was tried on music and musicians. "Do you like Beethoven's works?" she asked. "I never visited them," he replied, with a show of interest. "What does he manufacture?"

****

It is not always true that an Englishman cannot see a joke. Joseph Chamberlain tells one on himself, which proves the contrary. He was the guest of honor at a dinner in Liverpool. The mayor had invited a distinguished company to hear Mr. Chamberlain speak. For two hours they chatted over their food, and at last coffee was served. The mayor leaned over and touched his guest's elbow. "Your excellency," he asked, "shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

****

At a literary dinner the other day, two minor poets were heard in conversation. "I saw your *villanelle* in the *Blank Magazine*," said one. "Did you?" said the other. "Yes, and I heard rather a neat compliment passed on it by a young lady." "What did she say?" The first minor poet laughed. "Why," he replied, "she wanted to know if I had written it."

****

Those who are in the habit of arriving home in the early hours and finding their doors and windows locked and their "folks" asleep beyond the power of the door-bell to awaken them, will find comforts in a new recipe for their relief. A man who had banged the front door and rattled the knob for over an hour appealed to a policeman to help him break a pane of glass or open a window. "It isn't necessary," said the policeman. "I'll wake up your family." He walked up the street to a pile of building material and brought back a piece of board about five feet long. This he rammed flat-sided against the side of the house with a tremendous whang. "I guess that'll rouse 'em," he said.

"You see, that sort of a blow sets the whole house to vibrating and makes the folks inside dream of dynamite explosions." He had hardly uttered the words when a front window opened and a head appeared. "O officer," gasped a woman's voice, "what in goodness' name was that awful noise?"

****

A member of one of the government parties which journeyed through Alaska during the Klondike rush, says the author of "Through the Yukon Gold Diggings," was horrified at the lack of entertainment and good literature available for the miners. "Doesn't it get very dull here?" he asked of an old miner at Forty Mile. "What do you do for amusement?" "Do?" echoed the miner, gravely. "Do? Why, bless you, we 'ave very genteel amusements! As for readin' and lit'rature, an' all that, w'y, w'en the fust grub comes in the spring we 'ave a meetin' an' call all the boys together an' app'int a chairman, an' then some one reads the directions on the labels of the bakin'-powder boxes."

****

In the days of his youth, former Senator Blackburn of Kentucky was asked by a friend to second a duel. He consented, and at the next sunrise the parties met at the appointed place. It was Mr. Blackburn's duty to say the last words concerning the terms of the duel. One of the Senator's colleagues recently said at a Washington dinner that although Mr. Blackburn faithfully performed the duty, the duel never took place A murmur of "Why not?" went round the table at this remark. "For a very simple reason," continued Mr. Blackburn's colleague. "When Joe finished speaking it was too dark for the duel."

****

Little Edith had spent an afternoon busily searching with nimble fingers through the soft fur of her pet kitten. When she was through she came to report to her mother. "O mama," she cried, "I found a little flea on kitty, and I caught it!" "What did you do with it?" asked her mother. "Why, I put it back on kitty again, of course. It was her flea."

****

The little girl who, after a drink of soda, declared that her nose felt as if her foot were asleep, has evidently grown up and retained her happy power of expression. For evi-

lently the young lady mentioned in *Punch* is the same person who drank bubbles when she was small. The young woman was travelling in a coach as an elderly and somewhat sour-looking man, in trying to open the window, pinched his finger-nail severely. "Oh!" exclaimed the lady, sympathetically. "How horrid! I always think anything wrong with one's nails sets one's teeth on edge all down one's back!"

****

A deputy sheriff and chief of police of a Rhode Island city, known in his lifetime as a man whose word could always be taken, once gave a whimsical demonstration of his straightforwardness. One day, a grocer went to him for information about a certain Joe White, who had applied for credit at his store. "Good morning, sheriff!" "Morning!" "Do you know Joe White?" "Yes." "What kind of a feller is he?" "Putty fair." "Is he honest?" "Honest! I should say so. Been arrested twice for stealing and acquitted both times."

****

A little city urchin was on his first visit to the country, and with him was a young artist, who went in order to take some sketches. The boy was about six years old, and when the train stopped the artist lifted him into the waiting farm wagon, and they jogged off through beautiful rolling pasture, miles and miles of green velvet. The little fellow was much excited with the scene. "Say," he said, "they must need a lot of cops here." "Why?" inquired the artist. "There's so much grass to keep off of."

****

Everybody is presumed to have heard of the man who said to the stranger whom he found in his seat at church one Sunday morning, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are occupying my pie." A near relative—probably a descendant—of this man, who answers to the name of Jones, was dining with a friend. The soup had been brought on, and the wife of the host was apologizing for it. "I am afraid you will find it seasoned too highly, Mr. Jones," she said. "I tell Susan every day of my life not to use so much salt and pepper in her cooking, but it doesn't do any good." "The soup is all right, Mrs. Irons," the guest hastened to assure her. "It's exactly Susaned to seat my taste."

Once in a while, if the London *Telegraph* may be relied on, something besides micro-organism is grist to the bacteriologist. Not long ago a friend dropped in at the laboratory of a young London professor and found him bending over a spirit lamp, on which a small pot bubbled. "What is it to-night?" asked the visitor. "Guess," returned the professor, invitingly. "Micrococci?" "No." "Pneumococci?" "No." "Spirochaeta?" "No." The visitor ran the scale of micro-organism as far as he knew it, and then said: "Well, I give up! What *is* in the pot?" "Sausages," replied the professor, blandly.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, on their bridal tour, were enjoying a quiet sail alongshore. "O Clarence," cried Mrs. Newlywed, "I can see a perfect reflection of my face way down there in the water." "Are you sure it ain't a lobster-pot you see? There's lots of 'em about here, you know," returned the happy groom.

****

It was the first case ever tried in Stony Gulch, and the jury had sat for hours, arguing and disputing over it, in the bare little room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a tall mountaineer, voiced the general opinion. "We don't think he did it," he said slowly, "for we allow he wa'n't there; but we think he would of ef he'd had the chanst."

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The late Lord Acton for many years kept a record of coincidences. A very strange one occurred in his own experience. A rumor spread that his wife had drowned herself. She had done nothing of the kind, but it was quite true that a Baroness Acton had drowned herself at Tegernsee, where Lord and Lady Acton were staying, and had drowned herself under their window. The strangest of all coincidences noted by Lord Acton concerned Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered at the bottom of what is now Primrose Hill, but was then known as Greenberry Hill, in London. Three men were hanged for the murder; their names, respectively, were Green, Berry and Hill.

****

The regular boarder, when he thought the landlady was not looking, put a good-sized chunk of butter into his plate

f soup. But the landlady saw him out of the corner of er eye. "You do that, I suppose, Mr. Higgins," she said, because you think the soup needs strengthening." "Ye-es," e answered, "partly on that account and partly because I nink the butter needs weakening."

****

A lady going from home for the day, locked everything p carefully, and for the grocer's benefit left a card on ne back door. "All out. Don't leave anything," it read. On her return she found her house ransacked and all her hoicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was dded, "Thanks. We haven't left much."

****

An old man who sells produce in the towns near Lowell, Iassachusetts, has his share of the best kind of wit—the nexpected. Not long ago he delivered a pair of dressed hickens to one of his customers She was in the kitchen hen he brought them in, and shivered a little when she aw the headless fowls. "I should think you'd hate to cut ff the heads of those innocent chickens!" she exclaimed. I do," replied the old man, "so I never do it. I manage o get round it." "How?" the housewife demanded, with ager interest. "The heads of these chickens are gone." Oh, yes," replied the old man, cheerfully. "I chopped the hickens off."

****

The young East Side wife was proudly telling the ettlement-worker of her husband's fine new job, and how uch he was making. "And what is he doing?" was the riendly inquiry. "He's boring worm-holes in antique fur- iture over here in Fourth Avenue, and he's got all he can o," was the delighted response.

****

An Irish drill-sergeant was instructing some recruits in the ysteries of movements, and found great difficulty in getting countryman of his to halt when the command was given. t length he approached the recruit, sized him up silently or a couple of minutes, then demanded his name. "Fitz- erald, sor," was the reply. "Did you ever drive a donkey, itz?" "Yes, sor." "What did you say when you wished im to stop?" "Whoa." The sergeant turned away and mediately put his squad in motion. After they had ad-

vanced a dozen yards or so he bawled out at the top of his lungs, "Squad, halt! Whoa, Fitzgerald!"

****

It is said that Archbishop Ryan has kept Philadelphia in good humor for twenty-four years—the length of time he has been at his post in that archdiocese—and the story below is typical of the way he has done it "Your grace," said the Hon. Wayne McVeagh, when he was counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad, "our president here, who always travels with his counsel, will undoubtedly get you passes over all the railroads in the United States, if in return you will give him a pass to Paradise." "Ah," replied the archbishop, quietly, "I would do so if it were not for separating him from his counsel."

****

A head man in a manufactory was watching a drayman tugging at a heavy case one day. The drayman's face was red, and the muscles of his neck were bulging. The overseer thought it was the right moment to offer practical assistance. "Wait a minute there," he said. "Let me show you how easy it is when you use a little brain with your muscle." And he grabbed a hook, stuck it into the case, gave a yank, and went sprawling into the gutter under the dray. He got up, looked at the hook, and said, "Confound it, the handle comes off!" "Yes, sir," said the drayman, respectfully. "My brain told me that, and I didn't use it."

****

A woman in a certain hotel came down to the office and asked the manager if she could get a glass of water. "Certainly, madam," he replied, and filled a glass for her. She carried it away up-stairs, and quickly returned for another. "I so hate to trouble you," she murmured. When she came for a third and then a fourth glass in swift succession, the manager grew curious and asked what she did with so much. "I know you'll just scream when I tell you," she replied, "but I am trying to put out a fire in my room."

****

A learned professor, noted for his power of concentration and for his absorption in the matter at hand, came home one night, still concentrated on the thought of the evening. He had scarcely pulled the bedcovers over himself when he heard a slight noise. "Is some one there?" he asked. "No,

rofessor," replied the intruder under the bed, knowing his eculiarity, "there is no one here." The professor gave a igh of relief, and turned over to sleep. "I was almost cer- ain I had heard some one," he remarked to himself.

****

The superintendent of the Indian schools of Chamberlain, outh Dakota, tells a story which leads one to believe that ducation is not weakening the spirit of the Indian boy of -day. He is, in miniature, the stoic that his ancestors ere. A little Indian, Black Eagle, accompanied the superin- ndent on a tramp of sixteen miles. The boy walked well or his age, but the last two or three miles went hard with im. He gave pretty plain evidence of fatigue. "Are you red?" asked the superintendent. "No," Black Eagle an- vered, "I'm not tired, but I'd be glad if only I could take ff my legs and carry them under my arms a while."

****

A London bus-driver had shouted, "'Igh Oborn!" till the assenger on the seat behind him could no longer resist the mptation to make a joke. "Excuse me," said the pas- nger, "but haven't you dropped something?" "I see wot ou're driving at," returned the driver, keenly, "but never ind. I shall pick it up when we get to Hoxford Street."

****

The Hon. Mr. Sweet was making friends with Johnny, s host's son. "And how old are you?" he asked. "I'm ve," said Johnny. "Ah, quite a little man! And what e you going to be?" questioned Mr. Sweet, who has been Senator so many years that he now believes that he selected s own career in the cradle, and that all infants do likewise. 'm going to be six," Johnny returned, with conviction.

****

When the traveller stopped for luncheon at a small rail- ay eating-house in Georgia, a diminutive colored boy, cov- ed with some three feet of soiled apron, appeared, and none too gentle a tone announced that the bill of fare as ham, eggs, corn bread and coffee. After due delibera- on, the traveller said he would like some ham, eggs, corn read and coffee. Such a pretentious order for one person aggered the small waiter momentarily. But he soon covered, and as he started toward the kitchen he said: How'll you hab dem eggs fried, blind, or lookin' at yer?"

"I tell ye the folks that come up here from down below have got confidence if they haven't got much sprawl, some of 'em," said Mr. Jenkins in a disgusted tone, on his return from Bushby's corner store. "What do you suppose that Henderson feller wanted me to make him an offer for to-day?" "I'm too busy to stop and spend my time guessing," said Mrs Jenkins, impatiently. "I'm getting supper, don't you see?" "Well, he wanted me to buy two rods o' that sandy side-hill o' his. Said he judged 'twas an ideel spot for potatoes, and would I set a price on it?" "What did you say?" demanded Mrs. Jenkins, with satisfying indignation. "I told him," said her husband, with a reminiscent chuckle, "that while I wasn't prepared to set a valuation on it, if he'd a mind to deed it to me and throw in ten dollars cash he might keep my ladder a week longer."

****

"Where were the Kings of England crowned?" was the question on an examination paper. "On their heads," wrote a boy, in the space left for the answer.

****

Natives never used the *Stephen J. Hill,* for it was the worst boat on the Mississippi River in the days when Mark Twain "ran" that busy stream. One afternoon, when the *Stephen J. Hill* was getting ready to shoot the chutes and bump the towheads, fog settled over the river, and the captain gave orders to tie it up again. "It's too bad we are going to be late, captain," observed a disappointed passenger. "We ain't," returned the captain, calmly. "But I thought we were going to tie up here for the night?" "So we are, but that ain't going to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that!"

****

Jimmy had come to school with dirty hands. His teacher was shocked. "Jamie," she said, reprovingly, "your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way?" "I wouldn't speak about it," said Jimmy "I'd be too polite."

****

A Connecticut clergyman, while visiting friends, once tucked his napkin into his collar, to protect his clothing from the juice of the grapefruit at breakfast. He laughed as

e did it, and said it reminded him of a man he once knew ho rushed into a restaurant and, seating himself at a ble, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He en called a waiter and said, "Can I get lunch here?" Yes," responded the waiter, in a dignified manner, "but t a shampoo."

****

Little David had always been regarded by his doting relaves as particularly clever. Still, he rather outdid himself hen a rough-looking tramp invaded the yard one afternoon d asked him where his father kept his money. "It's in is vest in the kitchen," replied David. A few minutes later e tramp came through the kitchen doorway in a hurry, uch battered and torn. "Sm.art kid, dat!" he muttered. Never said a word about de old man bein' inside de vest."

****

When the Hansons took Norah Lanihan as maid of all ork they knew that she was ignorant of many other things an household work. Each member of the family took easure in lightening her darkness, and it was a great surise to find that occasionally Norah knew enough to put r instructors in the wrong. "Norah," said Mrs. Hanson e day, "you must go to-morrow afternoon and buy a pair new shoes. I am perfectly sure from the condition of ose you have on they must leak, and wet your feet every ne you go out in this melting snow." "Well'm, they don't ak," said pretty Norah, looking down at the offending oes, "but they do let in, I'm thinking."

****

The ponderous statesman was at home, talking over his eech of the evening with his wife. "I know," he said, hat in the course of my remarks on the revision of the riff I said some things which were not generally underood." "How do you know that?" the wife asked. "Beuse," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper, "I don't derstand them myself."

****

"I don't see," began an argumentative citizen, "why, if at member of Congress is as unpopular and generally noxious to everyody as the newspapers say he is, he ts so many things from the House." Then, says the New rk *Tribune,* a man who knew explained. "Suppose," he

said, "you were a business man having imperative business to attend to, and a man came in and sat down next to you and began to file a saw—wouldn't you give him what he wanted?"

****

Mr. Gladstone knew how to admit that he was in the wrong. On one occasion he did so, candidly and handsomely, as becomes a gentleman. But he preferred to keep clear of the necessity for apologies, and had scant belief in their efficacy. "You can't unpull a man's nose," he once said to his private secretary, Sir Algernon West.

****

In a little village there once lived a boy who was supposed to be dull-witted. The men of the village used to find great amusement in offering him the choice between a threepenny bit and a penny, of which he invariably chose the penny. A stranger one day saw him choose the penny rather than the threepenny bit, and asked him for the reason. "Is it because the penny is larger?" the stranger asked. "Naw," was the response, "not 'cause it is the biggest. But if I took the threepenny bit they'd soon stop offering it."

****

There is a deputy marshal in Alabama who does not let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. When the term of court was about to begin one time, a man who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went over after him. The next day he telegraphed the judge: "I have persuaded him to come." A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner, tied up snugly with a clothesline. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service. "Why, Jim!" exclaimed the judge. "You didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?" "No, sir," replied Jim. "I thought not," said the judge. "No," responded Jim. "Part of the way I drug him, and when we come to the Tallapoosa River he swum."

****

There were some things the man who had fought in Cuba bore with composure, and some which roused his wrath. "It's a wonder such a lot of raw recruits did such good work," somebody said in his hearing one day. "Look here,"

aid the soldier. "After a man's baked in that heat for couple o' days, he isn't so raw as you seem to think!"

****

It was was the custom of Miss Susan B. Anthony to urn away wrath rather than answer a malicious questioner n kind. But one retort, which she gave to Horace Greeley, as become famous among her followers. She had addressed he New York constitutional convention in Albany in 1867, nd offered to answer questions. "You know the bullet and he ballot go together," drawled Mr. Greeley. "If you vote re you ready to fight?" "Yes, Mr. Greeley," she replied. 'Just as you fought in the late war—at the end of a goose uill."

****

The touring car had turned upside down, burying the notorist under it, but the village official was not to be so ightly turned from his duty. "It's no use you hidin' there, ir," he said, severely. "I must 'ave your name and address."

****

At the annual luncheon of the Drew Theological Seminary Club of New York, the Rev. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, said that his first nickname was "doctor." It was given to him in the South t the age of thirteen years, when he preached in his father's place as "Doctor Tupper." While in college and still in his teens Doctor Tupper was supplying in a large church. His introducer this time said that the preacher might be young, but he could vouch that he was "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." As the young preacher finished his sermon his old "mammy," who was in the congregation, rose and exclaimed: "O my sisters, did yo' eber raise such a baby? Dat's my baby a-tryin' to preach!"

****

A man in Chicago found himself in the chair of a strange barber, to whom his features, although unfamiliar, seemed to carry some reminiscent suggestion. "Have you been here before?" asked the hair-cutter. "Once," said the man. 'Strange I do not recognize your face." "Not at all," said the man. "It changed a good deal as it healed."

****

A New York publisher directed one of his clerks to hang out a sign "Boy wanted." Five minutes later, a red-headed

little "tad" appeared in the office with the sign under his arm. "Say, mister," he demanded, "did you hand dis out?" "I did," replied the publisher, sternly. "Why did you tear it down?" Back of his freckles the boy gazed in wonder at the man's stupidity. "Why," he replied, "I'm de boy."

****

"Once in Banbury," says a writer in the Baltimore *Sun*, "I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner—a most delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again. 'More 'am, father,' he said. The farmer frowned. 'Don't say 'am, son; say 'am.' 'I did say 'am,' the lad protested, in an injured tone. 'You said 'am!' cried the father, fiercely. ''Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am.' In the midst of the controversy the farmer's wife turned to me with a little deprecatory smile. 'They both think they're saying 'am!' she said."

****

"Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?" asked the young man. "Before my marriage I thought they could," was the elder man's guarded reply. "And afterward?" anxiously. "Afterward I found they had to."

****

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping-car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?" "Tourse I do," he returned, sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer."

****

It was mid-October in Vermont, and there was already a hint of snow in the air. The city boarder on his way to the depot shivered slightly, and drew his great-coat closer to him. "There's no denying that you have the loveliest state in the Union in the summer, Osgood," he said to the stage-driver, "but I wouldn't live here the year round if you'd give it to me." The old man slowly flicked a persistent fly off the near horse before he grumbled, "Well, 'tain't a very good state to live in, I'll admit. Have to drag round on wheels about four months out of every year!"

****

Pete, a colored youth, was very bashful, and having decided, first, that he wanted Miss Johnson for his wife, second, that he dared not ask her in person, he had recourse

o the telephone. He rang her up at the house of her em-loyer, and inquired: "Is dat you, Miss Johnson?" "Yaas," ame the reply. "Well, Miss Johnson, I's got a mos' im-ortant question to ask you." "Yaas." "Will you marry me, Miss Johnson?" "Yaas, honey. Who is it, please?"

****

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" sked Smith of his friend. "Why, parlor is the old-fashioned ame for drawing-room."

****

"Yes," said Mrs. Herlihy, pressing a damp handkerchief o her eyes, "he's an unfort'nate man, me cousin Celia's man . If iver there's anny chanst of a good thing he's always little too wan side. If it hadn't been for that he'd be n his home now, instid of in the hospital, ma'am." "Why, understand that Timothy stepped backward off the staging nd fell clear to the ground," said the district visitor, sym-athetic but puzzled. "He did," said Mrs. Herlihy, with a resh burst of tears, "but if he'd fell a bit more to the right, here was a great pile o' bricks, an' it would have broke his ill, annyway."

****

It had been a strenuous afternoon for the devoted teacher ho took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural listory, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the me. "Where have you been, boys?" asked the father of vo of the party that night, and the answer came with yous promptness. "We've been to a dead circus."

****

The housewife declined to buy eggs when the man who pplied her regularly called at the door. "The last three four times," she said, "there have been a number not to use, sometimes as many as three in a dozen." "Well, ow, Mis' Somers, ain't that kind of a ha'sh way to look it?" the vender asked, in mild remonstrance. "Don't you now that a hen is bound to lay a bad egg now an' agin?"

****

The requirements of polite conversation occasionally puzzle e student of the English language, says the author of "A evantine Log-Book," but one who has a governess will on acquire them all. Thus a young Frenchwoman who as learning English while on tour with an Anglican at-

tendant, exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!" "Miss Morceau," exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horses sweat. Men perspire. Ladies merely glow."

****

Mr. Grooby is confessedly stout—but he is kindhearted, and a great lover of children. "Come here, Mabel," he said to his little niece one day. "Come sit on Uncle Charlie's lap." "I can't," said Mabel, eyeing him critically. "Your stomach's sitting on your lap."

****

"Here, Johnny," said the father, "what are you doing in that bookcase?" "I want to find a history of the United States." "What for?" "Well, Billy Jenkins says Tim Riley pitched for the nationals last year, and I want to find out if he did."

****

"He fills men with dread. They quail before him. They can't call their souls their own in his presence," said Secretary Taft, speaking of a certain domineering statesman. "He makes me think of a waiter I once met in the West. In a small Western town, many years ago, I put up at the Palace Hotel. I was assigned to a room. There was no water in the room, and no towles. I rang. There was no reply. I rang again. Still no reply. Again and again and yet again I rang, and finally a waiter appeared. He was a robust man of stern and forbidding aspect. 'Did you ring?' he asked, in a rumbling bass voice. 'I did,' I answered. 'Well, don't do it again,' he answered, with a menacing scowl, as he withdrew."

****

On a Western railroad there is a brakeman who has lost the forefinger of his right hand. The wonderful works of nature along the road keep the brakeman busy answering the passenger's questions. One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out the window and explaining the scenery, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor, "Conductor, can you tell me how the brakeman lost his finger? It seems a pity he should be crippled." "That's just it ma'am. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

Mr. Lafferty had asked the druggist for something to kill moths, and the druggist sold him ten cents' worth of moth balls. The next day Mr. Lafferty returned, and holding out the crumbled remains of some of the moth balls, he said, "Are yez the young man that sold thim things to me yesterday?" "I am. What's the matter with them?" "Th' idea of a dacent sthore selling thim things to kill moths or anything else! If yez can show me a man that can hit a moth wid wan o' thim, I'll say nawthing about the pitchers and looking-glass me an' the ould woman broke."

****

Many stories have been told—in New York—to illustrate the supposed slowness of Philadelphians, but probably the prize winner of them all is one which is now going the rounds. A Philadelphian visiting in New York ordered some snails in a restaurant. They pleased him. "These are very fine snails," he said to the proprietor. "They are delicious. I wish I could get them often." "Don't you have them in Philadelphia?" asked the New Yorker, in surprise. "Oh, yes, we have plenty," said the other, "but we can't catch them."

****

Collin Butler was an old colored ditch-digger on the farm of a well-known landowner in Virginia. One morning, after having been at work only a few hours, Collin was seen approaching the farmhouse with unusual rapidity and with a peculiar limp to his usually dragging gait. His employer met him, and said, "Collin, what is the matter?" With a moan and a sob he exclaimed, "Lor' massa! I fought I see de biggest turkle haid I ever did see befo' in my life, wiggling fro' de mud, an' I took de spade an' whacked at dat haid, an' I done cut off mah big toe."

****

Remorse does not always go as far as the offense which gives birth to it. There was once a man who was robbed of one hundred dollars. A long time afterward he received this letter: "Dear Sir. Five years ago I robbed you of one hundred dollars. I am filled with remorse that I could have done such a thing. I send you a dollar and a half to ease my conscience."

****

The city boarder was attracted by a sign on the village store, "The Six Best Sellers Inside." The city man entered

the store to get, as he thought, some of the most popular books of the season. "Where are your books?" "What books?" asked the dealer, from his perch on a herring keg. "Why, the 'six best sellers.'" "Them ain't books." "Not books?" "No, sir. My six best sellers are soap, sugar, suspenders, salt, socks and shoes. What'll ye have?"

****

A broker played around the golf links, and made a dreadful exhibition of himself. Of this, however, he was not aware. He was doing pretty well for him. His caddy was an unusually quiet, stolid lad, with a freckled face, quite devoid of expression. Since the caddie never once laughed or sneered at his bad play, the broker took a fancy to him. At the end of the round, in the hope of praise, he said: "I have been travelling for the last six months. I am quite out of practice. That is why I am in such bad form to-day." The caddie replied calmly, "Then ye've played before, have ye, sir?"

****

The Rev. Amos Fletcher was a keen and accomplished naturalist. His specialty was a quite remarkable knowledge of different classes of fungi. His enthusiasm, however, was but indifferently appreciated by certain members of his parish, and one day, when calling upon one of them, old Miss Locke, he was considerably embarrassed when she reminded him of the exact length of time that elapsed since he last paid her a visit. He began to make excuse for the delay, when she cut him short. "If I was a toadstool," she began, with grim irony, "you'd have been to see me long ago!"

****

A traveller who has made several voyages to the arctic regions relates this incident of his first trip northward. He had accepted the invitation of a hospitable Eskimo to dine with his family. He did not expect to find the refinements of civilization among these primitive people, but he was horrified to notice that the members of his host's family, who had come to the table with unwashed and exceedingly dirty hands, dipped their fingers into the common dish and helped themselves to the meat. His travelling companion was a native who could speak English, and after the meal was over, he said to him: "Olaf, you should tell these good people that

it is filthy to eat without washing their hands." "Me like to," said Olaf, hesitatingly, "but ain't got no word 'filthy' in Eskimo langwige."

****

Little Johnny Smith suddenly asked, in a startled voice, "Mama, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?" "Mercy, no dear!" she replied. "That is mucilage." "Oh," said little Johnny. Then after a moment's pause, he added, reflectively, "Perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."

****

Aunt Tillie, a cook in a Georgia household, took home a dish of macaroni from the "white folks'" table for her own family, and after assuring them that it was good, induced her children to eat it. The next morning she discovered two of them out in the yard turning over stones and boards and scratching vigorously in the earth. "Hyah, you!" she called. "What you-all doin' out dah?" "We a-huntin'," came the glad response, "foh mo' of dem macaroni worms."

****

One of the daughters of an American man of letters has literary gifts, and also, a genius for critical biography. She had had her first poem accepted by a magazine, and was exultant. "Now," she said, "there will be two conceited persons in the family."

****

It takes a canny Scot to disperse a turbulent crowd without reading the riot act. A street preacher in a West-of-Scotland town called a passing policeman and complained about being annoyed by a certain portion of the audience. He asked to have the objectionable persons removed. "Weel, ye see," said the officer, thoughtfully, "it would be deefficult for me tae spot them; but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you." "What?" eagerly inquired the preacher. "Just gae roun' wi' the hat!"

****

When President Hadley of Yale was professor of political science there, a student offered him a poor excuse for a bad examination paper. Professor Hadley listened to the excuse in silence. Then he said, with a grim smile, "That excuse is about as poor as the one a criminal lawyer offered for his client in a case that had gone hard with him. "'Gentlemen of the jury,' cried this lawyer, eloquently, 'remember that my

client is hard of hearing, and that therefore the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain!"

****

Although Mr. Hobbs was taken at his face value by his son and heir, there were times when the youthful William's admiring tributes embarrassed his parent in the family group. "I had quite an encounter as I came home to-night," the valorous Mr. Hobbs announced at the tea-table. "Two men, slightly intoxicated, were having a quarrel on the corner. As usual, there was no policeman in sight, and they were in a fair way to knock each other's brains out when I stepped between and separated them." "Weren't you afraid, father?" asked Mrs. Hobbs, in a quavering voice. "No, indeed, why should I be?" inquired Mr. Hobbs, inflating his chest. "I guess there isn't anybody could knock any brains out of my father!" said Willy, proudly.

****

In Washington, Georgia, the first town in America named for the Father of his Country, lived Gen. Robert Toombs, one of the brilliant lights of hospitality in a country where social instinct is second nature. A committee once waited on General Toombs to consult him about erecting a hotel in the town, says the author of "Dixie after the War." "We have no need of one," said General Toombs, simply. "When respectable people come here they can stay at my house. If they are not respectable, we do not want them at all."

****

Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, once wanted a white horse to use in one of his scenes, but no white horse that was suitable could he get. At last, a stage-hand advised him to apply to a certain distinguished actor-manager, who, he said, had such a horse. Sir Henry visited the owner, inspected the horse, and the bargain was concluded, but as an afterthought, Sir Henry said he trusted the animal was not fractious. "Not at all, Sir Henry, I assure you; an excellent horse in every way. Why, I rode him night after night, and all I had to complain of was that he would occasionally yawn when I was on the stage." "Indeed," said Sir Henry. "A bit of a critic, then, evidently."

****

A convict's complacent acceptance of life's possibilities is shown in a dialogue between the criminal and Captain

Spencer, senior missionary of the English Church Army. To a question of the captain's as to what he did when out of prison, he replied: "Well, in spring I does a bit of pea-picking, and in the summer-time I does a bit of fruit-picking, and in the autumn I does a bit of hop-picking." "Oh," said the captain. "What happens after that?" "Well, now mister," replied the convict, "I may as well be honest, and tell you that in the winter-time I does a bit of pocket-picking!" The missionary furrowed his brow in amazement, asking finally, "And what happens then?" The convict answered laconically, "Why, here I am doing a bit of oakum-picking."

****

The influence of locality upon speech is illustrated by a reply received from a Vermont farmer. The old man had been questioned in regard to the value of an estate left by one of his neighbors. "Wal," said he, with great deliberation, "we calc'late he'll sugar off about fifty thousand dollars."

****

The new owner of a Scotch shooting preserve had piloted a number of entirely harmless gunners about the ground. 'Look here, Mac," he said to the keeper, as they came back. 'These gentlemen 'ave to return to town end of the week. Would it do the birds any 'arm to drive the ground again day after to-morrow?" "Mon," replied the Scot, "ye micht drive it the morn's morn. Fleein' aboot canna hurt them."

****

"Bobby," asked the teacher of the class in arithmetic, addressing the question to one of the younger pupils, "how many pints are there in a gallon?" "I've forgotten it again, ma'am," said Bobby, who found it hard to commit to memory the tables of weights and measures. Thinking that perhaps by turning from the abstract to the concrete she might succeed better in stimulating his power of recollection, the teacher tried another trick: "Bobby," she said, "your father is a milkman, isn't he?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, now, think as hard as you can. He sometimes sells a gallon can full of milk, doesn't he? Just so. Well, when he does, how many pints of milk are these in that gallon can?" "It's all milk, ma'am!" indignantly exclaimed Bobby.

****

The story is told of a lank, disconsolate-looking farmer who one day during the progress of a political meeting in Cooper

Institute stood on the steps with the air of one who has been surfeited with a feast of some sort. "Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger, briskly, pausing for a moment beside the disconsolate farmer. "Or are you just going in?" "No, sir, I've just come out," said the farmer, decidedly. "Mr. Evarts is talking in there." "What about?" asked the stranger. "Well, he didn't say," the farmer answered, passing a knotted hand across his forehead.

****

The future sometimes holds events which may be counted upon with as much certainty as the rise of the sun or the ebb of the tide. Little Abner knew by experience what to expect. Hiram, making his way up-stream, saw little Abner fishing from the bank. No shining, scaly spoil, however, attested to his luck. "Ain't ye ketched nothing yit, Abner?" he shouted. "Nope," replied Abner. "I ain't been home yit."

****

When the old lady appeared at the big door of the life-saving station, she regarded the rough waters of the bay with frightened eyes. "Isn't something being done for the ship in distress?" she anxiously demanded, pointing seaward. "Oh, that's all right, ma'am," replied a man in oilskins. "We've sent 'em a line to come ashore." "Goodness me!" exclaimed the lady. "Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

****

Although the tramp had seen a great deal of life, he was no judge of character; otherwise he would never have said what he did to Miss Cornelia Hawkins. When she said that she would give him a good dinner if he would saw and split wood enough to pay for it, he attempted to appeal to her sympathy. "Madam," he replied, sadly, "I'd be glad to saw and split the wood, I'd be glad to do *anything*, but I'm not physically strong. I have a weak heart, madam, and I have to look out for it. You see, I carry my life in my hands, as it were," he said, with what was meant for a wan, pathetic smile. "Indeed!" and Miss Hawkins gave an incredulous sniff as she glanced at the palms outstretched for aid. "I suppose that's the reason you don't wash 'em—for fear of getting drowned?"

****

The following answer was recently given in a geography examination, in reply to the question, From what direction do

nost of our rains come? Most of our rains come straight down, but some of them come sideways.

****

Ames, who has recently developed a fad for fowl, had been showing Jones his model yard, with its sanitary houses and grassy run. "I don't think it could be bettered," he said, with modest pride. "Can you suggest any improvement in my pen-houses?" "No," Jones replied. "I can think of nothing, except a library."

****

All through the ages sounds the cry of those who have suffered for the sake of individual opinion. That martyrs still exist is proved by this conversation: "She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her belief," said Maud. "Dear me! What is her belief?" asked Ethel. "She believes she can wear a number three shoe on a number six foot."

****

It was close on midnight, and the professional guest felt it was high time for him to stop playing. "Perhaps I'd better not play any more to-night," he said, wearily. "I see you have near neighbors, and they might be annoyed." "You needn't mind them for a minute," said his hostess, earnestly. "We are perfectly sure they poisoned our cat, and if they did, nothing is too bad for them."

****

In Chicago is a woman who combines the functions of caterer and trance medium, serving her customers with refreshment psychical or physical, according to their wishes. Either she or the sign-painter whom she employed must be a humorist, for her sign reads: "Madame Blank, caterer and trance medium. Groceries and Previsions.

****

There are certain delicate shades of expression of which a Frenchman is, as a rule, past master. One member of that fluent nation, stranded in New York, was setting forth his troubles to a lawyer. "I understand from what you say that you are convinced your friend Lecomte has stolen your purse," said the lawyer. "No, no, monsieur, not so fast!" cried his client. "I only say that if Lecomte had not assisted me to hunt for it, I should have found it again."

Professor Lowell left his Cambridge home in charge of his brother, giving careful instructions about ventilation, care of furniture, watering plants, and so forth. While passing through New York the professor remembered with remorse that he had said nothing about his bird. So he telegraphed his brother: "Feed the bird." Three days later, when the owner of the bird reached Detroit, he found a despatch from his brother: "Bird fed. Hungry again. Wire instructions."

****

Human nature in its childish aspects was an open book to a French railroad manager. The traffic superintendent came to the manager and said: "We are having no end of trouble with the public about those old dark-blue cars. Everybody says they bump frightfully in comparison with the new light-blue ones, which run very smooth." "We must attend to that matter at once," said the manager. "Have all the old cars painted light-blue immediately."

****

"My husband is particularly liable to seasickness, captain," remarked a lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?" "'Tain't necessary, mum," replied the captain. "He'll do it."

****

Another case of the universality of labor on the part of every member of the family save the paternal parent is cited in *Punch*. A small applicant for a country holiday is interviewed by the town visitor. "What is your father?" asked the vistor. "'Es me father." "Yes, but what is he?" "Oh! 'Es me stepfather." "Yes, yes, but what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys or drive buses, or what?" "O-o-w!" says the small applicant, with dawning light of comprehension. "No, 'e ain't nothin' since we've 'ad 'im."

****

The late Bishop T. U. Dudley of Kentucky declared that he was indebted to a mountaineer of that state for the most ungrammatical sentence he ever heard. This is it: Them three Miss Blake are three of as pretty a gal as I ever see.

****

Music is not the only art which can be practiced without the use of notes. When Grover Cleveland was practicing law in Buffalo, one of his friends was a lazy young lawyer,

who was forever pestering him about legal points that he could just as well have looked up for himself. Even Mr. Cleveland's patience had an end. One day, as his friend entered, he remarked: "There are my books. You can look up your own case." The lazy lawyer stared at him in amazement. "See here, Grover Cleveland," he said, indignantly, "I want you to understand that you and your old books can go to thunder! You know very well that I don't read law, I practice entirely by ear."

****

An old friend of the family had dropped in to see a young lawyer whose father was still paying his office rent. "So you are now practicing law," the old friend said, genially. "No, sir," said the candid youth. "I appear to be, but I am really practicing economy."

****

The judge listened intently to the man's story. The man was the plaintiff, and had charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. He was a very small man, and his wife —well, it was at least evident that the charge rested on a basis of possibility. After the plaintiff had finished his testimony the judge decided to ask a question. "Mr. Frouble," said he, "where did you meet your wife, who has treated you this way?" "Well, Judge," returned the man, somewhat meekly, "you see it's this way. I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

****

In a little town a few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Ranse?" "Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah." "That's good, Ranse, and I hope they succeeded." "Dey did, sah." "And how did they teach you to be honest?" "Dey done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nailin' pasteboard onter shoes fo' soles, sah."

****

The young man who was endeavoring to win the favor of Bobby's pretty sister met the boy on the street one morn-

ing, and greeted him with much cordiality. "Er—do you think your sister was pleased to know I had called the other day?" he was at last forced to ask, bluntly, after several efforts to guide Bobby's conversation in that direction. "Sure!" said Bobby, with gratifying promptness. "I know she was. I heard her say so. When she came home mother said, 'Mr. Brown called while you were out,' and she said, 'He did? Well, I'm glad of that!'"

****

"This luminous paint," said a young father, according to the Philadelphia *Record*, "ought to be an excellent thing among families." "How so?" asked a friend. "Why," said the young father, "you just touch up the baby's face with it before retiring, and then you can see to give him his bottle without making a light."

****

A gentleman interviewed the laundryman in regard to lost garments, with the following result: *Laundryman*—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. *Customer*—But here I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up. *Laundryman*—Quite right, sir. We laundered it before we lost it.

****

"Both sides alike were brave," says Admiral Dewey, "North and South, soldiers and sailors. There used to be circulated, though, a story about a Connecticut recruit. This young man, after he got initiated, fought well, but in his first engagement he was very nervous. A chum of his was in the line ahead of him, and when the bullets began to fly, the chum began to dodge. Thereupon the recruit shouted, excitedly: 'Hey, Jim, don't duck! I'm behind ye!'"

****

"I d'clare, I d'know w'at to make of ma wife. She'll ruin me a-spendin' all de money there is," declared Jim, when his old employer inquired for Mrs. Jim. "She do seem reckless about money," continued Jim, with a sober face. "Always askin' me for a dollar, or fifty cents, wantin' money all de time, like I could pick it up in de streets." "Well, well, that is hard," responded his questioner; "but what does she do with so much money?" "I dunno. I ain't ever give her any yet."

One can have too much, even of a good thing. According
o Mr. Rafferty the phonetic impulse of the day needs to be
estrained. The gentleman in question regarded a city build-
ig with interest. "Dolan," said he, "what does them letters,
MDCCCXCVII,' mean?" "They mean eighteen hundred
nd ninety-seven." "Dolan," came the query, after a thought-
ul pause, "don't you think they're overdoin' this spellin'
eform a bit?"

****

The Duchess de Berry, whose husband was the son of
harles X of France, is described in the "Memoirs of the
omtesse de Boigne" as one of the most courageous charac-
rs the writer ever knew. One day, when she was driving
ith her husband, the Duc de Berry, the horses took fright
d ran away. The duchess had continued the conversation
ithout changing the tone of her voice, and at last her hus-
nd exclaimed: "Why, Caroline, do you not see what has
ppened?" "Yes, I see; but as I cannot stop the horses, it
useless to trouble about them." The carriage was upset,
t no one was hurt.

****

"Why, Mrs. White," began the summer visitor newly re-
rned to Saymouth, "how those maples of yours have grown
ice last year! It's perfectly amazing!" "Oh, I do' know's
s anything to wonder at," said Mrs. White, easily. "They
n't got anything else to do."

****

A small girl, lost at Coney Island, was kindly cared for at
e police-station until her parents should be found. The
atron, endeavoring to keep the child contented, had given
r a candy cat, with which she played happily all day. At
ght the cat had disappeared, and the matron inquired if it
d been lost. "No," said the little maid, "I kep' it most all
y. But then it got so dirty I was 'shamed to look at it.
I et it."

****

"Yes," began Mr. Peters, Sr., "John Peters, Jr., has quit
hool and accepted a position in Davis's general store."
ndeed!" commented the summer visitor. "What are his
ties?" "He is superintendent of the cracker and cheese
partment," replied Mr. Peters, Sr., with guarded satisfac-
n. "He has the entire charge of wrapping up the cheese."

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimée, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport. Among all the members of the hunting party, Prosper Merimée alone had no trophy to display. "How does this happen?" asked some one. "Where game is so plentiful, the merit of the marksmen seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimée, with grave courtesy; "so I fired between the birds."

****

Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon"—which means "Nowhere"—and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more read than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. In one of his note-books he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin: Frank Darwin once told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute. "That bird's dead," said the little girl. "Come along."

****

It was a dark night, and the owner of the chicken-coop, gun in hand, was investigating certain suspicious noises he had heard. "Who's in there?" he called at the open window. Erastus, inside, replied softly and reassuringly, "Ain't nobody heah 'cep'in us chickens."

****

The tributes paid to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way. "He's a real good boy, that boy o' yours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and Capt. Lothrop James added his words of approval. "I like the cut of his jib," he announced with decision, "and I likes his ways; he ain't too forthputting, nor yet he ain't too stand-offish." "Thing of it is, you and his ma haven't tried to have him 'brought up,' same as most of the summer folks do with their children; he's just been 'raised' like we were, and that's why he gets on with everybody in this town, sir."

"I should think Mrs. Roosevelt would be afraid to let her usband go after lions," declared a reader of the daily papers. It is a most dangerous sport." "Nonsense," responded her usband. "Why do you say that?" "Because she knows very ell there isn't a lion living that could bite him first."

****

The juryman who toward the end of a very long trial ished to know what the terms "plaintiff" and "defendant" gnified is not alone in his ignorance. A man once had his at stolen, and accused a suspicious-looking individual of the eft. "You say this man stole your coat?" said the magis-ate. "Do I understand that you prefer charges against m?" "Well, no, your honor," replied the plaintiff. "I pre-r the coat, if it's all the same to you."

****

A poor, half-fed, shrinking German peddler rapped timidly. rs. Kelly, whose temper that day was bad, flung open the tchen door and glowered down at him. "Did yez wish to e me?" she demanded, in threatening tones. The man cked off a few steps. "Vell, if I did," he assured her, with apologetic grin, "I got my vish. Thank you!"

****

"I s'pose John is still taking life easy?" said the woman the spring wagon. "Yes," answered the woman who was rrying an armful of wood. "John has only two regrets in e. One is that he has to wake up to eat, an' the other is at he has to quit eating to sleep."

****

Some years ago the Yankee schooner *Sally Ann,* under the mmand of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut ver. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. cording to his notion of things, the schooner was getting near certain mud-flats which lay along the port shore. e mate went aft to the captain, and with his hat cocked on e side, said: "Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too se to them flats. Hadn't ye better go abeout?" The cap-n glared at him. "Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and d to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine." Mr. mstock went forward in high dudgeon. "Boys," he bel-ved out, "see that that mud-hook's all clear for letting go!" ye, aye, sir!" "Let go, then!" he roared. Down went

the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the *Sally Ann* came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat. "Well Cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."

****

A man had sat for some time in a restaurant, looking thoughtfully at his saucer of melting ice-cream. At last he left his chair and made his way to the proprietor. "I see you advertise that you make your own ice-cream," he said in a confidential tone. "I do, sir," said the proprietor. "Well," said the man, "would you permit me to give you a little pointer? I won't charge you a cent, and it'll be money in your pocket." "Glad to hear it, I'm sure," said the proprietor. "Get somebody else to make it," said the man, in a hoarse whisper.

****

A gentleman seeing a colored man of his acquaintance starting off on a fishing excursion thought it an excellent time to reprove him for his laziness. "Rufus, you old loafer," said he, "do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing?" "Yassah, jedge; it's all right. Mah wife don' need no watching. She'll sholy wuk jes' as hard as if I was dah."

****

Dignity and seriousness of conduct appertain to courts of law, but there are now and then judges who give occasional rein to their sense of humor. The late Lord Young of the Scottish bench was responsible for enlivening many a dull case. One of the most amusing remarks that ever fell from his lips was the reply to a counsel who urged on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance, "My client, my lord, is a most able man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of some water-works." After a long look, the judge answered, "Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

****

What a curious question this must have seemed to little James. *Hostess*—What part of the chicken do you like best, my little man? *James*—(passing his plate timidly)—I like the meat.

"Old Tom" Morris, the famous golf professional of St. Andrews, was once shown the moon through a good-sized telescope which belonged to Colonel Allen, then a resident of St. Andrews. His only comment was: "Eh! She's terrible fu' of bunkers!"

****

"You see thim mountains!" the jaunting-car driver exclaimed. The tourist admitted that he did see them. "Thim's the highest mountains in Oirland." "You don't say so," the tourist said. "Oi do, sir, indade! An' you see thim mountains," the driver went on, flicking the whip toward another range, "Thim's the highest in the wurruld." The tourist expressed his incredulity. "Surely not!" he protested. "Sure, it's true," the driver retorted, bridling, "excepting, av coorse, for thim in furrin parts."

****

The late Justice Brewer was a member of a fishing party in the Adirondacks, and round the camp-fire one evening the talk naturally turned to the subject of big fish. When it came his turn, Justice Brewer began, uncertain as to how he was going to come out. "We were fishing one time on the Grand Banks for—er—for—" "Whales," somebody suggested. "No," said the justice, "we were baiting with whales."

****

Having need of some small change, the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs. "Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?" "Yes'm—two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please, ma'am."

****

The elephant never fails to excite wonder in the person who beholds him for the first time. A small boy was visiting a menagerie for the first time. "O papa," he exclaimed, as they passed before the elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail!"

****

It was an irascible lieutenant who called down the engine-room tube. "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?" he demanded. A pleasant voice from the engine-room responded, "Not at this end, sir."

When Whistler, the painter, was a poor student in the Latin quarter of Paris, he was subject to fits of idleness that distressed the friends who knew what kind of work he could do if he chose. One of them remonstrated with him. "Why don't you pitch in and paint something?" said his friend. "Pretty soon your money will all be gone, and those three rolls of canvas will still be standing empty there behind the door, just as they've been standing for the last six weeks." Whistler, who lay on the bed, answered lazily: "But, you see, as long as there's nothing on the canvas I can sell it."

****

A clever convict, who wanted more than the regular prison fare, once made a complaint in rather ingenious terms. An inspector entered the man's cell, and found it very hot and stuffy. "Why have you got the ventilator closed?" he asked. The prisoner answered plaintively, "Well, inspector, the last time I had the ventilator open a wasp flew in, you see, and carried off my dinner while my back was turned."

****

A reporter for the Newark *News,* in passing a cobbler's shop in Bank Street, observed this sign hanging on the door:

Closed on
Act. Sickes
In Family.

"Did you write that card yourself?" asked the reporter of the cobbler, who was just coming out of the shop. "I no write," the Italian answered. "I got a friend is a barber across the street; he ben to college."

****

In a certain New York town there lived an eccentric character whom every one called "Uncle Hi." In his old age Uncle Hi "experienced religion," and one night was asked to lead the prayer-meeting. As he could neither read nor write, the request might easily have daunted him had he been a less courageous man. But Uncle Hi was not one to be daunted. Very solemnly he rose, and drawing his unusually tall form to its greatest height, said: "Brethren, sing the one thousandth Psalm." After a silence, broken only by an occasional titter, some one said, "There aren't as many as that." "Sing as many as there be, then!" thundered Uncle Hi.

Jones came down-town the other morning with a somewhat bruised and swollen forehead. His friend Briggs viewed the contusion with interest, and asked: "How did it happen, old man?" "Collided with the hat-rack last night," said Jones, shortly. "Accidentally?" asked Briggs. "No, Briggs," replied Jones, sweetly. "I have every reason to suspect that it attacked me purposely."

****

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of what they wished to be when they grew up. All went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil. "Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher. "Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

****

A story of a Prussian lieutenant who stood at the foot of Mont Blanc and with a haughty eye contemplated the mighty mountain, delightfully illustrates the arrogance of the youngers of the German army. *"Donnerwetter!"* he said, stroking the vestige of a mustache. "How ridiculously small a civilian must feel!"

****

The old justice, in talking about the unreasonableness of mankind, told this anecdote to illustrate his point "I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and I had pointed out that we were spending too much. 'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize; both.' 'Very well, Henry,' she said, with an air of submission to unpleasant duty, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.'"

****

It was in the smoking compartment, and the Scotchman turned to the man on his right with the question, "Hae ye a match?" The reply was a regretful negative. A similar inquiry addressed to the only other occupant of the carriage met with a similar response. "Aw, weel," exclaimed the son of Scotland, ruefully, "I must e'en use yin of my ain!"

****

Abby, the littlest girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast-table one morning. As usual eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the

inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked, "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

****

The young gentleman referred to as "big bruvver" in this anecdote seems to have shown a dangerous aptitude for "frenzied finance." "Willie, mamma has a great surprise for you." "I know what it is—big bruvver is back from his vacation." "How did you know?" "My bank won't rattle any more."

****

A man who is constantly traveling over the same railroad has become well acquainted with the porters of the sleeping-cars. On a recent trip he hailed his porter exuberantly, and said: "Hello, Matthew! I have some good news for you. We've had a birth in our family since I saw you—twins." Matthew grinned. "Well, sah," he said, "I wouldn't call dat no birth, sah. Dat am a section, sah."

****

A certain father, whose son is an undergraduate at one of the larger colleges, has frequent occasion to remonstrate with the boy on his extravagances. In a recent letter he sent a check for fifty dollars, but accompanied it with admonitions to lead a more economical life. "My son," he wrote, "your studies are costing me a good deal." To which his son replied, cheerfully: "I know it, father, and I don't study very hard, either."

****

In the early days of the Klondike gold-fields, the miners lived almost wholly on canned goods brought from the United States and Canada. To an old Indian who frequented the diggings, the cans were a constant surprise—the meat, vegetables and fish all amazed him. When the first phonograph was imported, however, he had come to consider himself wise in the ways of the paleface. After listening gravely to a song by the machine, he said, with the assurance of one to whom everything is entirely clear, "He canned white man."

****

A little boy who had reached the age when boys feel that a watch is the one thing that makes life worth living, was told that for the present a watch could not be given to him. But Edward continued to tease for one, until the whole fam-

ily were wearied. Then his father after explaining that he could certainly have a watch when he was older, forbade him to mention the subject again. The next Sunday, the children, as was their custom, repeated Bible verses at the breakfast-table. When it was Edward's turn, he astonished them all by saying: "'What I say unto you, I say unto all: Watch!'"

****

There is at least one woman in these days of transition in the status of her sex who has no wish to undermine the last bulwark of man's superiority. One day, as she hurried from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, she was asked if she wanted to vote. "No,I certainly don't!" she replied. "I say that if there's one little thing that the men-folks can do alone, for goodness' sake let 'em do it!"

****

"O Clara, we had a dreadful scare this morning, a burglar scare!" said Mrs. Fink. "There was a frightful noise about two o'clock, and I got up. I turned on the light and looked down, to see a man's legs sticking out from under the bed." "Mercy, how dreadful! The burglar's?" "No, my dear, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."

****

Some good luck having come to him in business that day, he felt that he should like to share it with some one. So when he reached the house and dismissed the station hack with its two sorry horses, he handed the driver half a sovereign. The driver looked at the money, then at the man, and then at his horses, and finally said: "All right, sir. Which horse do you want?"

****

The steamer was approaching the Piræus, and the passengers, gathered along the rail, were exclaiming over the beauty of the distant Greek mountains, gleaming and sparkling in the sunshine. Presently one of the ladies detached herself from the group at the rail and addressed the captain, who was walking up and down the deck. "Captain," she asked, "what is that white stuff on the hills over there?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "I thought it was," said the lady, "but I understood a gentleman to say that it was grease."

The foreman of a large iron-works was short of laborers one morning, and as a last resort, went to an old tramp who was lying asleep beside one of the furnaces, and roused him with the question: "I say, my man, are you wanting work?" "What kind of work?" asked the tramp. "Can you do anything with a shovel?" "Yes," replied the tramp, rubbing his eyes. "I could fry a piece of ham on it."

****

The president of the university had dark circles under his eyes. His cheek was pallid; his lips were trembling; he wore a hunted expression. Every now and then he turned and glanced apprehensively behind him. "You look ill," said his wife. "What is wrong, dear?" "Nothing much," he replied. "But I—I—had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as—if—I—" He hesitated and stammered. It was evident that his nervous system was shattered. "What was the dream?" asked his wife. "I—I—dreamed the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the freshman examination for—admission!" sighed the president.

****

"I must go to the city and do a lot of shopping," said Mrs. Spendcash, at the breakfast-table. "Will you write me a check, Bob? I shall go to-day if the weather is favorable. What is the forecast?" Mr. Spendcash, seated at the other end of the table, consulted his paper, and read aloud: "Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning and floods."

****

Secretary MacVeigh told an amusing story at a dinner in the capital. He was urging the need of research and information as a prerequisite of lawmaking. "We need the light," he said. "If we work in the dark, we shall go wrong, like Cornelius Husk. Cornelius was called one winter morning before dawn and told to go and harness the mule to the dearborn. The old boy was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. As he tried to harness the cow, his father, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: 'Corney! Corney! What ye doing?' 'I can't get the collar over the mule's head,' the boy replied. 'His ears are frozen.'"

****

A man, apparently from the country, stepped up to the ticket-seller in the Forty-second Street subway station, and

asked: "Been in town long?" "Quite a while," replied the ticket-seller. "Know a man named O'Connell?" "No." "Sure you don't know O'Connell?" "Say," said the ticket-seller, impatiently, "there are five million people in New York. Do you expect me to know every man in the city?" "No," replied the other, "but I thought you might have sense enough to know one."

****

A Salvation Army officer was taking up a collection on the street. One man was heard to say, as he dropped in a dime, "Here's ten cents for the grafters." "You don't believe there is any graft in the Salvation Army," quickly rejoined the woman. "How do you know?" the man asked her. "Because you would be in the Army yourself if you did," was the sharp reply. And the man had the grace—and the humor—to laugh.

****

The pretty trained nurse bent over her patient, a young man who was beginning to get better. "Shall I turn your head, sir?" she asked, in her low, kind voice. "No, thank you, Miss Angel," returned the convalescent. "You have turned it already."

****

Mrs. Dale had been quite worried about her niece, who had been very ill with typhoid, and when the doctor told her that the girl's temperature had fallen to normal, her delight knew no bounds. "Your niece is better, I understand," said some one to her that morning. "Oh, yes, indeed!" beamed Mrs. Dale. "Her temperature is down to zero."

****

The two small boys of the family were enjoying the first snow of the season, but their mother, who was watching them from her room, soon rapped on the window. "Johnny," she called, "why don't you let your little brother have your sled part of the time?" "I do, ma. I take it going down-hill, and he has it going back."

****

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work. "I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic. "It's absolutely worthless," the other replied,

shortly. "Oh, I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much."

****

"Can't you get any work?" asked a woman of the tramp who had applied at the back door for food. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I was offered a steady job by the man who lives down the road in that big white house." "That's Mr. Oatseed. What was the work?" "He wanted me to get up at four in the morning, milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables, and then chop wood until it was time to begin the day's work." "What did he want to pay?" "I dunno, ma'am. I didn't stop to ask."

****

Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, whose persistent efforts finally brought about the admission of women to the practice of medicine in England, remained wittily unimpressed by the bestowal of this privilege. "It was absurd," she said, "to keep the door longer shut against young women, seeing how many old women were already inside." Of a tireless eloquence, Doctor Jex-Blake once drew the incisive wit of Benjamin Jowett. The Master of Balliol had sat next to her at dinner, and after the ladies retired, he remarked, in his mild, high-pitched voice: "I always knew that *lex* meant law, but never till this night that Jex meant jaw."

****

"Golly, but I's tired!" exclaimed a tall and thin negro, meeting a short and stout friend on Washington Street. "What have you been doin' to get tired?" demanded the other. "Well," explained the thin one, drawing a deep breath, "over to Brother Smith's dey are measurin' de house for some new carpets. Dey haven't got no yawdstick, and I's just ezactly six feet tall. So to oblige Brother Smith, I's been a-layin' down and a-gettin' up all over deir house."

****

It appears that on the afternoon of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, Meade paid a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters. In the course of the conversation, Lee turned to Meade, who had been associated with him as his officer of engineers in the "old army," and said, pleasantly: "Meade, years are telling on you. Your hair is getting quite gray." "Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "that is not the work of years. You are responsible for my gray hairs."

At the dinner-table on board an ocean liner one man was much annoyed by the vulgar manner in which his next neighbor fed. He tried to take no notice of the man, but after watching him pick a bone in an extremely primitive fashion, he could not control his feelings any longer, and turning to the offender, he said: "Don't you really think you would be more comfortable if you took that bone out on the mat?"

****

It is possible to call a man a coward without directly accusing him of cowardice. During the Civil War a certain Ohio colonel often had "business" at home. "Say, Sam," said one newsboy to another, on the occasion of one of these visits, "you'd better order an extra lot o' papers; there's going to be a big battle down round Nashville." "How do you know?" "Colonel Blank is home again."

****

A soldier crossing the barrack square with a pail met a sergeant, who noticed that Mike was wearing a very disreputable pair of trousers. Intending to report him for unsoldierly appearance, he stopped him, and asked: "Where are you going?" "To get some water, sor," answered Mike. "What, in those trousers?" "No, sor, in the pail."

****

The host was nervous and inexperienced, and he rose hurriedly at the conclusion of the song. "Ladies and—er, gentlemen," he began, "before Mr. M. started to—er—sing, he asked me to apologize for his—er—voice, but I omitted to do so—er—so—I—er—apologize now."

****

One evening at the Eastern Star Fair, one of the fattest members sat down to rest her weary feet for a moment. Every one who passed by seemed to be much amused. As she is very sensitive, on the subject of her size, she rose to go in search of a less conspicuous seat. She glanced round, and saw that she had been sitting in front of the guessing-cake table, directly under the placard: "Guess my weight and I am yours."

****

An American traveler returned from rural England has brought over a refreshing bit of theory regarding the modern sliding scale of class distinction. His part of the country,

an old man explained to the American, had gone to the dogs through the "flattery" of well-meaning folk, which was best illustrated by the changing manner toward farmers' wives. "When 'twere 'dame' and 'porridge,' it were rale good times," the old fellow enlarged; when 'twere 'mistress' and 'broth,' 'twere worser a great deal; but when it comes to 'ma'am' and 'soup,' it were werry bad indeed."

****

One of the French marshals who had been defeated by the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula tried to insult the duke, when the latter was visiting Paris. But in the ballroom as on the battle-field the victory was Wellington's. Louis Philippe of France had just introduced the marshal to the duke. Smarting under the memory of his defeats, the marshal thought to slight Wellington by ostentatiously turning his back to him. Louis Philippe was greatly displeased, and apologized for his general's rudeness. "Forgive him, sire," said the duke. "I taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

****

The class had been discussing recent affairs in China. A few days later the fate of a man who was eaten by his savage enemies was referred to. Anxious to enlarge the limited vocabulary of the children, the teacher asked what name was given to men who ate other human beings. "Savages" and "man-eaters" were the only words most of them could give. At last the eagerness of a bright-eyed boy indicated that he thought he had a better word. He had. It was "Manchus."

****

An Eastern man, who was on a business trip through the West, stopped at the small hotel in a country town one day. He entered the dining-room and was shown to a table by the waiter. "Will you have some pork and beans, sir?" asked the waiter, as he brought the customary glass of water. "No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans." "Dinner is over then, sir," said the waiter, as he moved away.

****

Johnny, who had been to the circus, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen. "An', teacher," he cried, "they had one big animal they called the hip-hip—" "Hippopotamus, dear?" asked the teacher. "I can't just say

its name," exclaimed Johnny, "but it looks just like nine thousand pounds of liver!"

****

"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?" "Well, suh," said the waiter, who was something of a philosopher as well, "looks to me like de po' man don't want nobody to find out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to find out he's rich."

****

An old Englishwoman, who was extremely stout, was making vain efforts to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The driver leaned over good-naturedly, and cried: "Try sideways, mother, try sideways!" The old woman looked up breathlessly, and replied: "Why, bless ye, James, I ain't got no sideways!"

****

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "suppose in a family here are five children, and the mother has only four potatoes o divide between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do?" Silence reigned in the room. Everybody was calculating diligently. Finally one ittle boy put up his hand. "Well, Johnny, what would you lo?" asked the teacher. "Mash the potatoes, sir."

****

An Irishman passed a shop where a notice was displayed aying that everything was sold by the yard. Thinking to play a joke on the shopman, he entered and asked for a yard f milk. The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipped is finger in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on he counter. Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, sked the price. "Sixpence," said the shopman. "All right, or. Roll it up; I'll take it."

****

The late Wilbur Wright put safety above everything else n aëroplane construction. Mr. Wright was once watching vith a critical eye the flight of a very swift, very cranky ëroplane, when a little girl said to him: "Uncle Wilbur, can ou get to heaven in one of those machines?" "Not by going p," replied the great airman, "but if you have lived a very ood life you may do so by coming down."

Mr. Brown took a day off, and went down into New Jersey to fish. He found a promising pond, and fished for three hours without getting a single bite. A little farmer boy watched him most of the time. Finally, when Brown's patience was exhausted, he said querulously to the boy: "Are there any fish in this pond at all?" "If there are any," the boy answered, "they must be awful small, sir; for there wasn't any water at all here until it rained yesterday."

****

"Will you have the kindness to take my overcoat to town in your automobile?" inquired Mr. Dalton of his more prosperous suburban neighbor one cool morning. "Certainly," was the response, "but how will you get it again?" "Very easily; I shall remain in it."

****

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarty!" said Mrs. Ryan, as the friends met at the market. "How's all the folks getting along?" "They be all doin' well," replied Mrs. McCarty, "except my old man. He's been enjoyin' poor health for some toime, but this mornin' he complained of feelin' better."

****

This conversation between a waiter and a diner occurred in a restaurant notorious for the smallness of the portions it served. "Well, sir," asked the waiter, "how did you find your beef?" "Oh, I just happened to shift a potato, and—well, there it was."

****

A little slum child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. The setting sun was gilding the grass and roses of the old-fashioned garden, and on a little stool he sat beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken. He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke: "Do you take off their clothes every night, lady?"

****

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door, almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning

quite briskly, and said, "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

****

There was a time, years ago, when school authorities were not afraid to be grimly humorous. Under the head of "Instruction," the New York *Daily Times* of August 10, 1868, printed this announcement:

"FLUSHING INSTITUTE

"Dear Boys:—Trouble begins Sept. 15. E. A. Fairchild."

****

The roll of "things that might have been said differently" has been swelled, according to Rev. E. J. Hardy's "How to be Happy Though Civil," by a curate in England who, on the occasion of his marriage, received a handsome present from his parishioners. He began a speech of thanks in this way: "I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, for I know you too well for that."

****

Jimmy Martin, after running a barber shop for two or three years, decided to become a dentist. His Uncle Si, upon hearing of this decision, dropped in to talk it over. "Yes," he agreed, "dentistry is about the easiest *new* job you could take up, Jimmy. You know how to work the chair already, so the rest ought to come easy enough."

****

A builder, boasting of his houses, took a friend to see a row of "kitchenette" apartment-houses just erected. The friend stood in one house and the builder, going into the adjoining one, said in a low voice: "Can you hear me, Jim?" "Yes," was the answer in a whisper. "Can you see me?" "No." "Them's walls for you!" was the proud reply.

****

Mrs. Marsh took a bite of the cake, and laid it down hastily. "Norah," she said, "did you follow the receipt, or do as you usually do and *guess?*" "Sure, mum, I followed the receipt, only I put in six eggs instead of four, because two was bad, and I wanted to even 'em up."

****

An English beer-vender wrote over his shop door: "Bear old here." Tom Hood, who saw it, said it was spelled right. "The fluid the man sells," Hood explained, "is his own bruin."

It will be recalled that when Christ was brought before Pilate, the Roman governor (according to St. John's version of the story) asked him, "What is truth?" In the Latin text of the Vulgate the question runs, *"Quid est veritas?"* Now, the answer is found in the question itself, without adding or subtracting a single letter. *"Est vir qui adest,"* the rearrangement gives us: "It is the man who stands before you."

****

It was a young lady desirous of getting a license to teach in the "common schools" who in a nice, smooth hand, answered the request: "Name the five great European powers." She did it, and did not any more than half-try, either: "Steam-power, water-power, horse-power, electricity and windmills."

****

Irish wit is a well-head that has never been known to run dry. Pat Maguire had been misbehaving, and appeared before his commanding officer, charged for the third time with drunkenness. Pat states his side of the case with all the eloquence at his command, but the colonel was unmoved. "Eight days in the guard-house!" he said sternly. But in writing the "8" on Pat's defaulter-sheet the pen spluttered. Pat noticed this, and leaned forward. "Thry if 'twill make a '3' anny aisier, sor," he suggested, in a persuasive whisper.

****

An old man nearly eighty years old walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination, he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance. "You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?" "Oh, first rate," the old man replied, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' *That kept me back some.*"

****

Bailey, Smith's seatmate on the morning train, had been speaking of Brown's good manners. "He's polite enough," Smith conceded, although somewhat reluctantly; "but there's nothing solid in politeness." "Nor in an air-cushion," retorted Bailey, "but it eases the jolts wonderfully."

****

A boy who wished to become a lawyer went to the city and got a small position in an attorney's office. At the end

of three days' study he returned home. "Well, Bill," asked his father, "how did you like the law?" "It isn't what it's cracked up to be," replied Bill, gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

****

Hiram Jones had just returned from a tour of Europe. "I suppose," said a friend, "that when you were in England you did as the English do, and dropped your H's." "No," moodily responded the returned traveler, "I didn't. I did as the Americans do. I dropped my V's and X's."

****

"In my young days," says Mr. A. J. Swinburne in "Memories of a School Inspector," "a rural schoolmistress entirely misinterpreted my kindness, which was prompted by a desire to quiet her nervousness. I asked her in as pleasant a voice as I could summon if she could have the children recite on the 'Reindeer.' She replied, simpering, 'I have a lesson on clouds and one on mist, but I'm sorry I have none on rain.'"

****

A man who was willing to have his neighbors think him a fine musician installed a mechanical piano near a front window of his home, and spent hours each day pedaling out melodies. He received compliments for a time, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, but his little son, William, betrayed him in the end. "Your father is a great piano-player, isn't he?" the man who lived across the street remarked one day. "Yep," replied William, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

****

"Why, Rebecca," said the mother, "that dog isn't yours! You've no right to bring him home!" "W-well, mamma," pleaded Rebecca, "he was jest not belonging to anybody—like the flowers! I can pick flowers and keep 'em—wild ones—and the doggy was jest like—like the flowers, and I came along, and—and sort of—picked him." Here the dog, turning round, displayed a noticeable lack of tail—a bobbed-off, rabbit-like stump. Whereupon Rebecca's quiet brother spoke up unexpectedly. "You—you didn't pick a very long stem," he said.

****

A certain young man had been seeing more of the pleasures of the town than was good for him, and his father resolved to send him to his uncle's farm to engage in some honest toil.

Day was just breaking on the first morning of his stay when his uncle woke him up. "What's the trouble?" asked the city chap, rubbing his eyes sleepily. "Have to get up and help gather pumpkins!" exclaimed the farmer. "Great Scott!" growled the agricultural recruit. "Do you have to sneak up on them in the dark?"

****

"'The horse and the cow is in the field,'" read the teacher. "Mary, what is wrong with that sentence?" Mary, says the New York *Tribune,* was evidently more versed in the rules of politeness than in the rules of grammar, for she answered promptly: "The lady should be mentioned first."

****

A Scotsman who had worked for many years on the railroads among the Highlands of Scotland went to the United States in his later years, and settled on a section of homestead land on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival there was a project for a railway through the district. The Scotsman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon," he said to the spokesman of the delegation, "ye canna build a railway across this country." "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not?" repeated Ferguson, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not? Dinna ye see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye hae nae place whatever to run your toonels through."

****

At a certain Eastern university one of the professors was conducting an examination in physiology. He asked for a description of the circulation at the extremities, meaning, of course, the capillary circulation. The youth called upon evidently did not know much about the matter, for he replied that the blood went down one leg and up the other!

****

One of the young men who lived in the boarding-house had the double fault of slowness in paying his bill and fussiness about the table service. One morning he said peevishly to the landlady: "Mrs. Jones, will you tell me why my napkin is so damp?" "Yes, Mr. Wicks," replied the landlady, promptly. "It's because there is so much due on your board!"

****

The conductor of a Western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on one of the forward cars. He told a brake-

man in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the first stop. An exchange tells what happened: When the brakeman approached, the tramp waved a big revolver, and told him to get away. "Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked, when the train was in motion again. "I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine." "I'll take care of him," said the conductor, as he started over the tops of the cars. When he came back, the brakeman asked: "Well, is he off?" "No, he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too," replied the conductor.

****

John Sloan, the famous etcher, was walking one night with a friend in Philadelphia. "How hideous nature is to-night!" Sloan remarked. "But my dear Sloan," objected his friend, "look at the stars. Surely you'll admit that they're very fine to-night." Sloan looked up, then frowned, and shook his head. "Oh, yes," he said, "not bad, not bad; but there's far too many of them."

****

In Dawson City a colored man named Sam Jones was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him. "No, sah," said Sam. "I'se gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of tne co't."

****

A detective had been called by a Western bank to investigate the simultaneous disappearance of the cashier and a large sum of money. The Kansas City *Star* reports the case. "How tall was the cashier?" asked the detective, producing his note-book. "I don't know," sighed the president of the bank, "but he was about five thousand dollars short."

****

A chilled and uncomfortable traveler, waiting for his train on the shelterless, windswept platform of the junction, accosted a native of the town. "Say, my friend," the traveler growled, "does this wind blow this way all the time?" "No," replied the native, "sometimes it turns round and blows the other way."

****

Little James, while at a neighbor's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and politely said, "Thank you." "That's right, James," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say

'thank you.'" "Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jam on it."

****

An amusing conversation that occurred between a little girl and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is repeated in Strand. At an afternoon reception, Doctor Holmes observed a little girl looking hungrily at the cakes and sandwiches on the tea-table. "Are you hungry, little girl?" asked Doctor Holmes. "Yes, sir," the child replied. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly. "Not my fingers," replied the little girl, seriously.

****

The four-year-old twins, who had no playmates of their own age, were delighted when a little girl of three came to visit a neighbor. After the three children had played together for a time, the twins, hand in hand, went to their mother, and said, "Mother, where's the other one of her?"

****

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang "boss," got a job, with a railroad construction company at Port au Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse, he heard the Irishman shout: "*Allez!*—you sons of guns!—*allez!*" Then turning to the engineer, he said, "I curse the day I iver learned their language."

****

A question of anatomy that needed an immediate answer came up during Willie's morning ablutions. "Ma! Ma!" he sobbed. "Do my ears belong to my neck or face?" "Why, what is the matter?" was the temporizing reply. "Well, you told Mary to wash my face, and she's washing my ears, too."

****

The recent death of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley has brought out many anecdotes of the famous British officer. On one occasion, as the soldiers were dining and the orderlies were hastening back and forth with pails of steaming soup, Wolseley stopped one of them, and ordered him to remove the lid of his pail. The man promptly obeyed. "Let me taste it," said the general. "But—" began the orderly.

"Let me taste it, I say!" and he tasted it. "Disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "It's for all the world like dish-water." The orderly saluted. "That's what it is, sir!" he said.

****

A certain captain had been lecturing his new recruits at some length on "The Duties of a Soldier." At last he thought the time had come to find out just what he had accomplished. Casting his eye over the room, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim. "Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?" The private scratched his head for a while; then an ingratiating smile flitted across his face. "Sure, captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

****

Ten-year-old William came home one day in a regrettable state of disorder, and a somewhat bruised face. "O Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved. "You have disobeyed me again! How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Johnson boy?" "Mamma," said William, in utter disgust at this feminine reprimand, "do I look as if I had been *playing* with anybody?"

****

A teacher wrote on the blackboard these words: "The toast was drank in silence." "Can any one tell me what the mistake in this sentence is?" she inquired. The pupils pondered. Then a little girl held up her hand, and at a nod from the teacher went to the board and wrote the following correction: "The toast was ate in silence."

****

The Earl of Morley, on his return from Jamaica, remained a little while in New York, and at a dinner there he told—apropos of self-confidence—the following story about a young English statesman. "This youth," he said, "ought to get on. He works hard, and nothing ever troubles him. He wanted recently to push a bill that had little support from his own party. A friend, however, said to him in a warning voice: 'But suppose, my boy, this bill should cause your party to throw you overboard?' 'Well, in that case,' he replied, 'I'm quite sure I'd have strength enough to swim across to the other side.'"

A youthful stoker was brought before the commanding officer of the Devonport naval barracks. The charge was insubordination, says an English paper; he had refused to enter the swimming-bath. When he was asked what he had to say for himself, the youth replied: "Sir, I've only been in the navy three days. The first day the doctor drawed six of my teeth; the second day I was vaccinated, and the third day the petty officer he says, 'Come along; we're a-goin' to drown yer.'" It is to be hoped that his punishment was not severe.

****

A parson who paid more attention to the pleasures of life than to his sermons, was taken to task for his worldliness by a Quaker friend. The rebuke, says the New York *Tribune*, was none the less effective for being tactful. "Friend," said the Quaker, "I understand thee's clever at fox-catching." "I have a few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson replied, complacently. "Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox, I would hide where thee would never find me." "Where would you hide?" asked the parson, with a frown. "Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study."

****

In a well-known college for women, where the faculty consists chiefly of the gentler sex, a meeting of the academic council was in progress. Here and there a lone man sat islanded in the concourse of learned ladies. An amendment had just been proposed. "Where is the person who offers this amendment?" inquired the president. "Who is she?" Whereupon Mr. Flower, the popular young professor of a favorite subject, rose and replied, deprecatingly, "I am she."

****

A story that *Forest and Stream* credits to Senator Root shows the power of singleness of purpose. An old negro was fishing for eels. He pulled in a magnificent bass. He took it off the hook and held it in his hand, looked at it, and threw it back into the water contemptuously. "When I go eelin'," he said, "I go eelin'."

****

General Gordon, the Confederate commander, used to tell with delight the following story. He was sitting by the roadside one blazing hot day, when a battered soldier, whose

clothing hung in rags, who had lost one shoe, who wore a bandage round his head and carried his arm in a sling, passed him. The soldier was soliloquizing thus: "I love my country. I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this war is over I'll never love another country."

****

A man went to a judge, and asked whether he could bring suit for slander against a man who had called him a rhinoceros. "Why, certainly," said the judge. "When did he call you that?" "About three years ago." "Three years ago! And you only start suit to-day?" "But, your honor, yesterday I saw a rhinoceros for the first time."

****

He and she arrived in the fifth inning. *He* (to a fan)—What's the score? *Fan*—Nothing to nothing. *She*—Goody! We haven't missed a thing!

****

The teacher was instructing the class in the rudiments of the English language. "John," she said, "make a sentence using the word 'indisposition.'" John, who was evidently of a pugilistic turn of mind, assumed an aggressive pose, and announced: "When you wants to fight, you stands in dis position."

****

Lord Kitchener had been summoned by Queen Victoria, who wished to congratulate him upon his brilliant work in Egypt. When she had finished, and Lord Kitchener had thanked her respectfully, the queen suddenly asked, "Is it true that you dislike women?" "All except one," Lord Kitchener replied, grimly. "And who is that?" Queen Victoria asked. "Your majesty."

****

A young Scotchman stood solemnly at the door of the village kirk, guarding the contribution-plate, after the old custom, and keeping a canny eye open for trouble-makers. A deaf woman, carrying a large ear-trumpet, approached the plate. The young man had never seen such an instrument before. He let the woman place her penny in the plate—that first, of course—then said, portentously, "Mind that, noo; ne toot and oot ye go."

"Father," exclaimed John vigorously, "why don't Quakers take off their hats?" "Because, my son, it is their belief that to remove their hats is a mark of respect that they think they should pay to no man." "Well," remarked the boy, after a moment's silence, "how do they manage when they have to have their hair cut?"

****

In the hay-market one afternoon a couple of farmers stopped to talk crops and horses. "Are you in the market for a good horse?" asked one. "Always ready to dicker," the other answered. "Ever see that little bay mare of mine?" "I think I know the critter." "How'd you like to own her? She's yours at rock-bottom price." Gathering up his lines preparatory to leaving the spot, the other farmer replied: "Well, John, I'd buy her to-day, but I hate to break a dollar."

****

Lord Justice Vaughan-Williams once had a case before him in which the plaintiff was represented by a very nervous young barrister. When the barrister rose to begin his address to the jury, he stammered out, "My unfortunate client—" and there he stuck. He tried again, and in a shaking voice he managed to say, "My unfortunate client—" but he could get no further. Clearing his throat, he had another try, and for the third time quavered out, "My unfortunate client—" Again his voice failed. "Come, come," interrupted his lordship, "proceed with your address. So far the court agrees with you."

****

The little maid stood in the parlor doorway, one hand on the door-knob. For a moment she gazed at her father, who was preparing to take his afternoon nap. "Papa," she said, "do you know what I am going to give you for your birthday when it comes?" "No, dear," answered the fond father, "but please tell me." "A nice new china shaving mug, with gold flowers on it all round," said the little maid. "But, my dear," explained her parent, "papa has a nice one like that already." "No, he hasn't," his little daughter answered, thoughtfully, "'cause—'cause I've just dropped it."

****

The Paris *Liberté* has discovered the most "nervy" of English tourists—always a self-confident race. The man entered a well-known restaurant, accompanied by two little girls,

rdered a bottle of mineral water and three plates, and began o eat sandwiches, which he had brought with him in his ockets. The manager, overcome by this outrage, approached im, and said, "I should like to inform you that this is not —" "Who are you?" interrupted the Englishman. "I am he manager," was the reply. "Oh, you are the manager, are ou? That is good. I was just going to send for you. Why sn't the band playing?"

****

The man who sent the first private message over the Atlanc cable was William Gilpin, who was appointed Governor of olorado by President Lincoln in 1861. The line was ready or business on August 5, 1866. At that time Napoleon III as in the plentitude of his power; his every movement was gerly watched from both hemispheres. He was believed to ave his eye upon Bohemia. Mr. Gilpin was a man of humor, nd it occurred to him that it would be a good joke to hand o the agent of the Atlantic cable this message for the French mperor: "Denver, Colorado, August 4, 1866. To Louis apoleon Bonaparte, Emperor, Tuileries, Paris, France. lease leave Bohemia alone. No interference will be tolerated y this territory. William Gilpin." Mr. Gilpin wrote his espatch merely in the exuberance of humor. The cable eople, eager for custom, and knowing that the former Govrnor of Colorado could pay the bill, forwarded it. It was uly delivered at Tulleries, and doubtless mystified the emeror. The freak cost Mr. Gilpin thirty pounds, and all he ot for his money was the reputation of inaugurating the tlantic cable and the satisfaction of playing a joke on the mperor of France.

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When the agent paid Mrs. Stone the amount of insurance er husband had carried, he asked her to take out a policy n her own life. "I believe I will," she said, "as my husand had such good luck."

****

A little girl who had a bantam presented to her was dispointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. er ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which y on the table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich g was missing from its accustomed place. Later it was und near the bantam's nest, and on it was stuck a piece of

paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

****

When Bobby's mother returned from her shopping, she found her small son in a fine rage, and the pretty young nursemaid in tears. "What is the matter now?" asked the mother. "Sure, ma'am, he's roarin' because I wouldn't leave him go play with the Burton children," said Norah. "And it wasn't that I wanted to deny him, but Mrs. Burton called across the way they was having charades, and I didn't know, ma'am, whether Bobby had ever had them or not."

****

A big, raw-boned youth in the Carolina mountains went to see a young woman of his acquaintance. In his bashfulness, he sat in silence; but, as if it were his only means of expression, he twirled his thumbs one about the other in never-ending circles. At length the girl inquired, "Do you always do that when you go a-calling?" "No," drawled the youth, "sometimes I" (twirling his thumbs in the reverse direction) *"do it this way."*

****

Mrs. Flint came for a visit to her sister's home, and her little niece, Charlotte, was delighted to see her. "What became of the black kitten that you had when I was here before, dear?" asked Mrs. Flint. "Why, don't you know?" asked Charlotte, much surprised. "I haven't heard a word," replied the aunt. "Was he poisoned?" "No, ma'am," said Charlotte. "Drowned?" "Oh, no." "Stolen?" "No." "Hurt in any way?" "No, ma'am." "Well," said Mrs. Flint, "I can't guess, dear. What became of him?" "He growed into a cat," said Charlotte.

****

The young husband laid down his piece of cake, and looked across the table at his wife. "Do you know, dear," he said, "I think something is wrong with the cake you made. It really doesn't taste very good." "Ah, that's your imagination," said his wife, with a triumphant smile, "for it says in the cook-book that it's delicious."

****

"I am very sorry, madam," said the Berlin servant maid of whom a German paper tells, "but I must leave you next week. You see, I am going to be married." "Really, Emma.

Vho is the lucky man?" "He is the policeman on this beat." Well, I wish you luck. What is his name?" "Oh, I don't now that. His number is 417."

****

An old negro went into a drug store in Richmond and aid, "Boss, will you please, suh, call de colonel on de tele-hone." This was done, and the old negro said: "Colonel, at ar mule done stall right in de main street, right out here n front of de store. Yaas, suh; I done tied strings round is ears, but he didn't budge. What's dat? What's dat? aas, suh; I built a fire under him, but it didn't do nothin' it scorch de harness. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh; I took de things it, but he wouldn't budge. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh. What's it? No, suh; no, suh, colonel, I didn't twis' his tail. Yaas, ih; yaas, suh, another gemman twis' his tail; he look like Northern gemman. What's dat, colonel? Yaas, suh, dey k him to de hospital."

****

An Ohio farmer took his numerous progeny to a county fair that state. As the party moved about the grounds, the ther felt his fourth-born tugging at his coat tails. He rned, and the youngster begged him to buy a certain toy. Buy it yourself," said the father. "Where's the dime I gave u a little while ago?" "It's down my neck." "Well, shake out." "But, father," protested the lad, "I can't. It was my mouth when it went down."

****

The spirit of universal peace is spreading over the earth, d has recently reached a Portland, Maine, boy. "What's e shape of the earth?" demanded this boy's teacher. Round," he replied, confidently. "How do you know it's und?" persisted the teacher. "All right," replied the lad, 's square, then. I don't want to start any argument out it."

****

Ed Cook was a butcher with considerable native wit. One y, just before dinner, when his shop was full of customers, nan whom he did not like very well came in, and asked for ime's worth of dog meat. "All right," said Ed. "Will you ve it wrapped up, or will you eat it here?"

A patronizing young nobleman was seated opposite the late James McNeil Whistler, at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation, he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning." "Thank you!" said Whistler, quietly. "Thank you very much!"

****

Mr. Smith, a learned architect, was walking out with his small son, Bobby. They met Mr. Brown, a fellow architect. The gentlemen strolled along together, and to keep their minds in working trim, patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the buildings they passed. Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, father," he said, scornfully, "look at that dog! I don't like him. There's too much work on him."

****

A doctor stopped his car on a side street near the home of a patient. He was accosted by a woman whom he remembered to have seen several times, but whose name he did not know. "I suppose," said the woman, "that yer gettin' a good fee, sir, for attendin' the little Smith boy?" "Well, yes, I get a pretty good fee, but why do you ask?" "Well, I 'ope yer won't forget that my little Algy threw the brick that 'it 'im!"

****

Two old ladies were once talking of how small babies sometimes are when they are born. One old lady said, complacently: "When I was born, I was so small you could put me into a quart tankard and shut daoun the lid." And the other old lady said, astounded: "W'y, did—you—live?" And the first old lady said: "They say I did, and growed nicely."

****

Two schoolgirls were busily occupied with their lessons when the younger asked, abruptly: "What does *avoirdupois* mean?" "Well, I couldn't say *just* what it means in English," replied her friend doubtfully, "but in *French* it means, 'Have some peas.'"

****

An enterprising shirt-maker, says *Punch*, advertises that his are "Shirts that Laugh at Laundries." One of our shirts has such a keen sense of humor that it came from the laundry last week with both its sides split!

The following ingenious sign, displayed last summer by a ruiter in a Southern California town, is not without humor:

WATERMELONS

25 cents Our choice
35 " Your choice

****

During the height of a political campaign an enthusiastic)emocratic rally for working men was held in a hall in St. ouis. "Fellow citizens," said the orator of the evening, ringing his fist down with a bang on the table before him, what, I ask, are the Republicans bringing our country to? nd echo answers, 'What?'" "Excuse me, sir," interposed man in the audience, rising to his feet, "but did I under- and you to ask, 'What are the Republicans bringing our ountry to?'" "Yes, sir." "And you say the echo answers, 'hat?'" "That is what I said, sir." The man in the audi- ice scratched his head and looked round in perplexity. Then there's something mighty funny about the acoustics of is hall," he said.

****

Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," once told to professor of ethnology some of his many and varied ex- eriences among the Indians. "By the way," asked Colonel ody, "did you ever see a red-headed Indian?" "Never did, id never heard of such a freak, colonel," said the professor. saw one, a Cherokee, down on the Fort Scott trail," quietly nswered Cody. Then he stopped, waiting for a "rise." It me. "Rather an unusual sight that, wasn't it?" "Rather; it you see, this Indian was bald."

****

Jones, who had spent his summer on an island in Caso ay, met one of his friends soon after his return to town. Well, how did you enjoy your summer *a la* Robinson Cru- e?" asked his friend. "Immensely," Jones replied, with iet satisfaction. "The only way the help could leave was swimming."

****

Scotch humor burns low in the church, but it is never nolly extinguished. "Weel, friends," said the minister to his ngregation, "the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as e have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see nat a bazaar will do for us."

The story is told of a man whose wife had arranged a "author's evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband t remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests wh were asked to partake of this intellectual feast. The firs author was dull enough, but the second was still duller. Th rooms were intolerably warm, and on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, wher he found the footman comfortably asleep on the carved oa settle. "Wake up," he said sternly, in the man's ear, "wak up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"

****

Before Longfellow bought the house in Cambridge s associated with his memory it was owned and occupied by ol Mrs. Craigie. Mrs. Craigie was a woman of many eccentrici ties, Moncure D. Conway says in his recent book of "Reminis- cences." Some one once tried to persuade her to have he trees tarred to protect them from caterpillars, which als invaded her neighbor's trees. She refused to be so cruel t the caterpillars. "They are our fellow worms," she said.

****

The teacher of English was hopeful, although he had me with disappointments at every turn. "Now here is an inter- esting situation," he said, eagerly. "Let us analyze it. Jus what is the meaning of the line, 'Doth not Brutus bootles kneel?'" "Why, I take it to mean that Brutus, being in a hurry, had come off without his boots, sir," said the pupil with his usual promptness.

****

The yellow and red poster which adorned a big board fence in Macon, Georgia, announced that the circus was soon to pitch tents in that city. Beneath the counterfeit presentment of a man on bicycle turning somersaults in the air a group of darkies were gazing open-mouthed at this announcement, in letters of green: "Wait! Wait! Wait! The greatest show on earth, Sept. 1." "Ah ain't a-goin' to dat show," remarked one mulatto to his companion. "Whah foh you ain't goin'?" she replied, in a disappointed tone. "Ah's gwan to wait foh de othah show wot's bettah," he said. "They ain't no bettah show," said she. "Yes, they is," was his rejoinder. "It says so on dat bill. Cain't you read? 'Greatest show on ea'th 'cept one.'"

It was late in the afternoon, just at dusk, when a carriage, ·vidently from the country, drove up to the door of "Anson King, Stationer," and a young woman alighted and entered he little shop. She asked to see some thin stationery, and fter selecting what she desired, she hesitated for a moment. Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked, softly. Certainly, madam," said the stationer, with great prompt- ess. "Are you a clergyman's wife?" "N-no," said the oung woman. "Ah, a clergyman's daughter, then," said the tationer, as he began to tie up the paper in a neat package. N-no," said the young woman. Then she leaned across the ounter and spoke in a confidential and thrilling whisper: But if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological tudent as soon as he comes home this autumn."

****

Her majesty, the late Queen Victoria, had her full share of eminine unreason. "I think him so because I think him so" as adequate explanation of her likes or dislikes, nor did she lways expand to that degree. One day, Sir John Robinson ays in "Fifty Years in Fleet Street," a lady in waiting said o the queen: "O madam, how delightful it will be in heaven o see the prophets and saints of the past; to see Aaron, Moses, Elijah and David!" "No, no," said the queen, em- hatically, "nobody will ever persuade me to know David!"

****

"You will have to accompany me," said the new and zealous fficer of the law, laying a firm hand on the arm of a seedy oung man who was making night hideous with a cornet. Certainly," said the musician, affectionately linking his arm n the policeman's. "What do you wish to sing, and in what ey?"

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One day at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition a country- an from Arkansas appeared on the "Pike," before a build- g in which some elk were exhibited. He was attended by a rge assortment of boys and girls and a woman in a sun- onnet. "I'd like to go in there," he said to the "barker," ut it would be mean to go in there without my family, and cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children." he barker stared at him in amazement. "Are all those your ildren?" he gasped. "Every one," said the man from Ar-

kansas. "You wait a minute," said the barker. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you-all."

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The luxury of physical inactivity appears to be fully appreciated in the South, writes Mr. Bradford Torrey in "Nature's Invitation;" and as an illustration, he tells of a walk he took near Miami, Florida, and of a conversation he overheard. I was walking away from the city at a rather brisk pace one morning, when I passed a lonesome shanty. A white man sat upon the rude piazza, and another man and a boy stood near. "Are you going to work to-day?" asked the boy of the occupant of the piazza. "No," was the answer, quick and pithy. "Why not?" "I ain't got time." I do not expect to hear the philosophy of indolence more succinctly and pointedly stated if I live a thousand years.

****

During the last Congressional campaign the candidates for the honor of representing a certain East Tennessee district gathered to meet the voters at a country court-house. There was a rough-looking old mountaineer in the audience. He looked over the aspirants on the platform with a critical eye. One of them had done him several favors, and he felt in duty bound to vote for him. "Not a very promising lot, are they?" he remarked in an audible whisper to a man three seats away. "Them's only the kind we used to run for constable when I was a boy. Thar's my candidate—that yaller-headed chap, third from this end. I've got to vote for him, but I'd give ten dollars if I hadn't seem him first."

****

"Ye-es," Mr. Billings said, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman." "So cheerful! Always sunny; always looking on the bright side!" Billings' friend continued, enthusiastically. "There's such a thing as overdoing this 'bright side' business," said Billings. "The other night I was up there and Joyce—you know how absent-minded he is?—put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, and was a little noisy for a minute. Right in the midst of it all Mrs. Joyce smiled blandly, and said: 'How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it at once.'"

They were seated at the supper-table, when little Dolly ısked, "What is a miser?" "A miser, my dear," answered he diplomatic mother, "is a man who thinks his wife's hat hould not cost any more than his own."

****

Little Hiram recently received a small pocket compass as present. He showed it to his school-teacher, and she ındertook to explain to him the cardinal points. "Now, Hiram," she said at last, "you have north in front of you. East is on your right and West on your left. What have ou behind?" Hiram looked thoughtful for a moment, and hen scowled. "Now I just knew you'd see it," he declared. I told mamma when she sewed it on that everybody would ee it. But she said I'd got to make these trousers last till April."

****

The young man was of that peculiarly embarrassing age vhen the male voice changes. He had gone into a store, nd in a tone that was one moment a promising bass and the ext a thin treble, was ordering some collars. "One at a ime!" the bewildered proprietor suddenly interjected. "One t a time, please!"

****

Among the visitors at an art exhibition were two old ladies rom the country. They were examining with great interest bas-relief of a young Greek shepherd, beneath which were nscribed the words, "Executed in terra cotta." "I wonder vhere Terra Cotta is?" ventured the eldest of the two, turn- ng to her companion. "Well, now, I ought to know," hesi- ated the other, "but I can't seem to place it just now." "Ah, vell," rejoined the first speaker, as they passed on, "it must e a dreadful place if they execute harmless young boys like hat there."

****

In the home of a New England farmer there are two small eirs, bright little fellows, six and seven years old, named Will and Eugene. Like most other lads, both of them dislike vork, especially "chores," and when these small services are equired, each frequently evinces a desire to have the other ake the laboring oar. A short time ago it chanced that the amily physician was calling at the house, in attendance on ne mother, whose health is not good. As he was putting on is gloves to go away, he ran a professional glance over the

two youngsters. "Mrs. Fuller," he remarked, "the younger of your two boys, Eugene, is more robust than Will. He has greater vitality. His blood is better." This remark was not lost on the lads. About an hour later, as dusk was falling, the mother said, "Will, you must fill the wood-box for morning. Fetch in four armfuls. "I don't want to," whined Will. "Make Gene go. His blood's better'n mine."

****

It was a crowded car, and the thin man looked angrily at his stout neighbor, who occupied two seats and overlapped a third. "These cars ought to charge by size and weight!" he grumbled to his wife, as he pulled his coat out from under the fat man with a vicious twitch. The fat man gave one calm, unmoved glance at the diminutive figure beside him. "If they did they'd never stop to let you on, my little man," he said, with a broad smile.

****

There had been a sudden and violent change in the weather. The mercury had gone down below the zero mark. Blue-nosed and shivering, the boarders at Mrs. Hashcroft's gathered round the breakfast-table and proceeded to criticize the climate. "You ought not to find fault with the cold weather," observed the philosophical boarder. "It's good for the crops." "That's the old story," retorted the argumentative boarder. "When it rains a week at a stretch we're told we mustn't complain. It's 'good for the crops.' When there comes a snow three feet deep we must bear it meekly. It's 'good for the crops.' But I'd like to know what crop a cold wave like this is good for!" "The ice crop," the philosophical boarder replied, calmly buttering a biscuit.

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The late Archbishop Temple, who is popularly believed to have been unequivocally brusque and cutting of tongue, had a sense of humor which enabled him to be suave upon occasion. When he was head of Rugby School, a woman of high position, with a handsome son of which she was inordinately fond, went to Doctor Temple in great indignation. Her son's house master, she said, had described him in a letter to her as an impostor. "My boy never deserved such an epithet!" she said, with deep feeling. "My dear madam," said Doctor Temple, "I feel sure that what the house master meant was that your son could not possibly be the angel he looked."

In a small South African state, which had recently undergone a change of administration, the new potentate summoned an artist and ordered new designs for all the official uniforms. "I wish showy costumes—very showy," he said, "for the people are impressed by them. I have here some sketches that I myself have made. Look them over, and be guided by these ideas as far as possible." The artist examined the sketches carefully. "This," he said, turning the pages, "is evidently for the navy and this for the army, but if you please, what is this—a long plume on a three-cornered hat, yellow dress coat trimmed with purple, and—" "That," replied the chief of state, gravely, "is for the secret police."

****

It has been said that the most brazen man on record is the one capable of asking a cab-driver to tell him the way. The next candidate is this one: A doctor's night-bell rang, and he rose in professional haste and went to the window. "Can you inform me," asked the man on the steps below, "if the doctor next door makes night calls? I've been ringing his bell for ten minutes, but no one answers."

****

The death of the sculptor, Bartholdi, who is best known in America by his Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, recalls an incident connected with his work. This Liberty has been called "a great girl," but it is chiefly her size which is remarkable. Her artistic merits were summed up by a distinguished foreigner. When he sailed into New York harbor he pointed to the gigantic figure, and asked: "Is that Liberty?" "Yes," said a bystander. "Then," he concluded, quoting Patrick Henry, "give me death."

****

As long as the grass is Central Park is healthy and green the citizens of Manhattan are said to look upon it as some sort of a garden and to keep off from it, as the sign commands them to do. When it begins to die out, however, their respect for it instantly vanishes. One of them, being in a hurry, started to cut across a yellowing patch in the upper park, but he was stopped by a policeman. "What difference does it make?" demanded the citizen. "The grass is half dead already." "Sure," replied the indignant officer, "if ye had a sick friend would ye be walkin' on his stoomach?"

A long suffering traveller on a single-track railroad ventured to complain to an attendant of the exasperating unpunctuality of the service. The employe remonstrated in virtuous indignation. "I've been on this line now upwards of eight years—" he began. "Have you, indeed?" interrupted the other, sympathetically. "At what station did you get on?" The attendant did not pursue the subject.

****

A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy broker to make repairs. He was taken by the butler into the pantry, and was beginning his work when the woman of the house entered. "James," she said to the butler, with a suspicious look at the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard at once and lock it up." The plumber turned calmly to his assistant and handed him his valuables. "Tom," he said, "take my watch and chain and these few coppers home to my wife at once, and tell her to keep them safe for me."

****

During one of the frequent revolutions in Haiti the commander of the government forces at Port au Prince made a requisition on the authorities at Cape Haitien for men to aid in putting down the uprising. After a somewhat rough experience of two or three days, the authorities got together and required number of men and loaded them aboard ship. Then the following message was sent:

Commander of Government Forces,
Sir: Port au Prince.

I send you per Str. *Saginaw* to-day one hundred volunteers. Please return the ropes with which they are tied. Commander at Port Haitien.

****

The town of Oil City, Pennsylvania, has a smart dog, a cocker spaniel. When he was still a puppy his master taught him to sit out on the front porch and wait for the local paper to be thrown into the yard; then the dog would bring it into the house, and get petted for doing it. Half an hour after the dog had brought in the paper the other day, his master, going into the sitting-room, found a pile of six more papers, which the dog had collected from other yards in the block. It took some time to hunt up the owners of those papers and return them.

The terrors of the deep were perhaps never more thrillingly set forth than in the description by a young lady who last year made her first trip abroad. She kept a diary, very much like that of Mark Twain, when for seven days he recorded the fact that he "got up, washed and went to breakfast." There was one important exception. When she crossed the Channel the experience was so trying that she felt impelled to describe it. "I firmly resolved to stay on deck," she wrote, 'although the tempest increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol."

****

At a lawyer's dinner the subject of circumstantial evidence was discussed. One lawyer said that the best illustration of circumstantial evidence was in a story he had recently heard. A young and pretty girl had been out walking. On her return her mother said: "Where have you been, my dear?" 'Only walking in the park," she replied. "With whom?" pursued her mother. "No one, mamma," said the young girl. 'No one?" her mother repeated. "No one," was the reply. 'Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking-stick when you started with an umbrella?"

****

During one of Mr. Cleveland's Western trips, says the *Argonaut,* in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As they entered their carriage and were driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones pattered and rattled on the roof of the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played. "That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked Mr. Cleveland. "What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State. " 'Hail to the Chief'—with real hail."

****

Times have changed. Our fathers, for some strange reason, preferred a cold meeting-house to one which was warmed by artificial heat. When a stove was put into the Old South Church, Boston, 1783, says Mr. J. H. Crandon, a newspaper of contemporary date contained this significant lament:

Extinct the sacred fire of love,
Our zeal grown cold and dead,
In the house of God we fixed a stove,
To warm us in their stead.

A traveling salesman just back from Maine says that he recently asked an old fisherman in a snow-bound hamlet what he did with himself evenings. "Oh," said the old man, easily, "sometimes I set and think, and then again I just set."

****

Sam, a colored man, was an hour late, and his employer asked him to explain. "Yes, sah, I'll explain, sah," Sam replied. "Well, what excuse have you?" "I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah." "That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam, if you were able to come at all." "Well, it wouldn't have if he'd only kicked me in dis direction. You see, boss, he kicked me de other way."

****

The wealthy man had told the visitor who was soliciting money for foreign missions that he preferred to help the heathen next door. "I want what I give to benefit my neighbors," said he. The visitor's face took on a mild look of inspiration. "Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" he asked. "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" "Well—yes." "How much land do you hold?" "About five hundred acres." "And how far through the earth do you think you own?" "Why, I've never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half-way down." "Precisely," said the man who was soliciting aid, with an air of calm triumph. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for your neighbors at the other side of the world—the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom." "You're a ready-reckoner," said the millionaire, dryly, as he drew his check-book toward him.

****

During the Civil War the captain of a certain company of mountaineers was thoroughly disgusted with the laziness of the sixty men under him. He determined to shame them. One morning after roll call he tried it. "I have a nice, easy job," he said, "for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?" Instantly fifty-nine stepped forward. "Why don't you step to the front, too?" demanded the captain of the sixtieth. "I'm too lazy," replied the soldier.

****

Some time ago several travelling men were sitting together in a car on a train which daily makes a round trip over a certain division of the Boston & Maine Railroad. One of

he number had not only monopolized the conversation, but rom time to time had poked fun at the quiet conductor. As he train approached the Haverhill station the travelling man urned to the conductor, who stood near by, and shouted oisterously: "Say, George, what made them locate the tation so far away from the village?" "I don't know," the onductor gravely replied, "unless they thought it would be nore convenient to have it down here near the railroad."

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Gilbert had been "exposed" to scarlatina, and as he seemed istless and feverish, his mother sent for the family doctor. "Now, my little man," the doctor said, pleasantly, when he ad felt Gilbert's pulse, "let me see your tongue." Gilbert ut out the tip of his tongue. "No, no," said the doctor, put it right out—clear out." Gilbert shook his head feebly, nd tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't get it clear way out, loctor; it's fastened on to me."

****

A Virginia mountaineer who has strayed to Richmond on n excursion, and who, as his holiday progressed, became ather hilarious, grew overconfident of his own greatness. ooking round at his companions he boasted vainly. "Gentlenen," he said, "I kin lick any man in Richmond." No one ffered to dispute the assertion, and he tried again. "Gentlenen," he said, "I kin lick any man in the whole State of Virinny." The words were hardly out of his mouth before a all, sinewy man from his own part of the state entered the ame and gave the boaster a good thrashing. The mounaineer had a sense of humor. He slowly picked himself up nd faced the group to which he had boasted. "Gentlemen," e said, "I am now ready to acknowledge that I kivvered too nuch territory in that last statement."

****

The little Baltimore girl was talking with a visitor. They iscussed many things. The little girl felt that it was really a grown-up" conversation, as they deplored the condition of ne streets, and other evils of modern life. Then, for a time, ne little girl was silent. She was lost in thought. Finally ne sighed and said: "Lots of things could be made better. Vhy can't the toy-shop man call for orders every morning, ne same as the butcher and grocer do?"

A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting season consulted with a botanical friend. The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises: Trespassers take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for although common snakes are not often found, the *Corylus Avellana* abounds everywhere about here, and never gives warning of its presence. The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop in peace.

****

A distinguished Irish lawyer, always in impoverished circumstances, once took Chief Justice Whiteside to see his magnificently furnished new house in Dublin. "Don't you think," he said, with a complacent look about, "that I deserve great credit for this?" "Yes," the judge answered, dryly, "and you appear to have got it."

****

An old lady and her two daughters went into a millinery store in Charlotte, North Carolina. The young women wore mourning hats. The elder woman said to the clerk: "I want a mourning hat, for I am in mourning. But my darter here," pointing to one of her companions, "is a widder of two years' standing, and she is in light distress. Give her a hat with blue feathers on it."

****

A friend of James McNeil Whistler once came upon him in a London street while he was questioning a very dirty newsboy. "Yes, sir," the boy was saying, "I've been selling papers three years." "How old are you?" "Seven." "Oh, you must be more than that." "No, sir, I ain't." "I say, Charley," said Whistler, turning to his friend. "I don't think he could get that dirty in seven years. Do you?"

****

An English barrister, arguing before the criminal court, remarked with much solemnity to the presiding justice: "My lord, there is honor among thieves." The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea-water," he replied. "But it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir."

****

A New Hampshire lawyer, for some years judge of the police court in Concord, was a natural peacemaker, and al-

ways endeavored to smooth over any differences between persons brought before him. On one occasion, it came out in the course of evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had formerly been on the best of terms. "It is a pity," the judge said, persuasively, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court." "It can't be done, judge," answered the plaintiff, seriously. "I thought of that myself, but the coward won't fight."

****

"Did Jones make much money giving memory lessons?" asked Mr. Dobbs, and his friend explained the reason why Jones's business was not a success. "No," was the reply. 'Most of his students forgot to pay him."

****

"I'm not so particular about speed, but I *must* have a gentle horse," repeated Mr. Green. "My wife wants to drive, you see. Will you warrant this horse to be safe?" "Certainly," said the dealer, reassuringly. "He's a regular lady's horse." "You are sure he's not afraid of anything?" asked Mr. Green, anxiously, and for the tenth time. The dealer assumed an air of reflection. "Well, there is one thing that he has always appeared to be afraid of ever since I got him," he admitted, conscientiously. "It seems as if he's scared to death for fear some one might say 'Whoa!' and he did not hear it."

****

During the Christmas holidays, London was hidden in an unusually bad fog—so dense and so lasting that business was paralyzed. One of the daily papers offered a prize for the best "fog story," and the following won it: A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "Hello, Mr. Smith!" said the clerk, over the wire. I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

****

Bill had a bill-board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill, so that Bill sold the bill-board to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his bill-board to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

****

A pastor in a New Hampshire village was the owner of a swift and spirited horse. On one occasion, while he was

driving through the village he overtook the local physician on foot. "Jump in, doctor," he said, pulling up. "I've got a horse here that goes pretty well." The doctor jumped in and the parson drove off. The horse did go well, in the sense of speed, but in a little while it began to behave badly, and ended by tipping over the carriage and spilling out both the occupants. The doctor jumped to his feet, and felt himself all over to see if he was injured. The parson also got to his feet. "Look here," exclaimed the doctor, "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?" "Well, you see," gasped the parson, "luckily this time I guess there are no bones broken, but on such occasions I like to have a doctor along."

****

Patrick's wife was "ailing," and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her. "Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Patrick had to say, and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle, and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again, and I will give you another prescription." "Now, docther, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts o' this curin' Mary, as it's ivident you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

****

Two men were comparing notes about the places they had visited in their travels. "There's no doubt about it," said one, "London is the foggiest place in the world." "Oh, no," said the other, "I've been in a much foggier place than London." "Where was that?" asked the other, incredulously. "I don't know where it was; it was so foggy."

****

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby, he exclaimed: "O mama, it hasn't any teeth! O mama, it hasn't any hair!" Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried, "Somebody has cheated us! It's an old baby."

****

The world has a store of pleasure in waiting for the unaccustomed traveller. Sometimes, indeed, they may be mostly in anticipation, as was the case with Amos Riggs of Plum-

own. "How d'ye do?" said Mr. Riggs, cordially, to the tern-visaged man who was his seatmate in the car on the ccasion of Mr. Rigg's first trip to Boston. "Now, what night your name be? Do you live in Nashuay or beyond?" "I should like to know what business it is of yours where I ive or who I am?" said his companion, crossly. "Well, now, t ain't any partic'lar business o' mine, strictly speaking," aid Mr. Riggs, mildly, "but it's jest like this; I've got a ousin up in Canady that I've never seen, and I've always hought I might come upon him some time jest by asking olks their name and so on."

****

In the Cumberland Mountains, East Tennessee, a good coon log is considered a valuable asset. A visitor once asked a native, Tim Adkins, how many dogs he had. "I hain't got but four," Tim replied, dejectedly. "Looks like I never kin git a start on dogs agin."

****

A Scotchman who had married a widow noted for her plainness, was accosted by his employer. "Well, Thomas," said the latter, "I hear you're married. What sort of a woman is your wife?" "Well, sir," answered the Scot, she's the Lord's handiwork; but I cannot say she's just His masterpiece."

****

The artist who had found Marshby full of "paintable" places and friendly people was much attracted by one of the young women of the village, whom he met at a social gathering. He asked and was accorded a permission to escort her home from a little party one evening, and as the evening was mild and the moon was shining, they lingered at her gate for a few minute's conversation. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a hoarse shout which came from an open window of the little house: "Cast off that painter! Cast off that painter!" The artist started as if he had been shot, but the young woman gave him a reassuring smile and becoming blush. "It's—it's just father dreaming," she said, softly. "He's a retired sea-captain, and often talks in his sleep."

****

Lady Holland was once taken down to dinner by Mr. Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine. Some-

thing was said about "squaring words." "What does that mean?" asked Lady Holland. "I will tell you," answered Mr. Babbage. "You take a word, for example, like horse. That contains six letters—" "Six!" exclaimed Lady Holland, involuntarily. "Don't you mean five?" "No, no," Mr. Babbage rejoined, "there are six letters in horse." "Surely not," persisted Lady Holland, and spelled the word. "Ah," remarked the great man, "I never can count. That is why I invented the calculating machine."

****

There are optical illusions of all varieties. Some are due to mirage, and some are not. A little boy who was drilling a squad of classmates at recess found difficulty in getting them to march properly. "Lift your right leg!" he called. "Lift your right leg!" Things went very well until Patsy Hennessy forgot and lifted his left leg, which happened to be clad in trousers exactly like those of the boy next him, who was obedient in holding up his right leg. The drill master stopped aghast. "You can't do that, Pat Hennessy!" he called. "You're holding up both legs!"

****

When one of the large benefactors of Harvard College Library was a business man in Lawrence, a customer of his firm contracted a debt which ran along for a year or more without any signs of settlement. Several letters failed to bring about liquidation. One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, Harvard's benefactor saw something which gave him an inspiration, and he went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor: "Mr.—. My Dear Sir. I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y.M.C.A., on 'The Sinner's Balanced Account.' I enclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture. Yours truly." A check came by the next mail.

****

Two breezy Westerners who visited Wall Street in search of funds for mine development, were introduced to a perspicacious financier. "Suspicious old chap, isn't he?" remarked one, when they had left him. "I didn't notice. How is that?" "Didn't you see how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

A vegetarian strayed into a New York restaurant one morning and sat down at table beside a man who was eating breakfast. There he took occasion to spread the good work by warning the stranger against "making a graveyard of his stomach." "But," protested the stranger, "I seldom eat meat." "You have just ordered eggs," said the vegetarian, and an egg is practically the same as meat. It eventually becomes a chicken." "The kind of eggs I eat never become chickens," said the stranger, quietly. "Impossible!" exclaimed the vegetarian. "What kind of eggs do you eat?" "Boiled eggs," replied the stranger.

****

Douglas Jerrold had a way of putting pet names to things. One of his remarks is given by George Hodder in "Manners of My Time." Jerrold was at a party one night where a doctor, who was tall and thin almost to emaciation, had for partner a lady who was short and square in build. Turning to a bystander, he remarked: "There is a mile dancing with a mile-stone."

****

When a cherubic youth of four was brought in as a candidate, the kindergarten teacher fell in love with him at first sight. "O you darling!" she cried. "Have you any brothers like you?" "Yes'm," he replied. "Me and Billy and Jimmy. I like Jimmy best." "And why do you like Jimmy best?" "'Cause he did such an errand for me. He bit Billy's leg." "But deary," protested the teacher, "why should you want Jimmy to bite Billy's leg?" "'Cause I hate the tas'e of Billy's leg," replied the cherub.

****

A speaker in a Western town had started out to show that there might be great differences between national and local reputation. He had said, "A man can't always tell what his neighbors think of him," when he was interrupted by one of his hearers. "I came mighty near knowing once," said the man, with a reminiscent look, "but the jury disagreed."

****

A young American who is studying at Oxford was struck by the care with which his chambermaid cleaned his desk without disturbing his papers. To reward her he offered her some confections which he had brought from London. "Mary, wouldn't you like some of this candy?" "Ho, thank

you, sir; yes, sir. But, hexcuse me, sir, this ain't candy, it's sweets." Then she proceeded to give him a lesson in the difference between sugar or molasses candy and bonbons, chocolate confections and other sweetmeats or "sweets." "Thank you for telling me the difference, Mary," said the student, somewhat amused. "In America we call it candy." "Ho, yes, sir, in America I fancy it's all the same, sir; but in Hingland we 'ave a nyme for heverythink."

****

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defence stepped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open, and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff. "Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins." "But, your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case." "Well, go ahead, then," said the judge, wearily. The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment. "Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."

****

Most travellers who have gone into the way-places of the far West have brought back clear remembrance of the voices of the sure-footed little pack-burros which go out there under the pseudonym of "Rocky Mountain canaries." The meaning of the phrase is not always so well known to those who have always lived East. So it happened that a Boston woman, who was introducing a young Denver music student to her guests recently, caused no little confusion when she said: "And now, ladies, Miss Converse, our little Rocky Mountain canary, will sing for us."

****

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" a Chicago mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader." "We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said Evan. "That was nice. What did you do?" "I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I could bring one every day."

****

The teacher of the class in history was describing to the children the opening of some of the ancient tombs in Egypt, and enumerating several of the interesting antiquities therein

liscovered. "To show you how wonderfully many of those hings have been preserved," she said, "I may mention that n one of the oldest of those tombs a jar of honey was found. t could not have been less than four or five thousand years old, and yet in that jar of honey was a flea, in perfect preservation." "Was it alive?" asked one of the little girls, vith a breathless interest not entirely unmixed with alarm.

****

It takes a neighbor to disentangle a man from a handsome etting. A good many years ago, when Wordsworth was poet aureate of England, a worthy Cumberland yeoman walked nany miles, in response to wide scattered notices, to hear ne "poet laureate" address a meeting. When he discovered ho held the high-sounding title, he left the hall in indignaon. "'Twas nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal, efter awl!" e said scornfully, on his return to his family.

****

Brought up in the society of the learned members of the aculty of a Western university, Marie had been accustomed ll her short life to hearing her father and his guests dignify ach other with full academic honors. She was out in the ard one day, watching a pair of birds busy with their nestuilding. "Marie," called her mother, "what are you doing?" Just sitting out here," she replied, "watching Doctor and Irs. Robin."

****

The stingy husband scowled penuriously at his wife. Please don't think," he said, "that you can hoodwink me er money matters. Do you think I have lived all these ars for nothing?" And she replied, "I shouldn't be a bit rprised."

****

The old-time darkies may twist the long words, which e their delight, but they always make themselves intelligible. Aunt Dilsey," a young Richmond lady recently said to her ammy," "what has become of young Tom Billups?" "De 1' sakes, Miss Baby," Aunt Dilsey replied, with uplifted nds and eyes like saucers, "he done run off to de great position out West, but we ain't heard from him, nary line, pt'n 'tis one o' dese sump'n ne'r picture cards; an' I jes' ieve, Miss Baby, dat he's done been catnipped!"

An incident illustrating President Lincoln's everpresent sense of humor is give in "A graphical Memorial of Gen. Daniel Butterfield." An immense amount of correspondence had been sent to President Lincoln, in which were many accusations and counter-accusations, letters and explanations concerning the failure to get the pontoons to Fredericksburg in time for Burnside. Many thought Mr. Lincoln would remove or court-martial somebody. He endorsed the papers with the following sentence: "In my opinion, Mr. Lee caused this trouble."

****

"I want to complain of the flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newliwed, severely. The grocer assumed and anxious expression, and inquired what was the matter with it. "It was tough," replied the housekeeper, accusingly. "My husband simply could not eat the biscuits I made with it."

****

Talk as one will on the vanity of clothes, the consciousness of being well dressed has something of moral force in it. "Brush your hair and things won't look so bad," was the wise counsel given by a friend to a woman whose husband had lost his money. The little child in Mr. E. J. Hardy's "Manners Makyth Man" hit on this great truth when she replied to her mother, who was reproving her. "O Katie, why can't you be a good little girl? See Julia, now, how nice she is. Why can't you be as good as she?" "P'r'aps I could, mama," answered Katie, "if my dress had little pink bows all over it."

****

Genius that may grow to great things must have been born in this office boy. The "boss" was bending over a table, looking at the directory. The new office boy slipped up quietly and put a note in his hand. The boss read: "Honored Sir. Your pants is ripped."

****

Several friends called on a New York clergyman one evening, and were kept waiting for him for some time. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," the minister remarked as he entered his library, "but I have just had to perform a wooden wedding in the church." "What!" said one of his visitors. "I never heard of such a thing. What kind of a ceremony was it?" "Oh," answered the clergyman, with a

twinkle in his eye, "it was the marriage of a couple of Poles."

****

It is said often that when a woman says "no" she means "yes," but there are signs which discourage even the most hopeful and persistent wooer. "I didn't so much mind Hetty's saying she'd as soon marry a jumping-jack as me," said Ethan Hatch, forlornly, to a sympathetic friend; "nor I didn't much care when she said she'd rather stay at home than go out to Jordan's Park with such a slow-coach as I was; but when she told me she'd rather help her mother iron when I asked her to go with me down to the Center for some ice-cream soda, I saw 'twasn't much use hanging on any longer."

****

Mrs. Dobbs waited until dinner was over, before she handed Mr. Dobbs the note Willie had brought from his teacher. "My boy," said Dobbs, when he had read it, "I understand from this that you are excused from school until the board of education has an opportunity to consider your case?" "Yes, sir," answered Willie, who had begun to whimper. "Do you know what the board of education is, my son?" "No, sir." Mr. Dobbs went into the shed and selected a thin, flexible strip of board. Then he summoned his son, and for several minutes he was busy with Willie. "That, my son," he said, as he finished, "is the board of education that was of use to me when I was a boy."

****

A young married woman, who was passing the summer alone on account of her husband having been summoned to Europe on a business matter, had a caller one morning, who asked if she were not lonely without her husband. "A little lonely," was the qualified answer. "But surely," said the visitor, "you miss your husband very much, now he is away?" The young woman laughed. "Oh, no," she said. "At breakfast and at dinner I just stand his newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time I forget he isn't here."

****

"This question whether a word would have its adverbial or its adjective form seems to me to have little to do with sense. Now what is the difference between talking loud and talking loudly?" "No difference," replied the pedagogical

friend. "But look here; for a large fee you give legal advice freely, but you don't give it free. I think that will retain you for a while."

****

There is no doubt as to who was the head of the Meekun family. "What are you doing with that sheet of paper, Orville?" sharply asked his wife. "I am making a wish," answered Mr. Meekun. "A wish?" "Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

****

While King Alfonso of Spain was riding with President Loubet through the streets of Paris a bomb was thrown at him. Thereupon the following discourse took place: "Whom are they after?" queried the Spanish monarch. And the president replied, in the choicest Parisian: "After you, my dear Alfonse."

****

"What passed between yourself and the complainant?" inquired the magistrate in a county court. "I think, sor," replied the worthy Mr. O'Brien, "a half-dozen bricks and a lump of paving-stone." In "Irish Life and Humor" Mr. William Harvey gives another anecdote of the Irishman's readiness in the court of law. "Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?" "Two policemin, sor," was the laconic reply. "Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate. "Yes, sor," said Pat, "both av thim."

****

Two builders of a type too familiar in America, were talking about some buildings that had collapsed before they were finished. "Well, Jones," said one, "you always have better luck than I do." "Better luck? How so?" "Why, my row of new houses blew down in last week's wind, while yours weren't harmed. All were built the same—same woodwork, same mortar, same everything." "Yes," said the other builder, "but you forget that mine had been papered."

****

One of the finest collections of stuffed birds in America is in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. A certain millionaire was examining the collection in the company of the curator. "Yes," said the curator, "this collection of stuffed birds is worth thousands and thousands of

dollars." "Is that so?" said the millionaire. "Why, what are they stuffed with?"

****

Sir Roger de Coverly obliged his chaplain to deliver sermons written by famous old divines in lieu of original preachments, and Addison assures us that many clergymen would do well to adopt the plan. But most congregations prefer a minister who speaks his own thoughts however mediocre they may be. A bishop commenting on the aversion of congregations to sermon-reading, tells this story: A sermon-reading clergyman, a friend of mine, called one day on a humble parishioner, a cobbler. He sat mending a pair of boots and reading his Bible at the same time. "What are you doing, Giles?" asked my friend, with a benevolent smile. "Prophesyin'," Giles answered. "Prophesying? Nonsense!" "Well," said the cobbler, curtly, "if readin' a sermon is preachin', isn't readin' a prophecy prophesyin'?"

****

Grandfather Durgan is ninety-two years old. One summer day he took his youngest great-grandson out to the orchard to investigate the August sweets. As the old man bit into an apple he seemed hesitant and thoughtful. "What's the matter, grandpa?" asked the boy. "It jest occurred to me," said grandpa, "that my teeth ain't jest what they used to be. I must be gettin' on. Now if I was sure I'd live to be an old man, so's 'twould be a payin' investment, I believe I'd go and get me some false ones made."

****

When Mr. Root was at the head of the Department of War a deputation of Creek Indians found their way into his room by mistake. "I am sorry," Mr. Root said, when he realized the error into which they had fallen, "but I can do nothing for you. I have jurisdiction over navigable rivers, but not over Creeks."

****

Party afflictions crop out where they are least expected, as in an instance which Mr. Harry Vardon has given in "The Complete Golfer." Mr. Balfour plays an excellent game of golf, and he has a surprising memory for the caddies who have served him. Once, when on the tee just about to engage in a foursome, he recognized one of his opponent's caddies as a boy who on a former occasion had

carried his own clubs, and nodded kindly. Naturally the caddie was immensely flattered, but he strove to account for the courtesy coolly. "Ye see," he said to a colleague, "hoo we Conservatives ken one anither."

****

One day, as a train for the East pulled up at the little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of a Western state, a passenger, thrusting his head out of a car window, asked of a dejected-looking citizen who was leaning against the station door: "Tell me, what do you call this dried-up, dreary, ornery, low-down place?" "That's near enough, stranger," replied the native, in a melancholy voice. "Let it go at that."

****

Johnny Ralston was a very good boy, but he had one fault which it seemed impossible for his mother to overcome; he would fight with other boys. He had been reproved, and at last Johnny had made a faithful promise that he would battle no more. That very evening he returned from school with a cut cheek and a swollen nose. "Johnny," said his mother, "you promised me this morning that you would not fight again." "But I haven't been fighting, ma. This is an accident." "An accident?" "Yes, ma. I was sitting on Tommy Biggs, and I forgot to hold his feet."

****

During the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg's pastorate in Maine he was persistently opposed by a citizen, of no religious convictions, who took malicious satisfaction in discovering and publishing inconsistencies in the lives of the members of Mr. Kellogg's church. For reasons of his own, the citizen decided to remove to another part of the state. Meeting Mr. Kellogg one day, shortly before his departure, he said: "Well, I suppose you have heard that I am going to leave town, and I dare say you will be glad of it." "Glad of it? Why no," replied Mr. Kellogg. "I shall be very sorry to lose you. You are so useful to me in my work here I hardly know how I can spare you." "Spare me?" repeated the citizen, greatly puzzled. "How is that?" "Why," said the old minister, with a gentle smile, "every time a sheep gets its foot out of my fold you bark from one end of the town to the other. You are the best watch-dog I ever knew."

After several vain attempts to follow the light conversation of the young person he had taken in to dinner, the professor struck out for his natural level, and explained to her carefully and elaborately that a recent discovery showed that life can be produced in sterilized *bouillon* by the action of radium. "A marvelous discovery!" he continued. "And what trains of thought it gives rise to! Why, this may have happened in this world of ours millions of years ago." "Really," she said, visibly impressed, but a little incredulous. "Of course I understand there may have been radium then, but—er—where did they get the beef tea?"

****

When the late Secretary Hay was crossing the Atlantic in 1865 on his way to Paris to serve as secretary of legation he told the following anecdote to one of his fellow travellers. On applying for admission to the bar of Illinois he was summoned to appear before a committee of prominent Chicago lawyers to be examined as to his qualifications. He went to the place appointed and found the committee assembled; but for a long time they took no notice of the young candidate, but continued talking vigorously together on various subjects. At last one of the lawyers, turning to him, said: "Mr. Hay, what would you do if a client should come to you with such a case as this?" and proceeded to describe very elaborately a complicated legal case. "I should ask for a retaining fee of fifty dollars," promptly replied Mr. Hay, "and tell him to call to-morrow." "Mr. Hay, you are admitted," said a gentleman with a hearty laugh from all present the proceedings closed.

****

Doctor Holmes says it is better to be self-made than not made at all, but all else being equal, he would choose the man with the family portrait-gallery to the one with the twenty-five-cent tintype. It was with some such sentiment that a San Francisco lady made her claim of ancestry. "Oh, yes," she said, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—o—well, I don't know who, but we have been descending for centuries."

****

"Why didn't you put this watermelon in the ice-box, as I told you?" asked the mistress of the maid. Then Maggie, the maid, grew indignant. "I did, mum." "But it isn't cold."

"No, mum. How could it be? I had to take the ice out to get it in."

****

A man who was travelling through the Ozark Mountains on horseback stopped before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. "What's the news?" asked the mountaineer, as he leaned his lank frame against the fence and pulled his long beard thoughtfully. On finding that what had become a part of history was news to him, the traveller asked why he did not take some weekly or even monthly periodicals, that he might keep in touch with the world at large. "Wal," said the old man, "when my pa died, ten years ago, he left me a stack of newspapers that high,"—indicating a height of about three feet,—"and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet."

****

When President Hadley succeeded the learned and witty Timothy Dwight as president of Yale University, the exercises attendant upon the transfer of authority were marred by a heavy fall of rain. It came down suddenly just as a column of people, President Dwight and Professor Hadley at the head, were crossing the campus. Some one handed the couple an umbrella, and Professor Hadley was about to open it when the older man took it from him, saying, as he unfolded it: "Let me carry it, professor. Your reign will begin to-morrow."

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A Baltimore Irishman was sent to Philadelphia by his backers to box with an athlete of the Quaker city. He was getting the worst of the argument. "Brace up!" cautioned one of his friends. "Stop more of his blows." "Stop thim!" exclaimed the unfortunate. "Do you see anny av thim getting by me?"

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The judge's little daughter, although she had talked several times through the telephone to her father, had never gone through the formalities necessary in calling him up. The first time she tried it she took the receiver off the hook, as she had seen others do, placed her lips to the transmitter, and said: "Hello! I want to talk to papa." "Number, please?" said "central." "Singular," she answered, surprised at the question, but proud that she knew something of the rudiments of grammar.

The politician was addressing his constituents in a frenzied peech. Several of his assertions were, reduced to cold hought, diametrically opposed to one another, but each elo-uent proposition was received with wild response. Judge olan, one of the auditors, turned to his neighbor and said: his reminds me of the Irish leader who was cheering his nen on to battle. "Min," he says, "we are on the verge of attle, an' I want to ask ye before ye start, will yez fight r will yez run?" "We will," says they. "Which will ye o?" says he. "We will not," says they. "Aha, thank ye, ne min!" says he. "I thought ye would."

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The singing-teacher was visiting the school, and as this as an important event in the district, the pupils had been nstructed to memorize a verse or two to recite for the ntertainment of the visitor. During the delivery of his nes, one small boy was especially noticeable for the action ith which he accompanied his words: so much so that the acher, surprised at his efforts, commended him highly on ne ease with which he spoke and the apparent practice hich he must have put on the piece. "It was fine," she xclaimed, in closing, "and shows a large amount of re-earsal! But, Johnny, where did you get the gestures?" 'Tain't the gestures," replied the young genius, with a vist, "it's the hives."

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The death of Senator David Wark, the oldest member of ne Canadian parliament, recalls an anecdote which illustrates is remarkable independence. At the age of one hundred nd one he was still holding the seat which had been his for most half a century. During his last years his family ad been worried about his habit of travelling alone in mid-inter from his home in Fredericton, New Brunswick, to is post in Ottawa. They urged him to let his daughter ccompany him. Senator Wark would have none of her. A man of my age," he said, "has all he can do taking care f himself, without having a woman to look after."

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The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders f nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a asp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When xamined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth

and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough." "It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature." "It isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class. "Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked. "'Cause nature made me cross-eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."

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Henry had been so continuously and persistently naughty that his aunt, who had charge of him in his mother's absence, did not know what to do with him. In despair she said, weakly: "If you will not behave, I shall put you in one of grandpapa's hen-coops." "Well," said Henry, sturdily, "before you put me in, I want to tell you that I will not lay any eggs."

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It was little Edna's first year in school, and like all beginners, she is very enthusiastic about her lessons. She is learning to read by the phonetic system and she takes great delight in practising at home. Not long ago some one stepped on the cat's tail, and the poor beast gave utterance to an agonzied wail, followed by a prolonged hiss. "O mama," Edna eagerly exclaimed, "did you hear kitty give me the 'th' sound? I suppose she learned it from me."

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The estate owned by the late Colonel Crowninshield in a New England seaport town adjoins the pasture of a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to get into the pasture and chase and worry the farmer's cows. Finally, he went to Colonel Crowninshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped. "How do you know it is my dog?" asked Colonel Crowninshield, rather unsatisfactorily. "How do I know?" exclaimed the farmer, with rising indignation. "Why, I've seen him time and time again." "You must bring me better proof," replied the colonel, coldly. "All right, sir," said the farmer, in no uncertain tone. "The next time the dog bothers my cows I'll bring you all the proof you want—in a wheelbarrow."

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The Oriental monarch amused himself by giving a hungry guest a phantom banquet. Squire Hamilton, one of the best-known members of the Maine legal profession many years

go, once sat at a meagerly laden board, and in this case the tarving guest was the humorist. The dining-room had been ewly and splendidly furnished, whereas the dinner was very lender. While some of the guests were flattering the host n his taste in decoration, Squire Hamilton said: "For my art, I would rather see less gilding and more carving."

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A traveller was once passing on horseback through a backvoods region where the inhabitants were notoriously shiftless. rriving at a dilapidated shanty at the noon hour, he inquired vhat were the prospects for getting dinner. The head of he family, who had been absorbed in "resting" on a log in ront of his dwelling, replied that he "guessed ma'd hev uthin onto the table putty soon." Thus encouraged, the raveller dismounted. But to his chagrin, he found the food o be such that he could not force himself to partake of it. faking such excuses as he could for lack of appetite, he appily bethought himself of a kind of nourishment that he ight venture to take there, and one sure to be found on a arm. He asked for some milk. "We don't hev milk any ore," drawled the head of the house. "The dog's dead—ied week afore last." "The dog!" cried the traveller. "But vhat has that got to do with it?" "Well," exclaimed the ost, meditatively, "the critters don't seem ter know 'nough r c'm up ter be milked theirselves. The dog, he used ter o 'n fetch 'em up."

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The situation is seldom quite as bad as it might be. Cassidy ad just been injured in a blast. "Poor b'y!" exclaimed 'Hara, consolingly. "'Tis tough luck to have yer hand owed off." "Och! Faith it might have been worse," plied Cassidy. "Suppose Oi'd had me week's wages in it the toime."

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